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AUG. 8, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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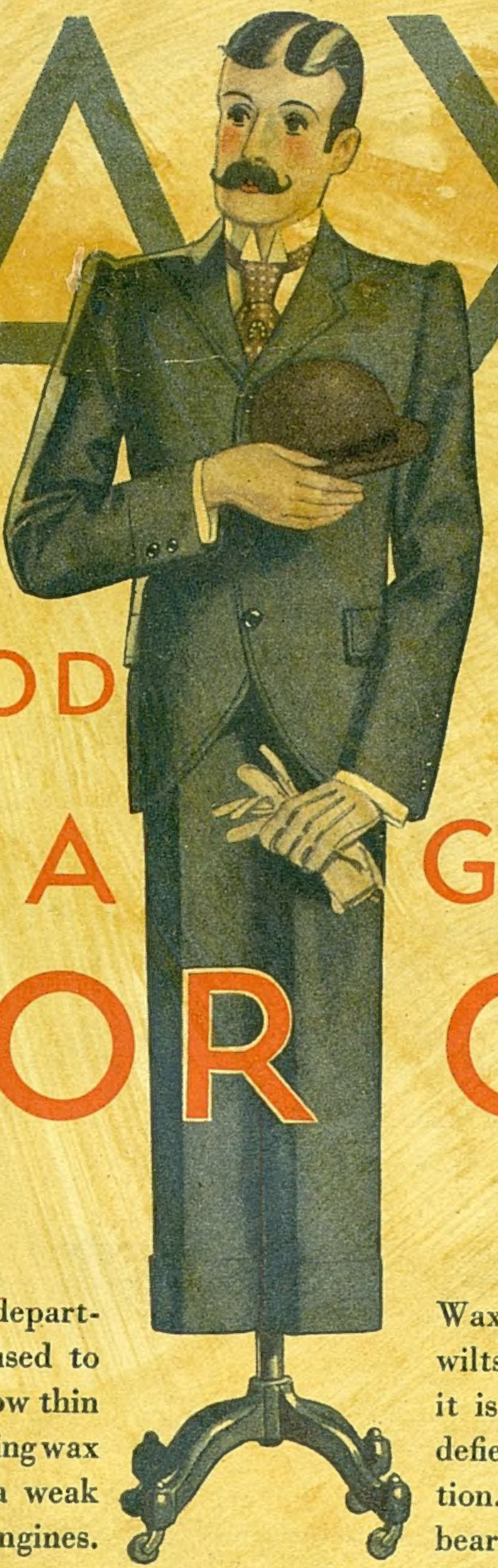
Starting

ETHEL M. DELL'S Greatest Novel ~ **SILVER BRIDE**

WAX



MAKES A GOOD FIGUR BUT NOT A GOOD MOTOR OIL

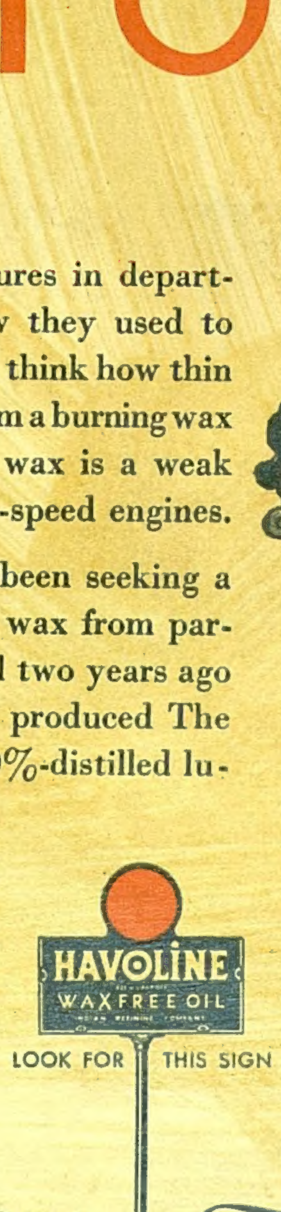
You remember the wax figures in department store windows—how they used to wilt in the summer's heat. Just think how thin and watery are the drippings from a burning wax candle and you'll realize why wax is a weak lubricant for today's hot, high-speed engines.

For forty years refiners have been seeking a practical method of removing wax from paraffin-base oil. Fruitlessly, until two years ago the Indian Refining Company produced The New Waxfree Havoline—a 100%-distilled lubricant *entirely free from wax.*

Because it is all oil—free from volatile impurities, free from wax—Waxfree Havoline possesses greater heat resistance; holds its rich oiliness under highest motor temperatures.

Waxfree Havoline neither wilts nor "clogs" because it is wholly distilled. It defies heat. Fights friction. Cushions hot, racing bearings, clings to cylinder walls, though you push your motor to the limit.

For motor security, keep watery wax out of your motor. Drain and refill with the proper summer grade of Waxfree Havoline—*today*—and note the sweeter "feel" at the throttle, the quieter action and greater flexibility of your motor. That is perfect lubrication. That is Waxfree Havoline.



INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
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INSIST ON *The New*

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

If you want the finest quality high-grade regular oil, use Blended Havoline. 25c a Quart.

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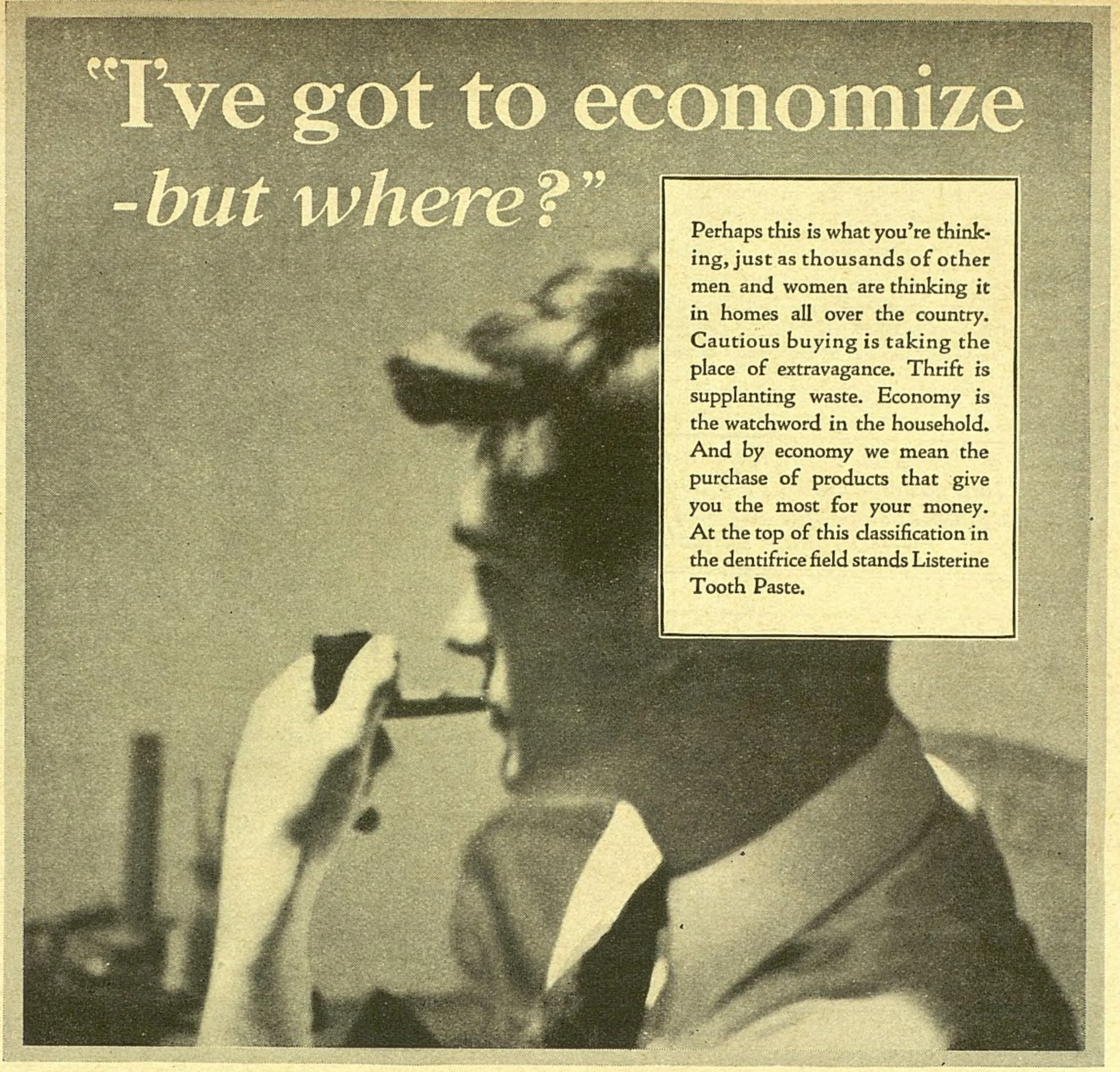
"I've got to economize -but where?"



Perhaps this is what you're thinking, just as thousands of other men and women are thinking it in homes all over the country. Cautious buying is taking the place of extravagance. Thrift is supplanting waste. Economy is the watchword in the household. And by economy we mean the purchase of products that give you the most for your money. At the top of this classification in the dentifrice field stands Listerine Tooth Paste.

More welcome than ever!

25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
25¢

..for its amazing results..for that $3 it saves

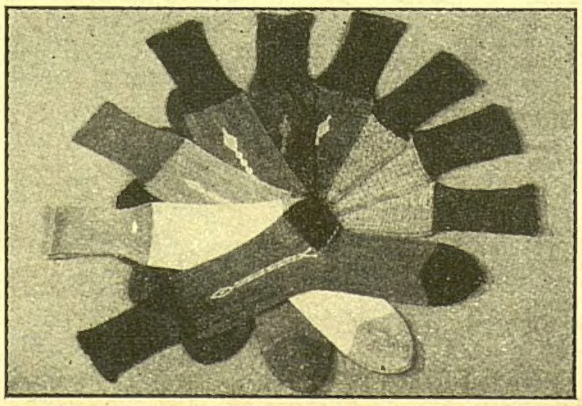
Long before the depression Listerine Tooth Paste showed more than 3,000,000 people that a first rate tooth paste at 25¢ the tube was possible.

The fact that it saved approximately $3 a year over costly dentifrices was incidental. Compared to the other advantages of Listerine Tooth Paste, it is still incidental. Nevertheless it is an economy that many will welcome.

If you haven't used Listerine Tooth Paste, begin now. Disregard the price and judge it by its results alone. In every way you will find it worthy of the Listerine quality name. That a product of such merit can be offered at such a price is due to modern methods of buying, manufacture and distribution, which reduce costs.

Note how swiftly but how gently it removes stubborn bits of tartar and erases unsightly discolorations. How brilliant, clean, and white it leaves your teeth.

Buy 9 pairs of hose with what you save



Observe how thoroughly it cleans—and how safely. Its modern cleansing and polishing agents are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. *But they are softer than enamel and therefore cannot harm it.*

Look for that wonderful feeling of freshness, health, and invigoration, you associate with Listerine itself.

Get a tube today—it will start you on the way to cleaner, whiter teeth at a saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Aug. 8, 1931

Liberty

Vol. 8 No. 32

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

OUR NATIONAL EGOTISM

Fourth of July orations are still fresh in our memories.

We are the greatest nation in the world!

Our system of government is absolutely perfect!

We should consider it almost a divine privilege to live in such a wonderful country!

We are lucky to have been born within the confines of its glorious precinct!

We have all listened to these fiery orations, couched in language to make us feel that we are the chosen people. That is the regular Fourth of July bunk that we are fed on every year. Extravagant statements that nobody believes if they have an atom of intelligence.

Patriotism is all right and we cannot acquire too much of it, but we would have to be fools to entirely accept this Fourth of July glorification that we hear every year. As a nation, we are entirely too conceited—we have too much self-assurance—we are too sure of ourselves, and the unpleasant situation from which we are now suffering is, at least partly, the result of fooling ourselves in this manner.

This may be the best government in the world—and it may not. The only way we could learn the truth would be by a series of prolonged investigations. Merely shouting from the housetops and "blowing our own horn" is not entirely conclusive.

We are a great nation and we are rightly credited with truly marvelous achievements, but we are suffering right now from serious defects that should be recognized and effectively attacked sometime in the future. But if we are so blind that we refuse to recognize our imperfections, they will never be remedied.

Overweening egotism is a serious fault in an individual, and it is just as bad in a nation. In fact, it is much worse. National egotism blinds us to our shortcomings. We go on suffering, generation after generation, because of our inability to see them. There are many outstanding defects in our governmental system today and no intelligent citizen would have trouble in recognizing many of them.

One of our greatest transgressions at the present time is the craze for lawmaking. Every legislator in state and federal government wants to be credited with putting a law in the statute books. The public is blinded by these endless enactments; they confuse judges and juries.

And our politics?

But few of our citizens would have the temerity to boast about them! They are unspeakably rotten in many sections of the country.

But there are our railroads, our tall buildings, our huge manufacturing interests—we have become the greatest commercial nation in the world—no other nation can compete with us, etc., etc.

While visiting in foreign countries, the writer has often listened to his boastful American brethren. Whatever they would see in Europe, a comparison was made to the disadvantage of Europe. That may be the right spirit if one will apply it intelligently, but when it is quite evident that prejudice and flaming national egotism is the guiding influence, one is inclined to be disgusted. We can learn much from Europe—there is much they do over there that is better done than here.

And Europe can learn as much or probably more from us; but there is no reason why we should belittle everything European just because it is outside of our own country.

The habit of patting ourselves on the back can be carried too far. It is a bad mistake to overestimate one's own value and importance, individually or nationally.

The ability to learn from criticism is an invaluable characteristic. The independence that we won, and which we celebrate on the Fourth of July, gave this nation marvelous opportunities. We have profited by them gloriously!

But why not keep an open mind and learn from every possible source? It is all right to make up our minds that we are the best people on earth; but it is foolish to refuse to listen to every argument that might prove otherwise.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

DOES "THUNDER ON THE TRACK" SPEED YOUR CIGARETTES?

Then you'll want that Cleaner Taste!

When thoroughbreds thunder into the home stretch and things you hope for are in the balance by a nose . . . do your cigarettes take up the pace? That's the time to learn that Spud is a thoroughbred too! For Spud's cooler smoke always leaves your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your session with its lusty tobacco fragrance. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker, Spud is the "mouth-happy" cigarette . . . the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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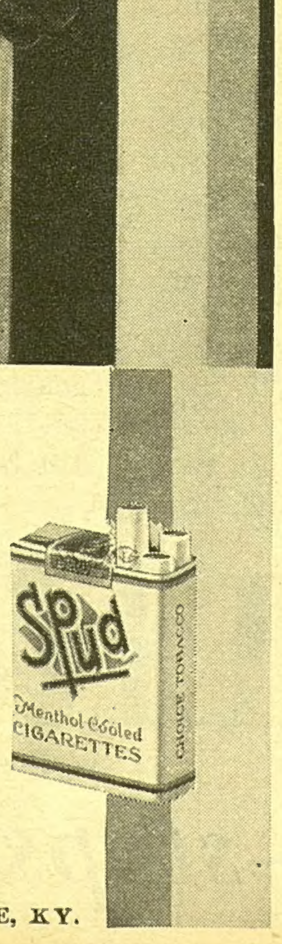
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 20c (U.S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

He thought:
"You're the brightest girl in the office. Too bad 'B.O.' makes it unpleasant to be near you."

Yet, to be polite,

He said:
"Don't wait. I'll send the papers to you later."

Clever...hard working...but couldn't get ahead until she ended 'B.O.' (Body Odor)

A VERY capable girl, everyone agreed. A nice girl, too. Yet she didn't advance. Raises were slow and small. Promotions passed her by. People liked her personally, but seemed to avoid her.

Then the new office manager, a woman, had a talk with her. Gave her a tactful hint about "B.O.", the polite term for something people dislike even to mention—*body odor*. Suggested a simple way to avoid offending. . . . From that day on, her "luck" seemed to change. She's popular with everyone now—has twice been promoted within six months. "B.O." no longer cheats her of friendship or success.

Hotter weather no excuse for "B.O."

We perspire more freely these sultry summer days. We *have to* in order to endure the heat. And though we don't notice "B.O." *in ourselves,* the slightest hint of it is always most annoying to others.

But perspiration *can* be kept odorless by a simple safeguard millions of particular people have adopted. It's Lifebuoy, the delightful toilet soap that lathers so abundantly —even in hardest water. Cleansing, refreshing, *purifying,* this rich creamy lather penetrates deeply into the pores—removes all odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "No fear of 'B.O.' *now!*"

Fresh, glowing complexion beauty

Lifebuoy helps complexions renew their loveliness. Its searching, *deep-cleansing* lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—freshens dull skins—promotes healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

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New!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream
New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

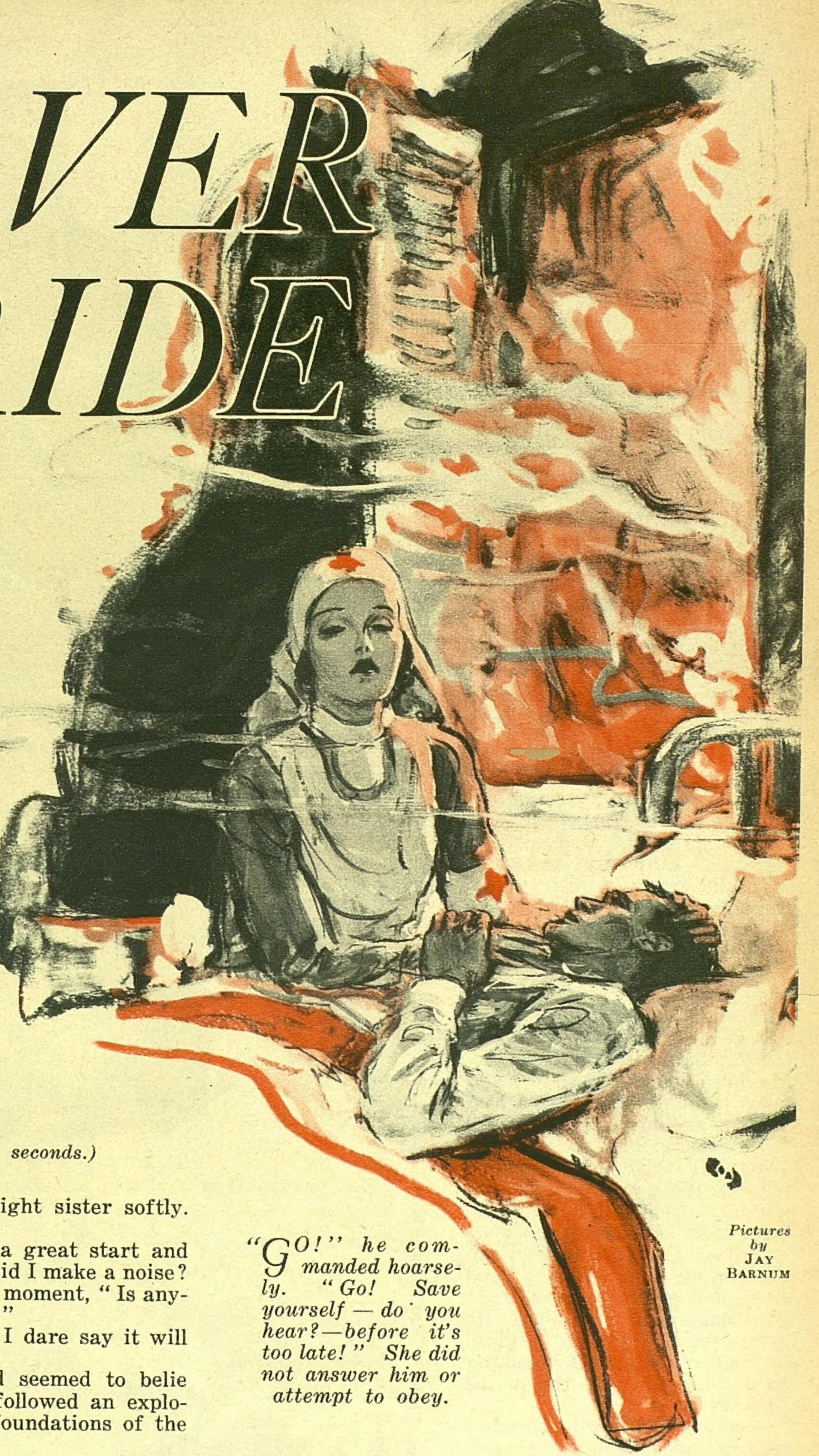
Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

Beginning

SILVER BRIDE

Ethel M. Dell's *Greatest Novel*

Based on the Stratagem of a Love-Hungry Wife



"GO!" he commanded hoarsely. "Go! Save yourself — do you hear?—before it's too late!" She did not answer him or attempt to obey.

Pictures by JAY BARNUM

(Reading time: 34 minutes 15 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

"CAN'T you sleep?" said the night sister softly. "Would you like some tea?"

The man in the bed gave a great start and looked up at her with glassy eyes. "Did I make a noise? I'm sorry," he said, and added after a moment, "Is anybody sleeping in this infernal racket?"

"I'm afraid not," she said. "But I dare say it will soon be over now."

The whirring of engines overhead seemed to belie her words, and in a moment there followed an explosion that seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth.

"Pretty near!" muttered the patient as the roar of sound began to subside a little.

"But not near enough!" said the night sister steadfastly.

He looked at her intently, searching her face with his feverish eyes. "Are you really like that—all through?" he said. "Or are you terrified—as I am—wanting to squeal like a rabbit?"

She moved, drew nearer to him, and, bending, laid her quiet hand on his wrist. "No, I am not terrified," she said. "But then, you see, I am lucky. I have so many things to think about."

He groaned. "And I can only lie and think about myself. There's the difference."

"All the difference," she said. "And this is your fourth night without sleep."

"I know," he said. "It plays the devil with one's nerves, doesn't it?"

"You'll get off presently," she said soothingly, "when the raid is over."

"Oh, yes, I know." His tone held apology. "Afraid I'm a rotten patient. Being wounded takes more courage than I bargained for."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page seven

“Yes, the highest kind of courage,” said the night sister. “Let me see if I can make you more comfortable and then you shall have some tea.”

She bent to her task.

A sudden call sounded at the half-open door of the little room. “Sister! Sister! Can you come? They're beginning to panic.”

She stooped a little lower over him. “Shall you be all right if I leave you for a minute? I'll come back.”

He moved as if involuntarily. His fingers grasped her arm. “Will you really come back?”

“I will,” she said. “I promise.”

His hold relaxed. “All right. Carry on!”

She was gone, her tall straight form slipping like a shadow through the dim aperture.

The noise increased, became deafening.

He flung up his arms and grasped the head of his bed, striving to drag himself up, though every movement was anguish. To die like this—to die like this—maimed and powerless and alone! O God—alone!

A TERRIFIC roaring of flames became audible, and with it he heard a shrieking. Something was happening just beyond his sight. He heard the voice of authority mingling with the tread of feet. They were carrying the patients out of that holocaust one by one.

Who was likely to remember him in the confusion? Who would have time even to penetrate the secluded corner which had been secured for him only the day before by the considerate care of the night sister, who knew the pain that racked him and the urgent need for peace?

He covered his face with his arms. He would die like a man; not like some wild, stampeding animal. And as all hope of life went from him, he prayed.

“From Thy wrath—and from everlasting damnation — Good Lord, deliver us!”

Strangely his fear died. He uncovered his eyes to the glare of the furnace, almost expecting to see the form of the divine Comrade.

And in that terrific moment he saw indeed a figure, though not such as he looked for. Through the lurid drift of smoke there came to him a woman, lightly and calmly, as though she moved through the sunshine of a summer day.

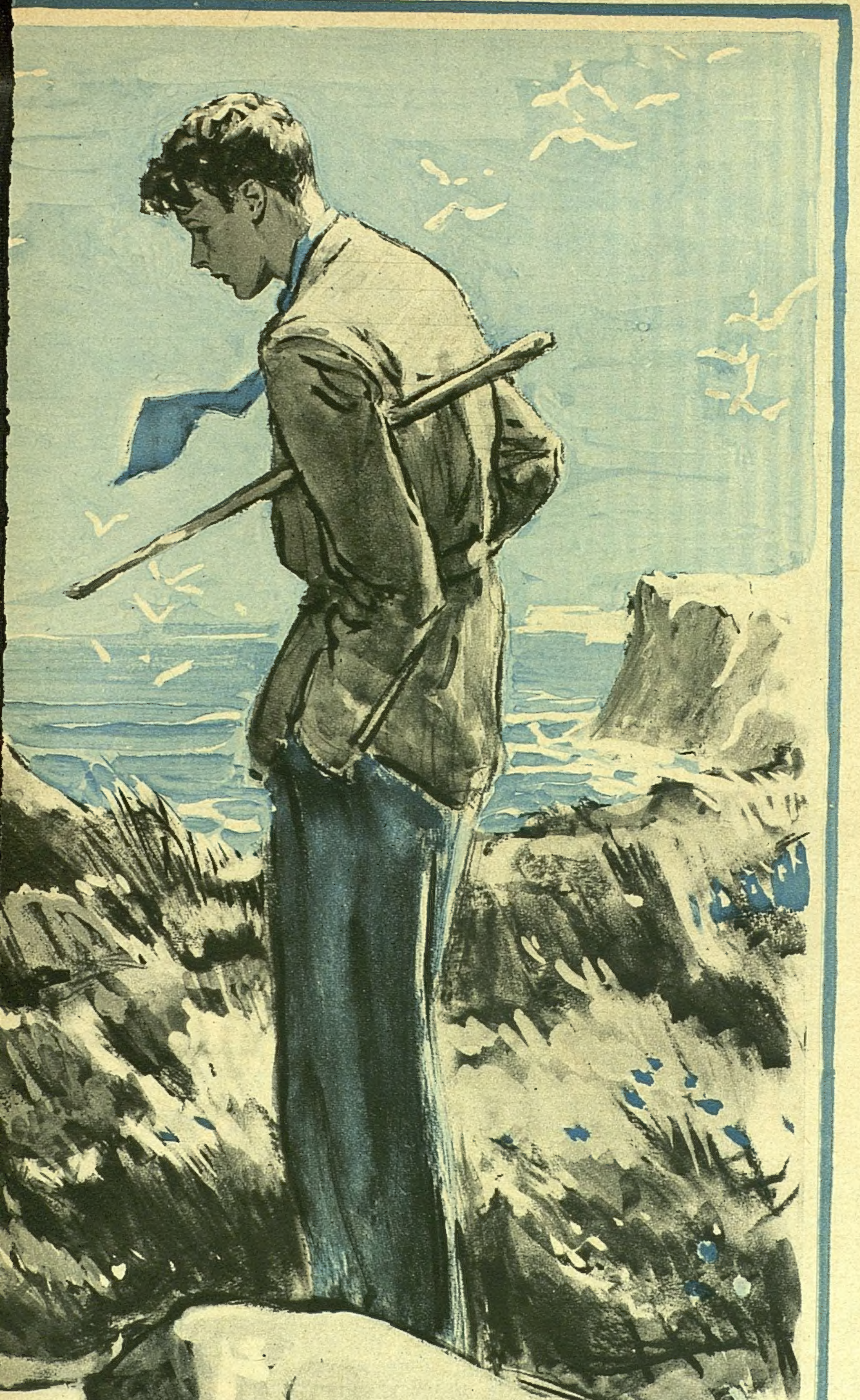
She reached him, bent over him, her hands touching him with a gentle reassurance, as though he had been a child.

“Did you think I'd forgotten you?” she said. “It's all right. They're just coming.”

“Sister!” he gasped out, and, hardly knowing what he did, he took her hands and held them tightly against his face. “Oh, sister!”

“Ah! You poor dear!” she said. “It's all right. It's all right.”

There came a crash that shook the very walls around them.



"YOU see this bit of rock that juts out? Well, he's under there, somewhere. I don't think you can get at him."

"Go!" he commanded hoarsely. "Go! Save yourself—do you hear?—before it's too late!"

She did not answer him or attempt to obey.

"Go!" he cried to her again. "Go! Can't you hear? Don't you see?"

She spoke quietly, very definitely. "Nothing will make me leave you," she said.

"But why? Why?" He almost raved the words. "You've got a chance. I haven't. In God's name, don't die—for my sake!"

She bent over him, spreading her hands above him, and suddenly in the shining of her eyes he saw something that struck him dumb.

"I'm not afraid to die with you," she said. "I won't leave you to die—alone."

He reached up his arms to her, and she stooped to them generously, tenderly, clasping him in her own. "There is nothing to be afraid of," she said. "God is here."

IT was such comfort as she might have given to a frightened child in the dark. It soothed him in exactly the same way. He clung to her closely, blindly.

"Kiss me!" he said. "Will you kiss me?"

She uttered a soft, caressing sound. He felt her lips upon his forehead, and lifted his own to meet them. The kiss that passed between them was the seal of a spiritual communion in which earthly things had no part.

Something unforgettable — something divine—was with them in that moment, and before it all fear died utterly away. They waited, closely locked together, almost exultant, for the great revelation—the Opening of the Door. . . .

Ten minutes later two unconscious forms were carried out and laid among a score of others just before the hospital building, now fiercely burning, collapsed.

"Hullo!" said the medical officer. "What's this? One of the nurses! I thought they were all safe."

"The night sister went back, sir," explained an orderly, himself all grimed with smoke. "We found her trying to save the last patient in her ward."

"Did you save them both?" sharply asked the medical officer.

"Yes, sir. We just managed it—only just, sir. There he is, sir!"

"Good!" said the doctor.

And so the Door swung to again, and they were left outside.

PART ONE—A GULL'S NEST

ORANGE and blue! The tawny gold of last year's bracken burning in the spring sunshine, and the blue—the deep, deep sapphire of the engirdling sea!

"There is nothing on earth like it," said Marcia Templeton. "It *is* as near to heaven as we can get."

She lay with her face to the sea, her back to a gray rock. Her pale face under its shady hat had a remote and concentrated look.

"I must remember it," she murmured half aloud. "I simply must. I mustn't lose it all—like a dream."

It was a day in March that might have been snatched from June. She had had to turn down her hat brim on account of the glare. Lying there in the brilliant sunshine, there was a supple grace about her, a careless ease

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page nine

of relaxation, that in some subtle way expressed the charm which was never absent. She might have been twenty-three; she actually was ten years older. But she was one of those women in whom age is of no significance. People did not pause to wonder how old she was, but there were many who marveled at her youth. Those who had known her for years declared that she had never altered, nor ever could alter. Her quick sympathies, her warmth of personality, combined to fashion a rare spirit that outer circumstance could never change.

The capacity for keen enjoyment at least was hers, and lying there in the bracken she exercised it to the utmost, resolutely banishing every consideration that might detract therefrom. Perhaps that was in a measure the secret of her radiance—the power to detach herself from all burdens and gather the moment's splendor without stint or hindrance; the power to banish both past and future and revel in the glorious present with the courage that is greatness.

There was a smile in her brown eyes as she left her sheltered nook and prepared to walk down to the shore.

It was very rough walking, and a chill wind blew behind her as though in warning that the brilliance around was of a very short duration.

She reached a narrow beaten track that led to the edge of the cliffs. As she moved swiftly down to the sea her movements had all the litheness and swing of girlhood. She sang to herself softly, still reveling in the splendor.

She came at length to the cliffs that bordered the rocky coast, and here she paused.

She turned and walked along the edge of the cliff until she came to a gap through which a steep and winding path gave access to the shore. Just as she reached it, however, a small figure with a halo of golden hair suddenly emerged, seeming to spring from the very face of the cliff, and rushed upon her.

"Oh, mum, I was just coming to tell you. We've found a gull's nest—only fancy—a gull's! And Dennis has gone after it and can't get back. He's stuck halfway. I don't know what he'll do."

"Oh, Goldie!" ejaculated Marcia. "I might have known!"

GOLDIE was by no means disturbed. She was at the optimistic age of thirteen. "He's perfectly safe, mum. I mean he can't fall or anything if he keeps still. But a big bit of rock gave way below him, and now he can't get up or down."

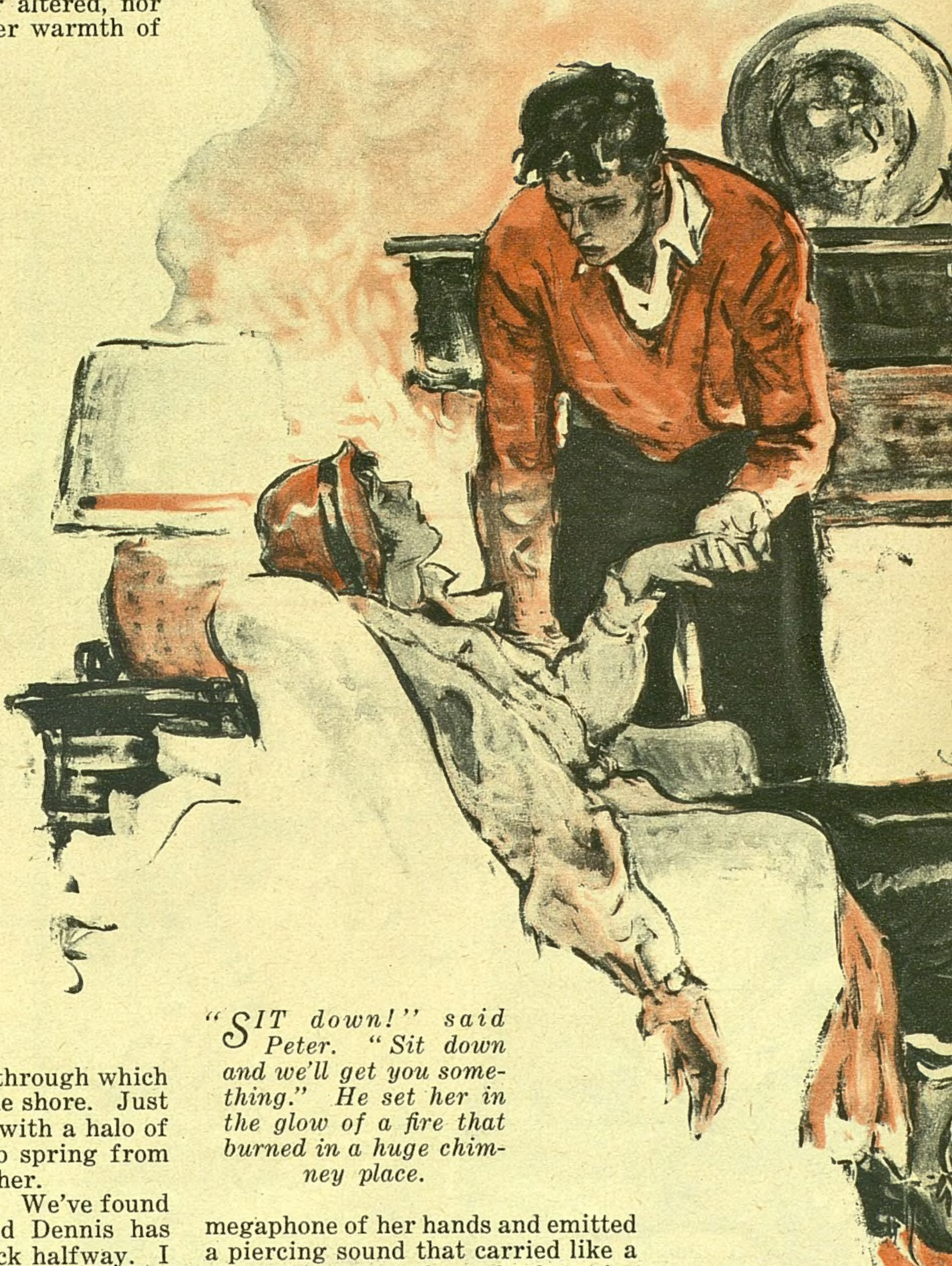
"Show me where he is!" said Marcia.

"Well, I don't know whether you can see him from the top. It hangs over so. And it's no good going down, as the tide's nearly up to the cliff," cheerfully stated Goldie. "I expect he'll have to stay there for a bit till somebody comes along."

"We must go to the village for help," Marcia said.

"Oh, I expect he'll get down all right when the tide goes out," said Goldie, whose experience of life so far had never included any really untoward happenings. "But there's a farm along there that's nearer than the village. Ah, here's somebody coming up from the farm! It's a man. I'll give him a whistle, shall I?"

Before Marcia could check her she had made a sort of megaphone of her hands and emitted a piercing sound that carried like a miniature siren through the crisp air. It was her latest accomplishment, and one in which she took a certain pride.



"SIT down!" said Peter. "Sit down and we'll get you something." He set her in the glow of a fire that burned in a huge chimney place.

"That'll fetch him," she said with satisfaction, beckoning violently to the oncoming youth until he grasped the fact that she was signaling to him and with an answering shout broke into a run.

He was a powerful young Cornishman of about eighteen. He had no hat, and his hair was wet and curly, rather like the hair of a brown retriever after a swim. His face was deeply sunburned and wore a pleasant smile—or, rather, grin—as he raised a hand in salute.

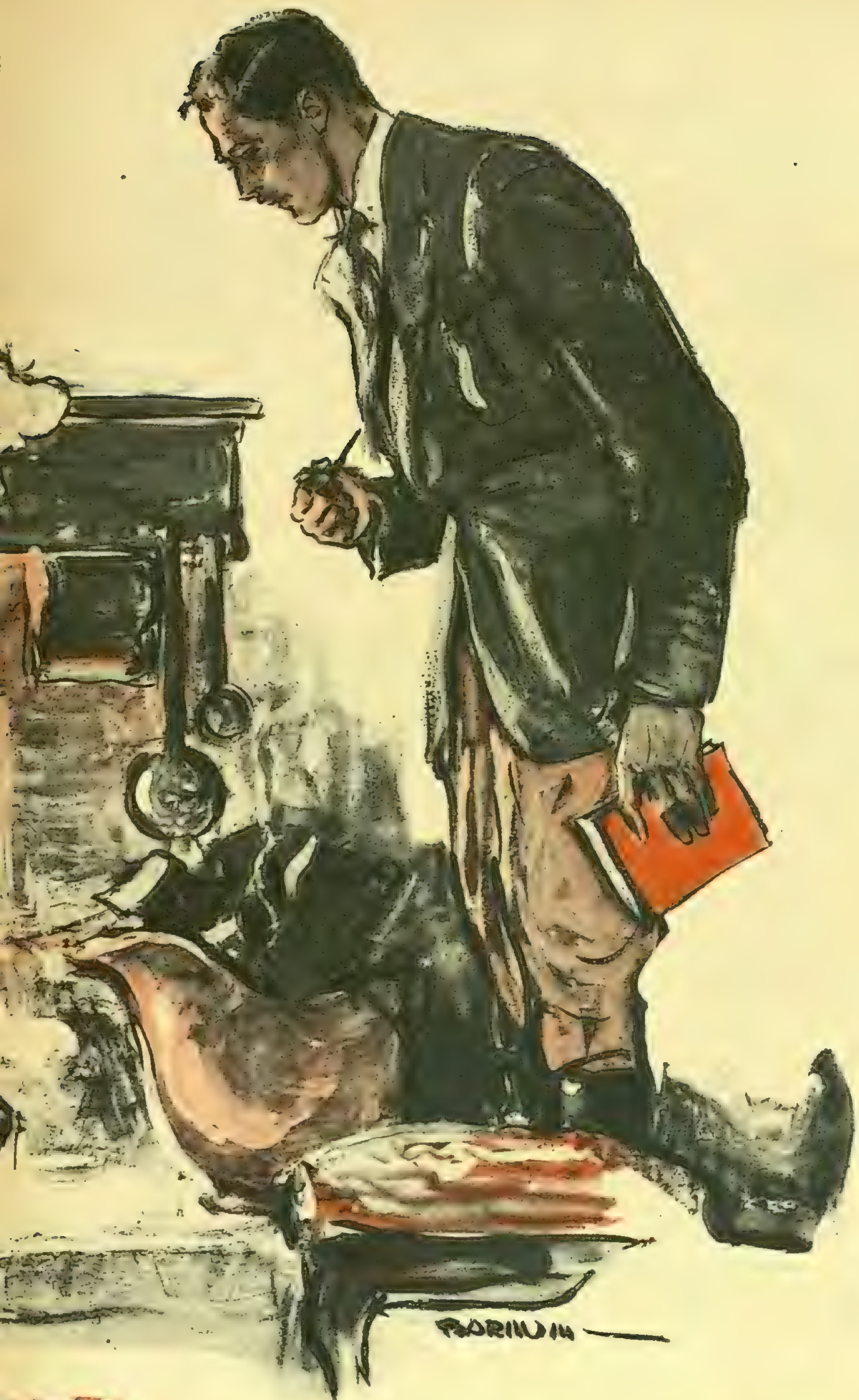
"Anything I can do?" he said.

He addressed Marcia, but it was Goldie who answered him before her mother had time to do so.

"Of course there is! That's why I called you. My brother's stuck halfway up that cliff. He's after a gulls' nest—only think! A gull's! And now he's got there he can't get back."

Imperiously she led the way to the edge of the cliff.

"You see this bit of rock that juts out? Well, he's under there, somewhere, about halfway down, I should



say. I don't think you can get at him, but he's quite safe. He can't fall, unless he does something silly."

"I see." He looked at Marcia and laughed, then grew sober. "Don't you worry! I expect I can get to him. There are heaps of ledges, and it's much safer than it looks. I'll try, anyway."

"Don't run any risks!" begged Marcia. "Wouldn't it be better to go straight to the coast guard?"

"Good gracious, no," he returned cheerily. "Not till I've had a shot at it. You'd better not watch, because it looks much more dangerous than it is. I've done it heaps of times before, so you needn't be anxious. I shall be back in five minutes if I can't reach him."

He was gone with the words, striding back to the gap and disappearing from view almost before they realized that he had started upon the undertaking.

"He'll do it all right," said Goldie complacently. "Let's sit down, shall we, till he comes back?"

Marcia shook her head. "You can if you like. I do hope he won't come to any harm. We ought not to have let him go."

"Whyever not?" Goldie regarded her with a species of humorous wonder. "Fancy getting in a stew about it! Dennis won't get hurt. He's not a child."

Marcia smiled faintly. "Of course not! People of fourteen can always be relied on to take care of themselves. I wonder what your father would say if he knew."

"Don't suppose he'd say much," said Goldie dispassionately. "He might punish him if he thought it worth while, but I don't suppose he would. Dad's never really interested, is he?"

"He has other things to think about," said Marcia.

Her small daughter regarded her with a sudden impish grin. "Aren't you a darling?" she said with apparent irrelevance.

Marcia shook her head again. Goldie's appreciation was apt to be unorthodox. "You see, dear," she pointed out, feeling herself hopelessly out of date as she did so, "it isn't daddy's business to be looking after children."

"Course not," said Goldie. "So long as he never expects us to look after him. That's all that matters. Oh, I wish that man would hurry up. Wonder what his name is. Don't forget to ask him, mum, when he comes back."

The sounds of yells caught their attention and they discovered two figures swinging down toward them from the rocky headland.

"Oh, there they are!" exclaimed Marcia with relief.

Goldie whooped in answer and ran to meet them. "Did you get any eggs?" was her cry. "You didn't? Oh, Den, you rotter!"

THE person thus addressed seized her as she reached him, deposited her on her back on the ground, and walked swiftly on, leaving her to the more polite treatment of his companion.

Dennis was a dark-haired, eager-faced boy of fourteen, and he greeted Marcia with easy patronage. "Hullo, old dear! Hope we haven't kept you waiting. Such a scream. Got down and couldn't get up again! Jolly decent chap, that! D'you know who he is?"

"I wish you wouldn't do these things," protested Marcia. "You know your father—"

He checked her at once with decision. "That's all right, darling! 'Nough said! You've done your duty. Now come on and let's enjoy ourselves!"

This was the treatment invariably meted out to Marcia by her children. She was allowed to look on at their pursuits, but to take no arbitrary share therein. If she disapproved, she was hushed immediately; and she, with a smile half comical, half sad, was obliged to submit. They had grown beyond her control, these children of hers, during the war. It was her own fault, of course. If she had wanted to keep them her own, she should not have left them. But who that has known the fire of patriotic enthusiasm shall say that she was wrong?

Those five unforgettable years given to her country were such as she would not have been without. They had made her live where before she had only partially existed. But it was inevitable that so much gain should also entail sacrifice, and when she resumed her home life again, it was to find that her children's need of her was over. They had developed their own individualities.

The primary separation had not been of her contriving. It was her husband's decision to remove them to a secluded corner of Devon, out of reach of all signs of war, and she had acquiesced, not realizing until too late that such a life of inactivity would be impossible for her. She had been a popular hostess ever since her marriage, and to be suddenly cut off from the outer world just as it had been plunged into the seething turmoil of a great war was unthinkable. By her desire, then, the two children had been placed in a little home school in complete safety on the edge of a Devon moor, and she had returned to the tumult and the strife of nations.

Perhaps no human being of Marcia's brilliance and ability could have remained outside it all. And during the two or three years that had elapsed since its cessation she had often told herself that she would not have had it otherwise. But yet the fact remained that she was still paying the price.

Her husband, Everard Templeton, a well known K.C., had become, so far as she could judge, entirely independent of her; though she did not attempt to disguise the fact that in the days before the war his detached attitude had driven her to the children for the companionship her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page eleven

soul needed. She had been their adored playmate in those days, but now she was no more to them than a pleasant guest whose participation in their pursuits could never pass a certain limit.

In especial was this so with Goldie—Dora, as she had been named in baptism and as her father always punctiliously addressed her. It was not so in the same degree with Dennis. He was more willing upon occasion to treat her as a pal, but from a very superior standpoint. Marcia's five years of strenuous nursing had not tended to widen her experience of the demands of boyhood. She sometimes wondered if she had perhaps herself skipped a stage of life in the rapid growth compelled by tragic experience and so could never hope to tread again the happy playing fields of youth toward which her soul still yearned.

Her husband was ten years her senior, and she had long since ceased to aspire to stand upon level ground with him. She was too young for him, and, it seemed, regarded by her children as too old for them. She sighed her half-humorous, half-rueful sigh and accepted the inevitable.

II

"MY name is Peter," said the stranger modestly. "Oh, don't mention it! Awfully glad to have been of use. Not that I did anything."

Marcia liked his honest, straightforward countenance and manner of speech. Seeing that her gratitude merely embarrassed him, she did not press it too far.

Neither Goldie nor Dennis seemed to consider that any gratitude was owing. "Jolly good thing you turned up when you did," was the latter's airy acknowledgment, "or I might have missed my lunch. These beastly cliffs take some knowing, don't they?"

"Haven't you got another name?" inquired Goldie, addressing their new friend with complete ease. "Or do you like to be called just Peter?"

He smiled at her. Marcia noticed that his shyness melted before Goldie's direct methods. "Oh, well, yes, I have got another name," he said, "but just Peter will do."

"D'you live here?" she demanded next. "Or are you only staying?"

He nodded toward the farm nestled in a hollow of the cliffs below them. "I'm there for the present, but I've always lived about here. I was born near by. That's why I know these cliffs so well."

"You work on the farm, I suppose?" said Goldie, who liked to know the exact status of all with whom she came in contact.

"My dear," interposed Marcia. "I don't think you need ask quite so many questions. We really must get back to lunch. Thank you very much," holding out her hand to Peter. "I am more grateful to you than I can say, and I hope we shall meet again. Come, children, we must go."

ETHEL M. DELL

is one of the most gifted and popular of English writers of fiction. She has a score of novels to her credit, as well as numerous short stories, and verse.

But Goldie also insisted upon shaking hands, and even lingered for a few seconds after her mother's determined departure, to try to arrange the future meeting vaguely referred to.

When she overtook Marcia, however, she had no definite success to report. "He says he's expecting a cousin or someone to come and join him, and can't fix up anything till he comes. Isn't that silly? A great man of his age!"

But Marcia would give no opinion upon the subject. "I think you talk too much, darling," she said, trying to be judicial. "We mustn't be too free and easy with perfect strangers. It isn't quite advisable."

At which gentle criticism her small daughter deliberately caught her brother's eye and smiled aloud. "You're a pet of a thing, mumsie," she said tolerantly. "But if I let you do the talking you'd never find out anything. I like Peter," she added. "Hope we shall see some more of him."

"I shall get him to go gulls-nesting with me," said Dennis, within whose breast his sister's reproach still rankled.

But at this announcement Marcia once more asserted herself with some firmness. "If you ever do anything of the kind again, Dennis," she said, "I shall write straight to your father and tell him that our holiday here must come to an end."

Dennis gave her a quick look of surprise and met in return a full gaze of such unswerving determination that he deemed it best to yield the point without delay, the while Goldie chuckled in high delight.

"Oh, if you feel qualmy about it, of course I won't," he said. "But one's got to do something, and there isn't much one can do here, is there?"

Marcia melted. She was blessed—or perhaps cursed—with the gift of seeing with the eyes of others as well as her own, and she had an intense sympathy with the fever and folly of youth. The two children were, moreover, recovering under her care from measles and it was hard to deny them some compensation after their dreary incarceration.

She put her hand on the boy's shoulder with a movement of gentle conciliation. "I only want you not to do anything dangerous, dear," she said. "You see, I am responsible for you, and I couldn't possibly have got you out of your difficulty today."

He laid his cheek in swift affection upon the caressing hand.

"That's all right, darling. Don't you worry?" he said. "I'll not do anything rash. Promise!"

With which he grinned up into her face with mischievous assurance, and the incident was closed.

Peter's share in it, however, was by no means forgotten. The two children discussed him and wrangled about him throughout luncheon in the semifriendly, semiaggressive style peculiar to them. Marcia sat in the background, half listening.

If they could have seen her a little later, when the long day was over at last and they were safe and sleepy in bed, feverishly pulling on her waterproof and running out into the chill evening to catch the last of the failing light, they would have stared at her energy, believing that a book by the fireside was all that any mother could need for her amusement and recreation at the end of the day.

A SEETHING longing for something which she recognized as hopelessly beyond her reach had awakened within her. "I want—life," she said to herself almost wildly. "My God! I've only lived once in the whole of my existence."

And this was true. Through marriage and maternity her pulses had only stirred to fresh longing, never to fulfillment. She remembered now the day on which Dennis had been born, and her husband—Everard—coming to congratulate her. Congratulate her! That had been his attitude. He had been occupied—completely absorbed—by a case which it had taken his utmost ingenuity to defend. His fullest ability, which was of no mean order, had been expended and successfully at length, but it had been a tremendous battle. And the birth of his son had been an interlude—a mere diversion—in the course of events of overwhelming importance.

Her girlhood flashed before her. Yes, she had been happy then—happy in anticipation. She recalled yet the eager pulsing of hope in her veins, the swift rapture of surrender, when the quiet, self-contained man who had seemed to her so perfect a knight had sought her for his wife. His courtship had been brief, but she had loved him for all that he had left unsaid.

Almost at the very altar steps her dream had ended. He had not asked for that which she had so passionately yearned to give. He had contented himself with the little when she had desired to pour forth to him her all. He had been reserved and repressive, deliberately calm when she throbbed with emotion, resolutely restrained when she would have flung restraint to the winds. And so the barrier had grown up between them, day by day, hour by hour.

He had, it is true, sensed her discontent in the early days. Hence the form of his congratulation upon the

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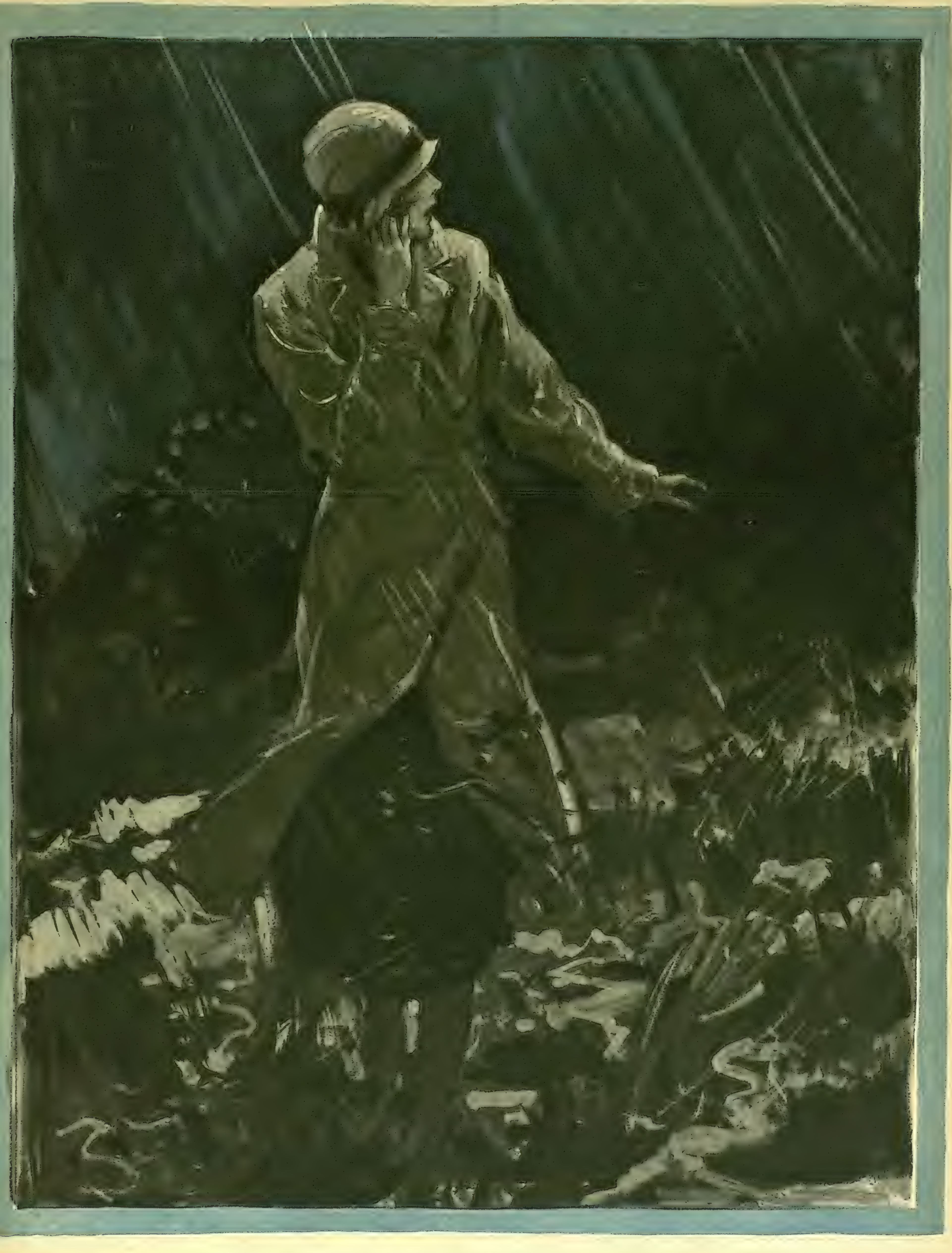


The gloom deepened and became night. The rain was streaming down her face, and her shoes were heavy with water. She was cold, too—cold to the bone.

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twelve

birth of their son, upon whose welcome advent he had obviously relied for its removal! That it had continued since—that, in short, any woman with natural instincts could possibly desire anything more than a kind husband and a healthy son—was plainly a state of affairs outside his calculations. He was very fond of her—she believed—in his spare time. Had she been a woman of whims he would have indulged them. Everything in a material sense for which she expressed any desire was immediately her own. And she had wearied—how she had wearied!—of those mundane possessions.

The birth of her little daughter had for a time lifted her out of her despair. Fondly she had hoped that this second link would indeed draw them closer. But the hope had died. His children at this stage were his recreation, nothing more. And recreation meant very little to him. Perhaps later he would take an ambitious interest in his son; but for the present his own career was paramount. Nothing could be allowed to interfere with that.

HE was quite willing that she should have as many children as she desired, and he was fully prepared to do his worldly duty by them, to make every provision for their upbringing and education. But he had very little spare time to spend upon them, and when Marcia unexpectedly decided that their family of two sufficed her he made neither protest nor comment. If she did not wish to enlarge her maternal sphere, it was her affair alone. He had given her all—more than all—that the average woman possessed, and now, as ever, he was prepared to let her take her own course.

Their intimacy did not lessen, because it had never been very close. She continued at the head of his house, and he was proud to see her lead the way in society with that brilliance for which he had originally chosen her. She was exactly the sort of wife he needed. She fulfilled all his requirements, and now that the first fever of youth was past and she had settled down, he believed her happiness to be complete. She had taken her place as a wife to a man of fine achievements and little leisure, and she never now asked for attention which he could not bestow. She filled her life with social engagements and was at the same time a devoted mother. He desired no more.

Then had come the world convulsion of the war, and to his surprise she had broken away from all the ties that hitherto had bound her. She had left the children. She had abandoned the home. She had completely overlooked any possibility of his needing her that might exist. She had gone straight into a hospital and bound herself to duties which practically excluded him from her life. He had admired her for it, though deeming her somewhat headlong and recognizing in her action some survival of that old impetuosity of hers which in their earlier married days he had been at some pains to repress.

He, himself, though he dutifully offered his services to his country upon every possible occasion, had been regarded as too valuable to his profession to be allowed to take any share in the struggle, and he was absorbed into a government department in which he contrived to make his unerring mark while working unceasingly to maintain his own private career.

He and Marcia met but seldom. She was wholly immersed in her work as he was. For the first time in her life she was reveling in the power to give without check or stint all the energy that was in her to the service of those who sorely needed it. Everard had scarcely counted. He had seemed like a back number. She had taken it for granted that he was as engrossed in his own affairs as he had ever been, and that the fact that she, too, was now engrossed could possibly affect him had never crossed her mind. They met and parted almost like casual acquaintances.

But the end of the war had been Marcia's undoing. To take up the threads again in a ruined world, to resume the old hollow pretenses of life which had become a thousand times more hollow since grim reality had reigned so starkly supreme, this was the impossible.

After two years of effort she stopped and faced it. Something in her had given way. Everything was different now. Everard was different. Yes, even Everard was older, graver, more restrained than before. The children were different. They had grown up apart from her. The days of their infant reliance upon her were over. She herself was different—totally different. Of what use to try to pretend that anything was the same? She seemed to have outlived both her children's and her husband's need of her.

"If I were to die tomorrow, they wouldn't care—really care—for more than a fortnight," she told herself wistfully as she wandered through the damp chill of the evening. "I am not in the least essential to any one of them."

And, so far as she could see, this would be her portion for the rest of her life. She wondered, more swiftly pacing the sandy road in her unwonted fit of rebellion, how she was going to endure it. The fire of youth still ran hot in her veins even while she recognized that by now she ought to be resigning herself to the calmer joys of maternity.

And how to extinguish that fire she knew not. It was terrible to have been needed—so urgently needed—and then to be cast aside.

She was walking rapidly, almost heedless of direction, vaguely making her way toward the moaning sea which was now veiled in mist. It had begun to rain in earnest, but she would not turn. She could not face the long dreary evening in the cheerless room with its one solitary, unshaded lamp; and sleep, she knew, was out of the question while this restless mood was upon her.

It would wear itself out in time. In the morning she would be quiescent again, ignoring the numb despair at her heart, cheerfully accepting the daily ration of stone instead of bread. She would occupy herself with the children, allowing no time for these morbid ideas which attacked her only in her unaccustomed solitude and leisure. Very soon this holiday would be over, and she would be immersing herself once more in the countless engagements and undertakings of town life. They helped at least to deaden the sense of emptiness within her—that emptiness which nothing could ever fill.

"I mustn't have any more holidays," she said to herself, "for a very long time."

And with the resolution she realized that she had left the track and was plunging in complete bewilderment over the boggy ground of the open moor.

III

SHE felt no anxiety at first, believing that she could retrace her steps without difficulty. But within a very few seconds she realized her mistake. The dull roar of the sea seemed to come from all directions at once, and there was no other sound to be heard, though she stood for many seconds listening.

"How—foolish of me!" she murmured at last. "Almost as bad as Dennis!"

She wished that she had brought either stick or umbrella to feel for the bogs which were quite invisible in the rapidly diminishing light, but since she had neither she was forced to move with great wariness, trying her weight with every step.

Her knowledge of the country was limited, and she was obliged to face the fact that since leaving the track her sense of direction had completely deserted her.

"I can't be lost," she reflected. "If I keep on I must come to something."

So for a space she kept on. She could not be more than half a mile from the little house near the coast-guard station in which the children were soundly sleeping. The lighthouse itself on the point of the headland could not be far away, but she could see no sign of it, and while she was debating this within herself a most melancholy sound suddenly burst forth, filling the gloom with its long-drawn-out wailing, and she realized that the light was failing to penetrate the ever-thickening gloom.

Somehow that sound awakened real uneasiness within her. She was a stranger in an unknown country and beginning to be afraid.

She made a resolute effort and summoned all her energies. She was lost, and there was no denying it, but she could not have wandered far, and if she kept moving she was bound to strike a track before long. To attempt to ascertain her whereabouts was useless, but to remain stationary was even more so. She made another plunge into boggy ground, extricated herself, and struck out afresh.

NEXT WEEK—

RACKETS OF THE RICH

By

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

also

stories and articles

by

Beatrice Grimshaw

Al G. Barnes

Joseph Gollomb

Edward L. McKenna

The siren continued to boom forth its melancholy piercing call, echoing round and round the wide moor with ghostly illusiveness.

The gloom deepened and became night. The rain was streaming down her face, and her shoes were heavy with water. She was cold, too—cold to the bone.

Coming suddenly into violent contact with an unseen boulder, she pitched forward and fell headlong with a force that almost stunned her.

She stumbled up again, but she was badly shaken. One leg was torn, and she could feel the blood oozing through her stocking.

And another disquieting thought came to her as she stood, recovering herself. Those low boulders were mainly scattered near the edge of the cliffs. She remembered noticing it in the morning. Listening intently, she became convinced that the sound of the sea, muffled though it was in the clinging fog, was nearer than it had seemed when first she had recognized herself as lost. That meant that she had wandered in a completely wrong direction; that she might at any moment come upon the very brink of the precipice.

For a space she stood quite still, picturing depth whichever way she turned.

Then gradually her natural strength returned to her and she put panic firmly away. She had encountered a danger just as deadly as this before and had given no place to fear.

Quietly and courageously her prayer went out into the dark: " O God, guide me safely! Keep me from falling! "

Hands stretched out before her, she went blindly along a track that seemed strangely smooth after her desperate struggle on the open moor, and in so doing, though she knew it not, she skirted the very edge of the cliffs on which she and Goldie had stood that morning.

FINALLY, at the end of a long descent, she came into collision with a rough stone wall not more than four feet high, and feeling her way along it, discovered a small wooden gate half open. Beyond it there shone a vague red glow in the darkness that sent a thrill of thankfulness through her.

Her tired feet stumbled up a muddy path and kicked against a step.

She recovered herself with an effort, for the glow had increased and hope beat high. It came from a lighted window covered with a red blind. But for that, she thought she would have fallen prone and given up the struggle.

She mounted the step, clinging to the last remnant of her strength, and knocked with a trembling hand upon the door.

She thought she heard the sound of men's voices talking together; and after a few moments, spent in gathering confidence, she knocked again with more decision.

She heard a movement within. Someone was approaching. A curious tremor that was like an ague seized her. Just for a second she was afraid—inexplicably and overwhelmingly afraid.

Then a bolt was drawn back and the door opened to her.

She found herself looking through another door at right angles to the first, straight into the room from which the light had come.

It was low and oak-raftered. An unshaded lamp stood on an oak table, and it dazzled her after the darkness from which she had come.

A man was sitting just beyond it, but she could not see his face on account of the glare. Another man stood close to her, holding the door open for her to enter. She could not see him either with any distinctness, for her eyes were fixed upon the lamp and she seemed unable to withdraw them.

BUT his voice recalled her. " Why, it was you I met on the cliff today —with the kids! Is all well? Are they all right? "

" Oh, quite," she said, " quite! " answering him, as it were, mechanically.

For somehow, for a reason wholly unaccountable, her attention was attracted beyond him to the man who sat on the other side of the lamp.

The boy's voice came to her again, and it had a note of anxiety. " Come in, won't you? " he said. " You must be very wet. I wonder you found your way on such a foul night."

She entered. " I didn't—find my way," she said. " I'm lost! "

And then the man beyond the lamp stood up suddenly. She saw his face clear in the shadows above the glare. He was looking at her with a species of incredulous recognition. And something in the sight reached down to the heart of her, so that she halted on the threshold as if spellbound.

" I'm lost! " she said again rather breathlessly.

And through the silence another voice answered her—a voice that was like the echo of a day long past. " Lost, are you—sister? I should say that you are—found! "

She heard herself laugh shakily in answer and she made a movement forward to meet him, but somehow her strength failed.

She was glad of Peter's arm supporting her.

" Sit down! " said Peter. " Sit down, and we'll get you something."

He set her in the glow of a fire that burned in a huge chimney place, and as he withdrew she saw his companion's dark face bending over her.

" How strange to meet like this! " she tried to say, but the words would not come.

She could only smile at him—smile at him—while he gathered her two frozen hands up to his face and warmed them with his breath.

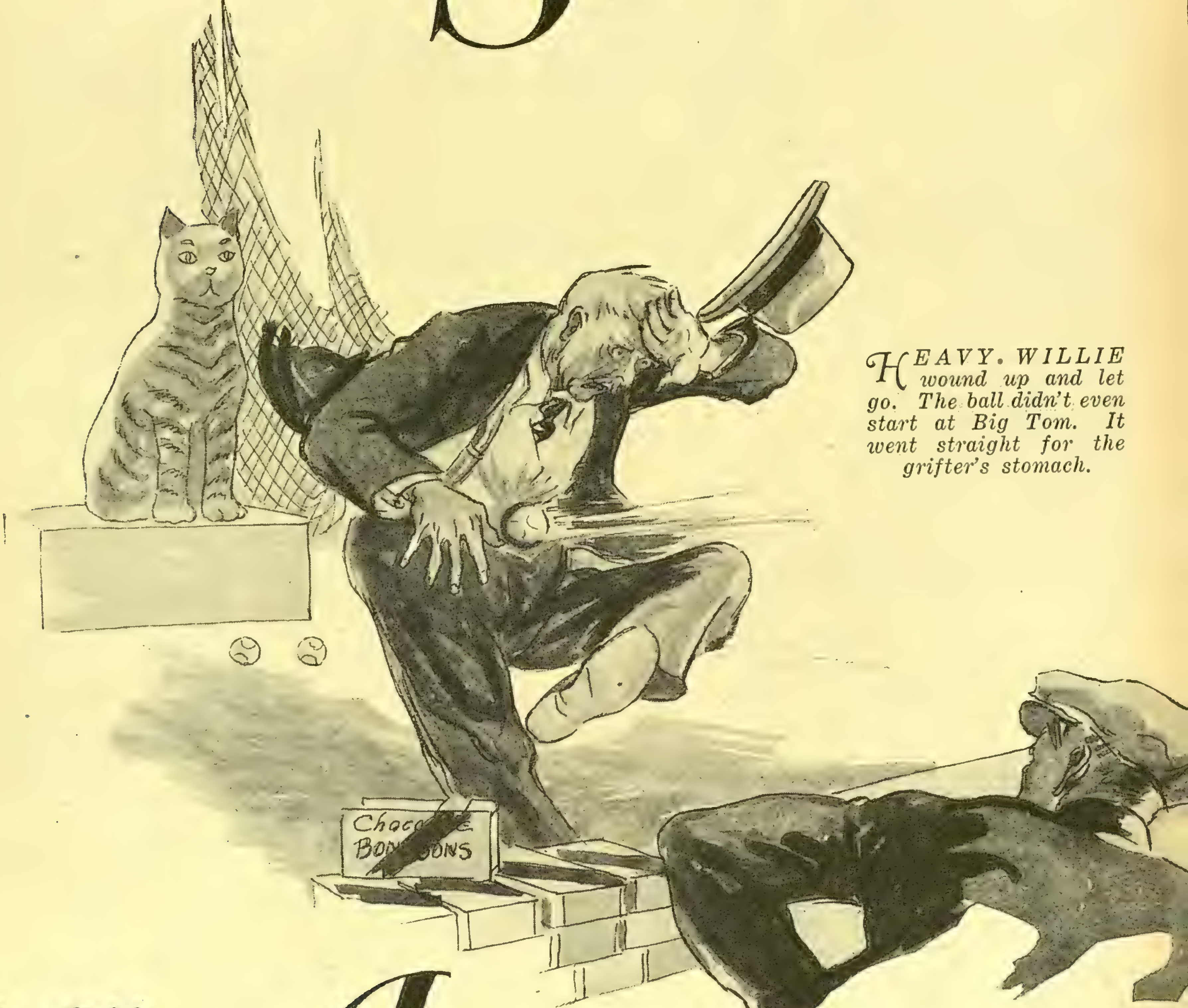
She had not realized how near to exhaustion she was, but sitting there, sunk in a chair before a blazing fire, an overwhelming inertia came upon her, and even her immediate surroundings seemed to fade and become dreamlike.

She was not sure that she would not presently awake and find herself out in the mist and darkness, her tired brain wheeling inward upon memory and visualizing that which never could be true.

The face that had bent over her was one which she had often seen in dreams but which in actual fact she had never thought to see again.

For Marcia, that chance meeting with Peter's companion was the beginning of an adventure so strange, so glamorous, that she would not have believed life could hold anything like it—as you'll learn in next week's installment of the story.

Don't be a SUCKER in an Amusement



HEAVY WILLIE wound up and let go. The ball didn't even start at Big Tom. It went straight for the grifter's stomach.

(*Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.*)

ONE night last summer I met Slewfoot Charlie as he edged down the side street of a western city. He was hatless. His collar was torn and one eye was swelling.

This was surprising. I had seen him only a few hours before as the sleek, over-barbered proprietor of the "concession department" of a highly advertised street fair. Then he had been full of handshakes and effusiveness. This was rodeo time; the town was crowded with visitors from the ranch country, and the street fair had been brought in to provide amusement during odd hours. Likewise Slewfoot Charlie had brought along his "concessions" to provide a different entertainment from that of Ferris wheels, Crazy Houses, and other carnival accessories. But something had gone wrong.

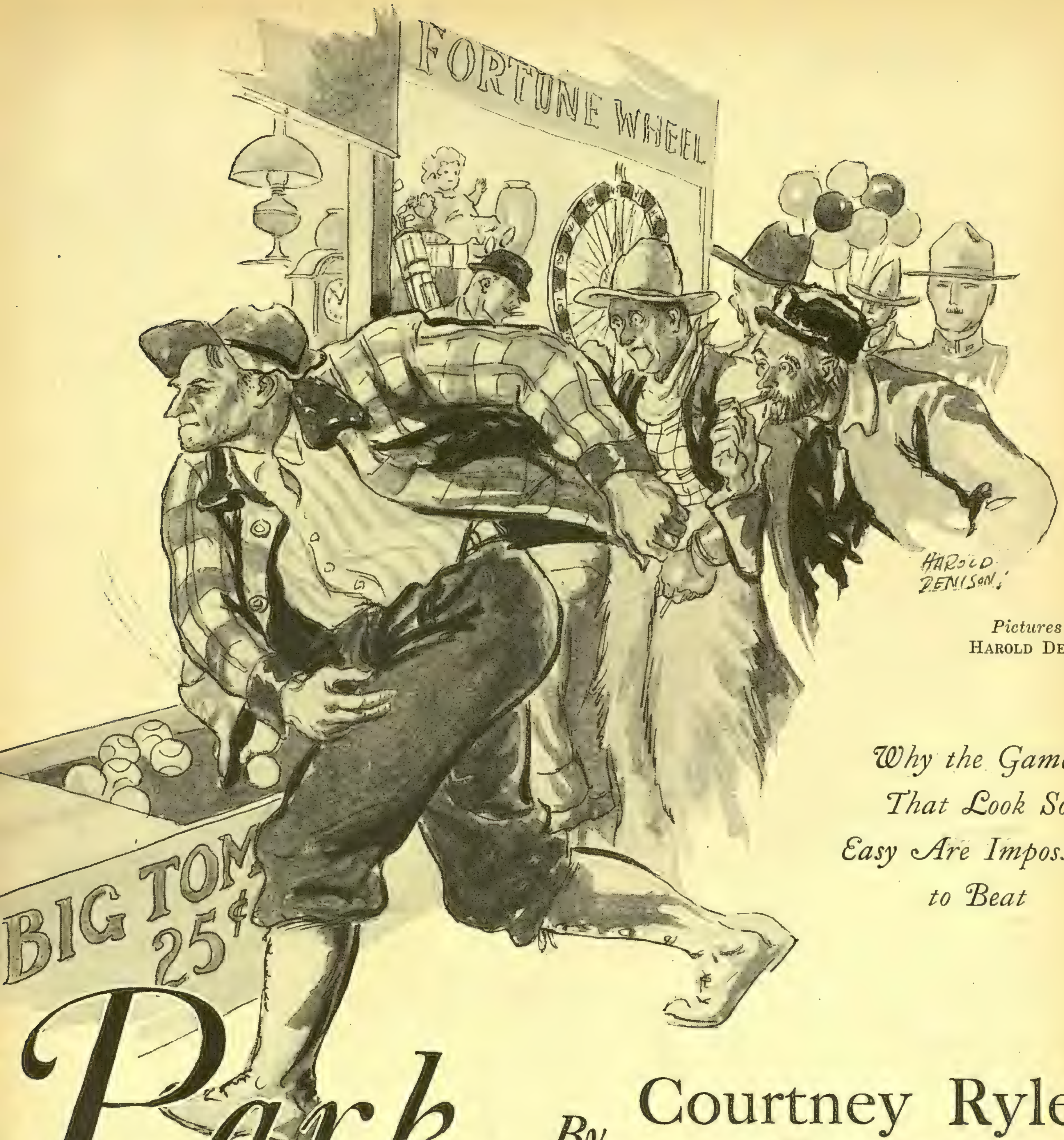
"Nix crackin' that you seen me!" he commanded excitedly. "I'm outward bound."

"So soon?" I asked. "I thought you were here for the week."

"Listen!" said Slewfoot cheerlessly. "I'm gone! I'm special freight on the first rattler that shies out of this village. My games are sloughed, half my men are in the can, and me, I wouldn't be surprised if a committee took me for a walk down by the river an' bumped into me!"

"The cause of it all?" I queried. Slewfoot sighed.

"A ham," he answered. "A fourteen-pound ham, sugar cured, melts in your mouth. Ten cents a chance, ladies an' gents, a dime a number, an' a winner on every turn of the wheel. This racket ain't what it used to be. I've seen the time when I could stall up with the push in front o' one of my wheels an' win that ham all night an'



Pictures by
HAROLD DENISON

Why the Games That Look So Easy Are Impossible to Beat

Park

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

nobody'd ever rap to me. But today, the first time I tuck Old Porkie under my arm and start stallin' around to the back of the joint to restore it to its right and proper resting place, don't some guy yell out that I'm a shillaber and that the wheel's gaffed? Then somebody else squawks the fact that I'm a grifter, an' that there ain't a joint on the midway that ain't gimmicked. After that, they all took a punch at me and yelled for the cops." Slewfoot sighed again, heavily. "This country's gettin' too educated," he said sadly. "These days, a guy can't turn a dishonest penny with a crowbar."

He moved on then, toward the railroad station. There was little else for him to do. The police had investigated his wheels of fortune and found them "two way" joints, capable of running on the square, but equally capable, through the pressure of a brake lever, of being stopped wherever the operator desired, with the result that the prize was always won by a shillaber, or confederate. They had found that the little wooden fish in his fish pond, where everayy-y-y-y-ybody could win a prize, bore only numbers which called for "slum," or the cheapest of gewgaws.

The same was true of the enticing game of science and skill where the populace tossed darts at a target. They had even discovered that the innocent-appearing tub, which paid a prize to him who tossed three baseballs in such a manner that they remained inside it, possessed a bottom of sheepskin, which could be drawn to drumlike tightness by the pulling of a lever, after which every baseball promptly bounced out.

So the police had sloughed the joints, to use the par-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

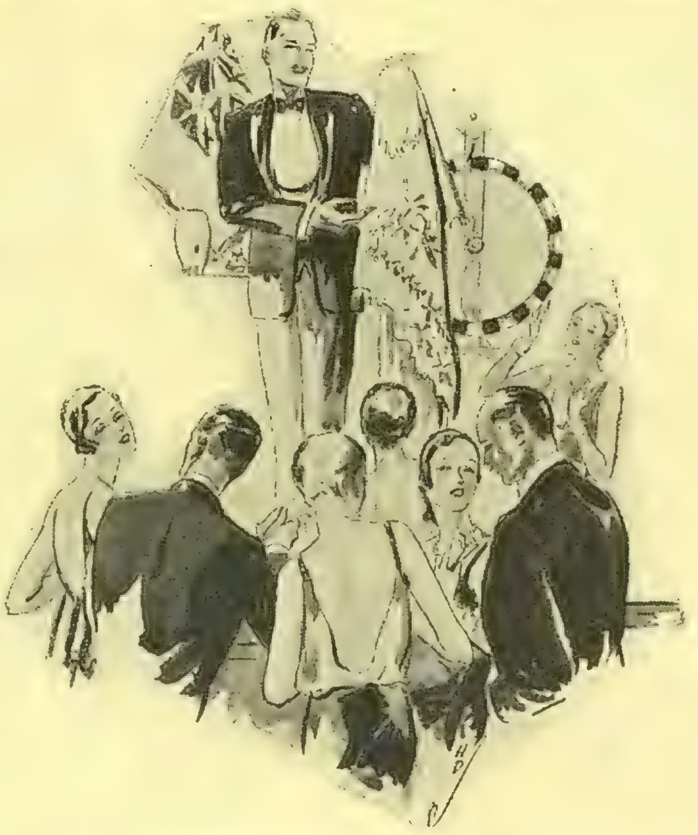
DON'T BE A SUCKER IN AN AMUSEMENT PARK
Continued from page seventeen

lance, confiscating them as gambling apparatus. The concessionaires who hadn't run in time were in jail.

Of course, in his going Slewfoot was a bit pessimistic. All of America is not yet educated to the fact that ninety per cent of all games of " science and skill " which operate with carnivals, amusement parks, street fairs, and celebrations are gaffed, and that the other ten per cent can be " gimmicked " if the grifting owner decides to heighten his percentage.

There are still hundreds of thousands of persons who believe that it's possible to throw those wooden curtain rings over the stag-handled knives in a knife rack, never stopping to think that you can't possibly ring anything that is pointed away from the thrower. Or that the string game isn't a string game—you know the one, where the operator holds out a bunch of string ends, connected to prizes which you can have if you pull the right cord. For these and like reasons the grifter continues to live—but not as sumptuously as in former years.

There was a time, twelve or fifteen years ago, when traveling carnivals cared little about their legitimate attractions, and when the various rides and amusement devices of the big parks were secondary to the concessions. It was not unusual in those days for a candy wheel to distribute thousands of boxes of thirty-cent candy nightly at a definite intake of eighty cents a box—eight numbers to the wheel, eight suckers playing, and one box of candy for every whirl of the spindle. But now the joints grind on, often without a player for hour on hour. Slowly but inevitably the concession grift is going the way of three-card monte and the shell game.



This was something new—a chance to gamble for sweet charity.

Incidentally, the causes of the decadence of both the old and the present-day grift are the same.

" After all," a concessionaire told me recently, " the biggest chump isn't the guy who loses his money. It's us guys. Some fellow invents a game that's eighty per cent for the house, which leaves the sucker a small chance to get a run for his money. So the smart inventor sits up nights until he invents a gimmick that will make that game crooked. The old-time suckers quit playing the shell game because there wasn't a chance to win. They're quitting the present-day rackets for exactly the same reason."

Some years ago, when Octavus Roy Cohen, the writer, and myself decided to spend a night at a western amusement park, a new game had just come into being—spot-the-spot. It was supposed to be a game of science and skill. It was, instead, a trick known only to members of the show world. Since then, it has gone the way of all grift games.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

has a wealth of inside knowledge of the tent-show business, one outgrowth of which he X-rays in this article. He began his career as a circus clown. Later he was a press agent for circuses.

BUT in those days of a new device it was actually possible to spot the spot. The player was supposed to drop five tin disks upon a painted circle in such a way as to cover it completely. The trick lay in the placing of the first four.

I knew the trick. Roy and I stopped at a spot-the-spot joint.

" Science an' skill ! " shouted the grifter. " I'm here to lose, you're here to win."

I bought five disks and casually dropped them on the spot. The attendant shouted wildly.

" Spot-the-spot ! " he bawled. " The gentleman wins ! Take your pick—a mama doll, a lamp shade, a side of bacon, a basket of groceries, or a sugar-cured ham."

A crowd gathered. Every spot became busy with players. I bought five more disks.

" The gentleman wins ! " bawled the gamekeeper—but his voice was not so loud now.

" We'll take a ham," said Roy. I bought five more disks. They covered the spot.

" The gentleman wins," said the grifter in a subdued voice. His eye was now distinctly unfriendly.

" Let's take the lamp shade," suggested Roy.

" Give me five more disks," I said.

The grifter leaned over his counter. " You blow ! " he commanded.

" Who? Me? "

" Yeh, you ! " came a voice from beside me. Roy and I looked up. Grouped about us were five grifters from other joints. Roy and I objected.

" You wouldn't make us stop if we were losing," I argued.

A hard guy with big shoulders muscled into me.

" Listen, chump ! " he commanded, " do you blow, or do we make you? "

THERE was a crowd of at least a hundred about us. Not one protested at our being shoved on. We were the crooks, it seemed; the concessionaires were not. That was all, except that in giving us the shove, the grifting crew did it rapidly enough to force us to leave without our winnings.

Several summers later I experienced a sequel in a western Canadian city. I had dropped in that morning and met Heavy Willie, who had come south on a holiday after a winter of work on the Hudson Bay Line, with a pocketful of money and an earnest desire to spend it. We went to beer parlors. We did the movies. Finally we ended up at a street carnival, and Heavy Willie's eyes bulged at the sight of Big Tom.

" I'll knock him for fourteen loops ! " he said.

Big Tom is designed to appeal to men like Heavy Willie. It is a cat about three feet high—three throws for a quarter. Every time you knock him off, you get a box of candy.

" Listen, Willie," I protested. " That thing's gaffed. You can't knock it over."

" Who? Me? " he grinned. " And me pitching baseball for five years before I went to work on the line? "

" But there's a weight in it. When the operator wants it knocked off, he up-ends the cat and shifts that weight to the top. But when that weight's on the bottom, you can pitch your arm off, but you can't win."

" Quit your kiddin'," said Heavy Willie. So I gave a lecture on gaffing. I explained the fundamentals—how wheels can be controlled by hub brakes, how you can't swing the aërial ball to knock over the tenpin because that tenpin is off center, forcing a wider swing, which brings a wider return and a consequent miss. I went into the devices for fish ponds, the percentage of 240 to one on the blanket joints, the " squeeze " which controls the mechanical horse race, the irregularities in the alley which prevent one from hitting the big numbers in the Japanese roll-down game. Whereupon Heavy Willie only grinned and bought three baseballs with which to knock over Big Tom.

He threw mightily. He hit the cat. But it didn't fall.

" Accidents will happen ! " shouted the grifter, and reset Big Tom. Heavy Willie threw again, and for a third time. He bought some more baseballs. Time and again he hit the cat, without doing more than knocking it slightly to one side. "Accidents will happen!" came the shout of the keeper. Heavy Willie bought a dollar's worth of baseballs.

He threw them all but one, while Big Tom remained inviolate. A sweat broke out about Heavy Willie's lips. He looked about him, at the knife rack, the roll-down game, the aërial ball, the unspottable spot-the-stop. Then he wound up and let go.

The ball didn't even start at Big Tom. It went straight for the grifter's stomach, hit him directly in the middle of the wind, and knocked him gasping to the ground. There he rolled for a moment, at last to come to his feet, white with pain and anger. A tent stake was near by. He reached for it. Heavy Willie only grinned.

"Accidents will happen!" he said quietly. Then: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

The inevitable crowd had gathered. The grifter surveyed them: farmers from the prairie provinces, a redcoated Royal Canadian policeman, huskies from the northern mines.

"All right, buddy," he said. But Heavy Willie continued to grin.

"Do I get my money back?" he asked. "Or do I show this gang where the weight's at in that cat?"

Again the grifter looked about him.

"Let's talk private," he said. After that, Willie and I had a great evening. We played every game in the racket —and made 'em return us our money. There was no objection. Grifting is on the decline.

IN fact, it is largely through auspices—another word for the connivance of townspeople—that the trimming of chumps continues to exist. There is a naïve idea that the bribing of judges, investigators, and police is a recent development. The truth is that this is an art of long standing, developed by generations of grifters.

Time was when the term "grifter" meant an entirely different individual from the type of today. Primarily it denoted the thieves, gamblers, and shortchangers who traveled with the old-time circus, and who formed the main source of income. All this needed protection. An official briber or fixer traveled ahead of the show to "square the joints." Sometimes, through his friendship with politicians, he could obtain permission simply by the passing out of complementary tickets. More often, money changed hands.

But thieves have greedy habits. Circus grift became too "strong," and tent shows gained bad reputations. About this time, showmen found out they could make a cleaner and easier profit out of legitimate performances. Slowly the business reformed until every big circus today is "Sunday school," and grifting in a cheapened, less malicious form has traveled on to the carnivals, the street fairs, the state and county exhibits, and the amusement parks. And the fixing is done in the name of charity, or the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ride him, Cowboy...Ride him!

but even a Bronco-buster can get "Pink tooth brush"

MUSCLES as hard as a cow-pony's ... blood coursing through your veins! But you're no more immune to "pink tooth brush" than if you were softened by years at a desk!

The soft foods we moderns eat give our gums little stimulation—and unstimulated gums become flabby, unhealthy gums. Then—"pink tooth brush."

And gums which bleed even slightly are susceptible to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to the dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea. Worse still, "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth. Which means the probable loss of the teeth!

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums! The ziratol in Ipana is the same preparation used by modern dentists to stimulate the gums.

Watch your teeth regain some of that childhood sparkle! Watch your gums grow pinker, harder, healthier! Continue to use Ipana with massage regularly—and "pink tooth brush" will soon cease to worry you!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-81, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

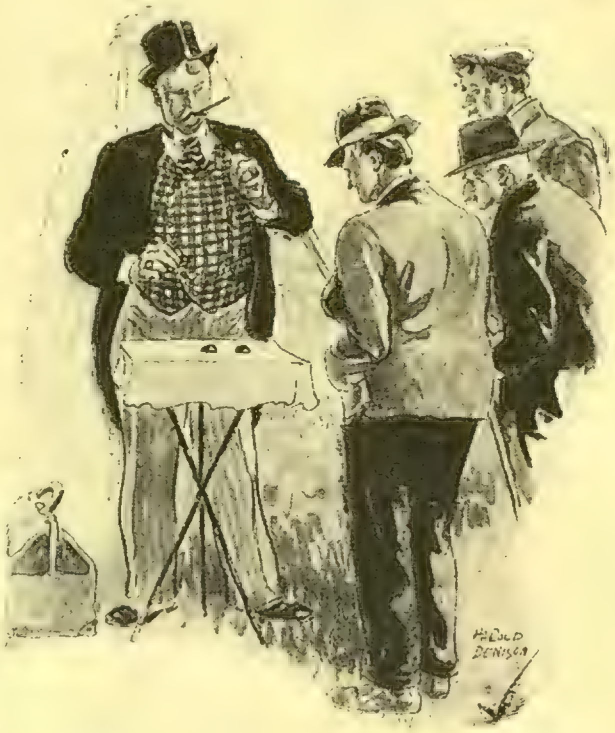
Name__________ Street__________

City__________ State__________

DON'T BE A SUCKER IN AN AMUSEMENT PARK
Continued from page nineteen

success of the fair, or the power of the auspices. This latter is especially true of carnivals and street fairs.

The average fraternal or benefit organization always needs funds. The grifting fixer feeds on this and makes a contract whereby the auspices and the show shall deduct expenses and then split the difference. For this the members of the organization agree to sell tickets and to do all in their power to provide patronage. After that comes the inevitable and often successful pressure for a lessening of city regulations to "allow the stores to work."



"There wasn't a chance to win."

The "stores" means the grift joints—usually the wheels. Strangely enough, many of the worst games are within the law, having been placed there by court decree. They have been adjudged games of science and skill—and so they are, when the various gaffs are eliminated. The judge who decided that the throwing of three balls in a bucket was science and skill knew nothing of the sheepskin bottom. So the gaffed games are safe unless someone inquires too closely for the reasons why no one ever wins.

The auspices are supposed to prevent such inquiries. Plainly and flatly, these fraternal organizations become partners in the profits from games of chance—and games where there isn't even a Chinaman's chance. Often they insist upon them. I know a number of carnival owners who declare that they would gladly dispense with their joints, especially the "strong" ones. But for a carnival to exist, it is often necessary to work under auspices; those auspices all too consistently insist on the "concessions." They mean that much more quick money to the till—and with sweet charity as a background, what are a few laws between auspices?

Slowly, however, even this racket is dying. The "brothers," as members of auspice organizations are called, do not fall for the game as they once did. They don't sell as many tickets in advance, and they refuse to part with their own money on the various devices. But sometimes they don't object to taking a little. There was the indoor circus, for instance, and a wildfire of double-edged grift which swept the country about ten years ago.

SOME genius had discovered the fact that the higher-class fraternal organizations had not figured much as the beneficiaries of grift games. So he persuaded the governing body of one of them to produce a winter circus. The promoter would furnish the performance, the paraphernalia of the games—mostly percentage wheels—and the goods to be merchandised. The organization would send every member a book of twenty admission tickets, and charge him for them, whether sold or not. Of course, there would be an automobile raffle, with every ticket holder a potential winner, a beauty contest, a popularity contest, and plenty of advertising. And, so that everything should be aboveboard and honest, the organization would furnish brothers to man the various wheels of chance.

The idea was a success; the performance was only an excuse for countless games of chance. Many of the members of this organization came from walks of life wholly unfamiliar with carnivals, street fairs, or amusement parks. This was something new—a chance to gamble for sweet charity. The results were fabulous. As much as fifty thousand dollars a night rolled in, to be split between the promoter and the organization, once expenses had been deducted.

The news spread. Within a month, every other big fraternal organization in the country was shrieking for a promoter to put on an indoor circus. Manufacturers of percentage wheels—the kind that dispense anything from a box of candy to an electric percolator—stepped up production to a twenty-four-hour day. Circus acts which had been happy with a hundred dollars a week in the summer now asked a thousand and got it. In a few of the larger cities, the "take" ran as high as a hundred thousand dollars a night. But, of course, it wasn't called grift. It was sweet charity.

The racket continued madly for a few years, then died almost as swiftly as it had been born. In some cities it was simply because the brothers refused to be whooped up any longer, or because, after a few sessions, the new clientele had learned that you can't get an Indian blanket for a dime when two hundred and thirty-nine other persons are trying to do the same thing on the same turn of the wheel.

Beyond this was the discovery that some of the promoters weren't satisfied with a fifty-fifty split and were kiting their expenses. So the winter circus died, except for the few cities where it had been run as a legitimate enterprise, and where it still flourishes.

THE death of the winter circus as a gambling racket meant the beginning of the end for the present-day grifter. It was even sadder for certain brothers.

During the maddest of the frenzy, I dropped into a show in one of the larger cities. The promoter was red-faced with anxiety.

"My detectives didn't show up," he said.

"Detectives?" I asked. "What for?"

He pressed his lips.

"To watch the brothers on those percentage wheels."

"But they're to watch you."

The promoter sighed. Then he swept a lean arm in a gesture which included the whole great room, with its hundred and fifty whirring wheels of fortune. "You bet your sweet life they watch me!" he exclaimed. "That's why I've got to have detectives to watch them—men they don't know. Look at 'em. Working for sweet charity, and half of 'em with itching necks."

I gaped in nonunderstanding. The promoter sighed again. He drew a ten-cent piece from his pocket and made a motion as though he were removing it from the lay-down board—that space in front of a percentage wheel where the player places his dime on his favorite number. The promoter palmed the dime deeper into his hand. Then with an innocent gesture, he scratched his neck.

The dime moved to the edge of his collar and slipped down inside, lodging in the natural pocket formed by the blousing of his shirt over his tight belt.

"Get me?" he asked. "Half of 'em are so loaded down with dimes they can hardly walk. But I can't raise a squawk—they'd say I was rumbling to cover up some of my own crookedness.

"I've got to have detectives who know how to catch 'em in the act and to prove that it's actually the show's dimes they're stealing."

I chuckled. I happened to know that this promoter was charging the lodge fifteen dollars for blankets which cost him eight.

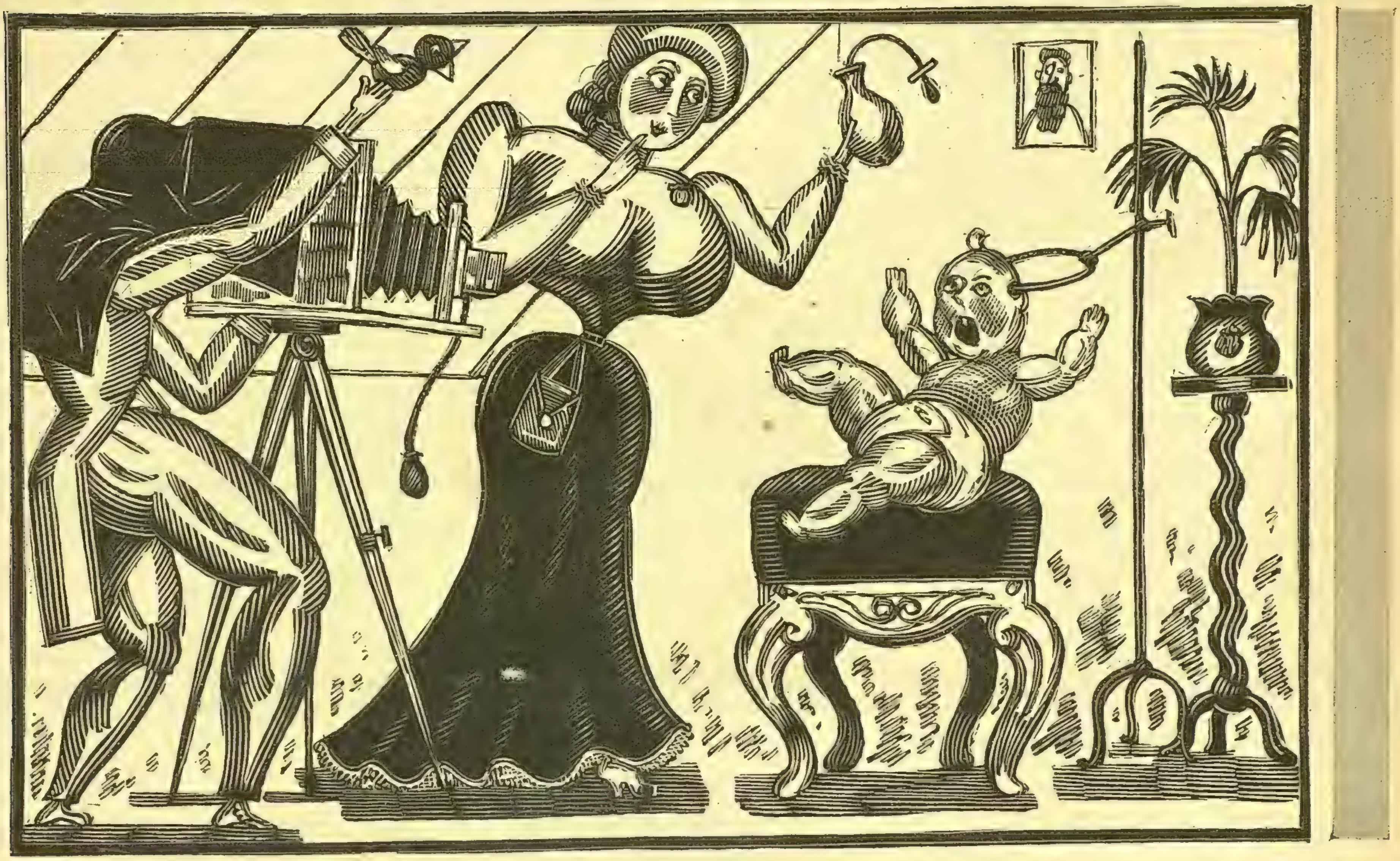
Then I glanced down the line of wheels, with their black blots of players before every lay-down. Twenty feet away, an austere-appearing brother called the winning number as the wheel stopped, scooped up the dimes from the lay-down board, made a pass at the money drawer, and apparently tossed all the dimes therein. But his hand remained cupped.

Then, struck by the urge of a sudden itch, he hurriedly scratched his neck just above his collar. The promoter growled.

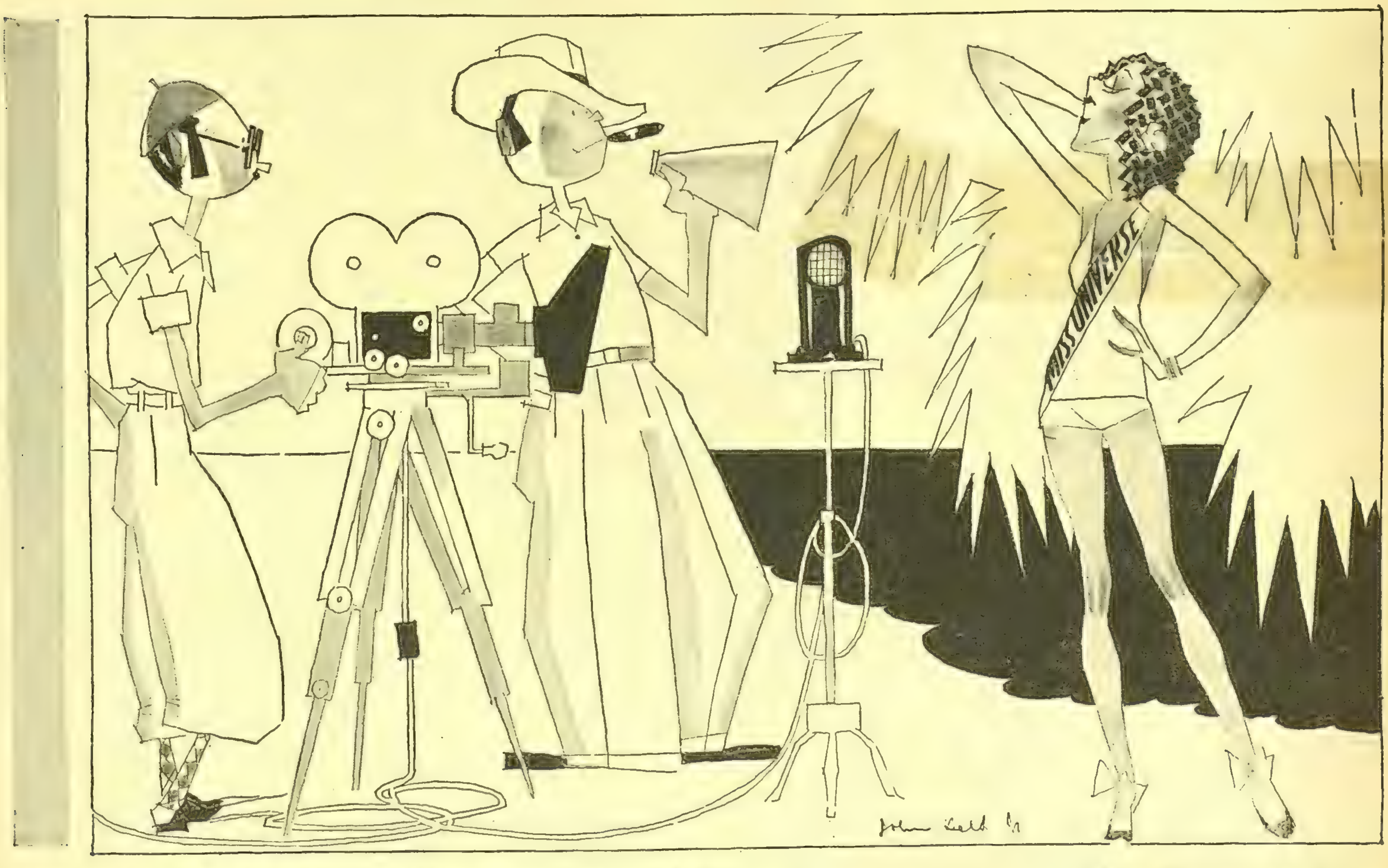
"The dirty grifters!" he said scathingly.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



Photographing the Baby . . . in Days of Fond Memory



Photographing the Baby . . . . in the Present Day

Child Hunting

A Sinclair Lewis Picture, a Charming Nurse, and Comments on Two Other Films

By

Frederick James Smith

(Reading time: 5 minutes 49 seconds.)

NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE has been a happy year for Hollywood children.

Tom Sawyer and Skippy scored hits—and set the movie producers signing up every available kiddie. The film makers, you know, grasp at straws in their hopes of gauging the public taste. They felt that a vogue of child films might be in the offing and they acted at once.

Unfortunately, Mama and Papa Coogan have only two children, Jackie and Robert. So the task of the monarchs of "the world's center of the arts"—as Hollywood loves to be called—was none too easy.

The Coogan lads were given salaries commensurable to their positions as masters of industry. Little Mitzi Green, ten years old and the child of retired vaudevillians, was signed up at a fabulous sum per year. Jackie Searl, a specialist in tattletale rôles, landed a fat contract. And so it went.

Movie scouts have been everywhere, peeking into baby carriages and watching the public playgrounds. The next great screen personality might appear at any time, clutching a rattle or a baseball bat. Indeed, the next international film idol may be rolling a hoop on your corner right now.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE

CAST

Daisy Tate	Mitzi Green
Bessie Tate	Edna May Oliver
Maggie Tiffany	Louise Fazenda
Tiny Tim Tiffany	Jackie Searl
Queen Sidonia	Virginia Hammond
King Max	Bruce Line
Equerry	Lawrence Grant
Director	Dell Henderson

Directed by Norman Taurog.
Produced by Paramount.

This yarn of Sinclair Lewis'—based on his Let's Play King—has a neat idea.

A child king, tired of dress parades, unveiling, and all the boredom of a royal regulated existence, runs away with a child movie star, likewise tired of posing for publicity pictures, of Hollywood, and all the boredom of another sort of royal regulated existence. Together they steal off to seek the freedom of childhood.

Because of this idea, this serio-comedy has appeal and interest. The makers have loaded it down with the eccentric comedy of two rival movie mothers jammed into wealth by their children's success—but even with that heavy load the picture manages to make a pleasant flight.

Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell in the comedy, The Man in Possession.

Little Mitzi Green is the kid star, and a handsome young newcomer, Bruce Line, is the boy King of Slovaria. Jackie Searl, the cry-baby of Tom Sawyer, is prominently present as another—and highly annoying—film idol.

This film, which was shown in New York under the title of Newly Rich, was directed by Norman Taurog, who made Skippy.

Mitzi Green and Bruce Line (
Forbidden Adventure, based

★ ★ ★ NIGHT NURSE

CAST

Lora Hart	Barbara Stanwyck
Mortie	Ben Lyon
Maloney	Joan Blondell
Dr. Bell	Charles Winninger
Mrs. Ritchey	Charlotte Merriam
Interne Egan	Edward J. Nugent
Dr. Ranger	Ralf Harolde
Miss Dillon	Vera Lewis
Mrs. Maxwell	Blanche Frederici
Nick	Clark Gable
The drunk	Walter McGrail
The children	Betty Graham and Marcia Jones

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Here you have the problems of a nurse confronted with the shyster tactics of a crooked physician. Will she try to expose him and risk ruining her own chances?

With the earnest and pretty Barbara Stanwyck as the nurse, the problem loses nothing of plausibility and certainly gains in pulchritude.

It is an exciting story of the doctors who feed upon the victims of drugs and alcohol, with a background of ether-flavored romance among the student nurses and internes.

The story, by Dora Macy, has been given an interesting cast, with

in the TALKIES

niform) carry off the honors in
inclair Lewis' Let's Play King.

Ben Lyon as a smiling bootlegger, Charlotte Merriam in a neat bit as a hysterical alcoholic, and Clark Gable as a tough chauffeur who runs his mistress' household.

★ ★ ★ The Man in Possession

CAST

Raymond Dabney	Robert Montgomery
Crystal Wetherby	Irene Purcell
Mr. Dabney	C. Aubrey Smith
Mrs. Dabney	Beryl Mercer
Claude Dabney	Reginald Owen
Sir Charles Cartwright	Alan Mowbray
Esther	Maude Eburne
A Bailiff	Forrester Harvey

Directed by Sam Wood.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Recently a stage play by H. M. Harwood, this is a comedy built about the British legal procedure of placing a sheriff's man in a debtor's house until a bill is paid. (Right here, let me say I am not able to vouch for the complete authenticity of this method. At least, it is the event that brings about the comedy of this new vehicle for Robert Montgomery.)

Thus the black sheep of the Dabneys, on his first job after being thrown out by his family, is the man in possession in the home of a pretty widow.

The comedy is well worked out, but my blushes join those of Will Hays when I think of what happened that first night of the young bailiff's legal visit.

The personable Mr. Montgomery plays his part with charm and lightness. He is becoming a first-rate comedian.

Irene Purcell, as the widow, makes me regret the comment that I recently made about her in Just a Gigolo.

P. G. Wodehouse, who retired in such a surprised state from Hollywood with $105,000, although he had not been called for any real work, is credited with some of the dialogue.

I do not want to argue with him, but somebody's dialogue is pretty good.

The motionless target is Clark Gable, the other is Ben Lyon, and the heart interest in white uniform is Barbara Stanwyck, as they appear in Night Nurse.

★ Women Love Once

CAST

Julian Fields	Paul Lukas
Helen Fields	Eleanor Boardman
Hester Dahlgren	Juliette Compton
Allen Greenough	Geoffrey Kerr
Olga	Juliet Wood

Directed by Edward Goodman.
Produced by Paramount.

This rather dull version of the drama by Zoë Akins—Daddy's Gone a-Hunting — leaves your emotions cold.

Daddy was a second-rate artist who goes a-hunting for freedom and the chance to express himself. He walks out on his wife and little girl, but his wife never seems able to put him out of her life.

The story becomes a tedious affair, directed in a gray monotone and merely passably acted.

Paul Lukas is so-so as the artist and Eleanor Boardman is stilted as the wife.

Do you know that—

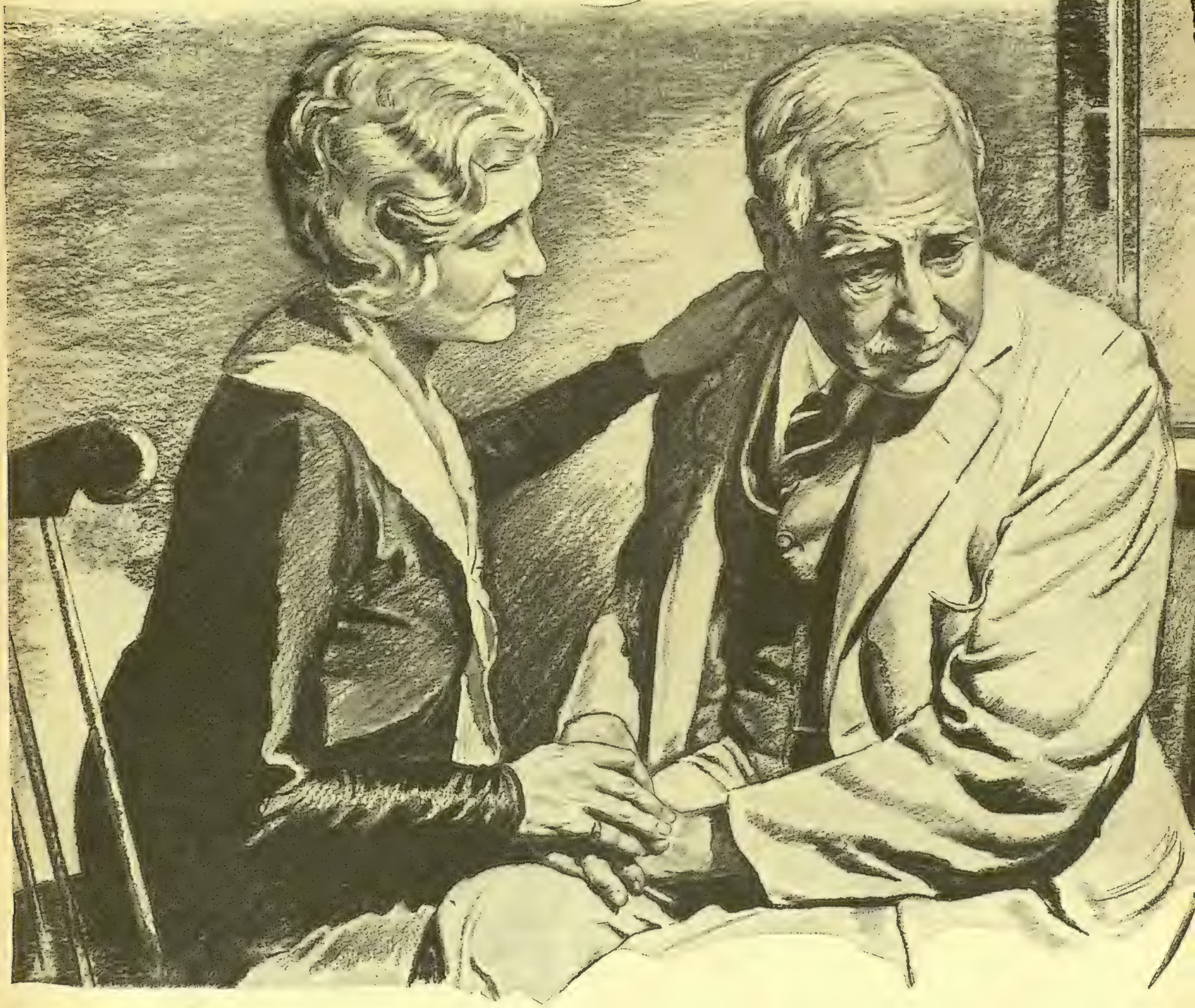
D. W. Griffith has selected Zita Johann of the Broadway stage to play the leading rôle in his production of The Struggle, written by John Emerson and Anita Loos? . . . Miriam Hopkins is to be co-starred with Phillips Holmes in Robert Sherwood's This Is New York? . . . Charles Ruggles is to be starred in A. A. Milne's The Dover Road? . . . Maurice Chevalier is in France right now?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Chances, Le Million, Five and Ten, Smart Money.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S KISS



(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

MRS. ADAMS and Mrs. Jeffrey were walking by the apartment house on the corner of their street, when they happened to glance at the vestibule.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Adams, clutching Mrs. Jeffrey's arm. "Will you just take a look at that!"

"In broad daylight," whispered Mrs. Jeffrey. "In this neighborhood! What's the world coming to?"

Through the plate-glass square inserted in the apartment-house door they could see quite clearly a man and a girl kissing each other with passionate abandon. The sun struck in on the pair, picking them out against the shadowy washed green of the vestibule's painted walls.

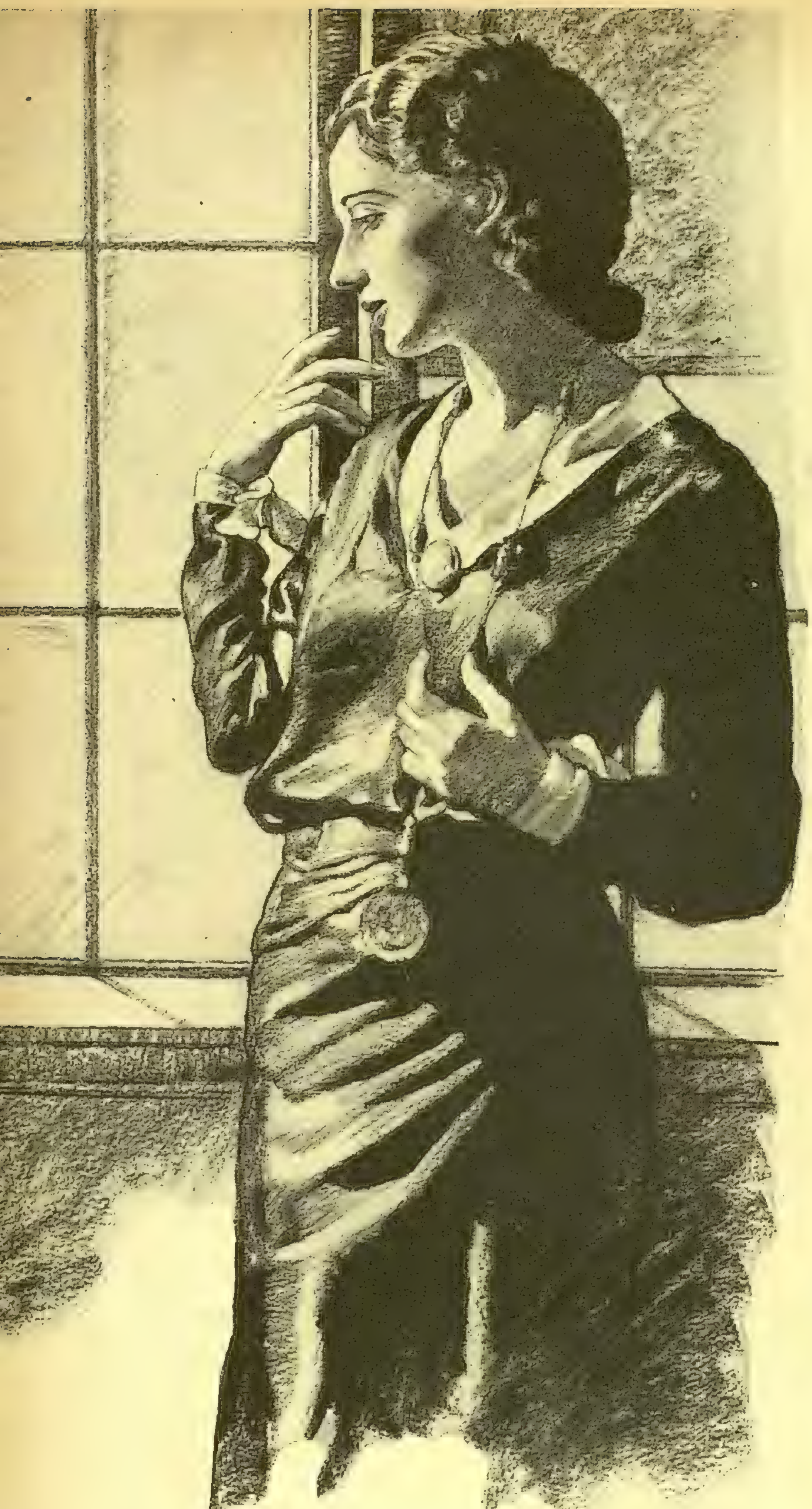
The man stood turned from the street, his gray-flannel-covered shoulders bent forward, his straw hat, with its jaunty red band, pushed slightly askew. He looked rakish. The girl had light bobbed hair and wore a dark dress. She was young. One could guess that she was standing on the tips of her toes. Part of the white blur of her face was hidden by her companion's hat. Her fingers, quivering, were spread on his flannel sleeves.

The Story of Two Sweethearts' Farewells

By

Doris F. Halman

Pictures by J. Henry



OLD Mr. Simpson's eyes filled suddenly. "She'll never come," he said. "She may pass away any minute." Jane, at the window, felt her heart hurt almost unendurably.

Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Jeffrey, well bred as they were, walked on.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, my dear!" cried Mrs. Jeffrey.

"Well, really," said Mrs. Adams, "I call that display indecent!"

. . . . .

The train for California left at noon; they would not taxi into town before eleven. The movers had arrived a little after eight, and all the good furniture was now carted to storage. Her mother sat patiently through the morning, rocking to and fro in an old porch rocker that had weathered many storms. Its paint was streaked; shoots of rattan stuck out from it raggedly. A kitchen chair with a lost rung stood near it, but she herself could not sit still.

She leaned against the cold spines of the radiator, or wandered from window to window. Three rooms of the apartment could be seen at once. Stripped, they looked enormous.

There was the sun in the library, at the spot where it used to fade the needlepoint chair. No need to worry about that. The chair was gone. Everything was gone but the rocker and the rickety kitchen seat and the telephone, which, robbed of its stand, now stood on the hall floor.

PERHAPS Rick would telephone good-by; it was not too late. He knew her father was dead; knew that she and her mother were going to live with cousins in California. He *must* know. Though she had not talked to him, herself, in the months since their quarrel, she was sure that their friends had told him. You can't be comrades with anyone for years and years and not have mutual friends!

Rick would—of course—telephone before eleven. What if they had quarreled? He was too sweet-tempered not to say good-by; he couldn't let her go without just wishing her well. Not Rick, whom she had first met in Sunday school while he was pulling her hair during a hymn. Not Rick, whom she had scolded maternally ever since, and laughed with like a boy, and danced with like a lover.

Against all that, against the uncertainties which yawned before her now—home, job—their quarrel was too little. She would hear from him. His farewell was as much to be expected as a period ending a sentence. Nothing to notice, really, once properly accomplished. But the lack was so obvious, so wrong, so ugly. Rick, too, hated ugliness. He would telephone.

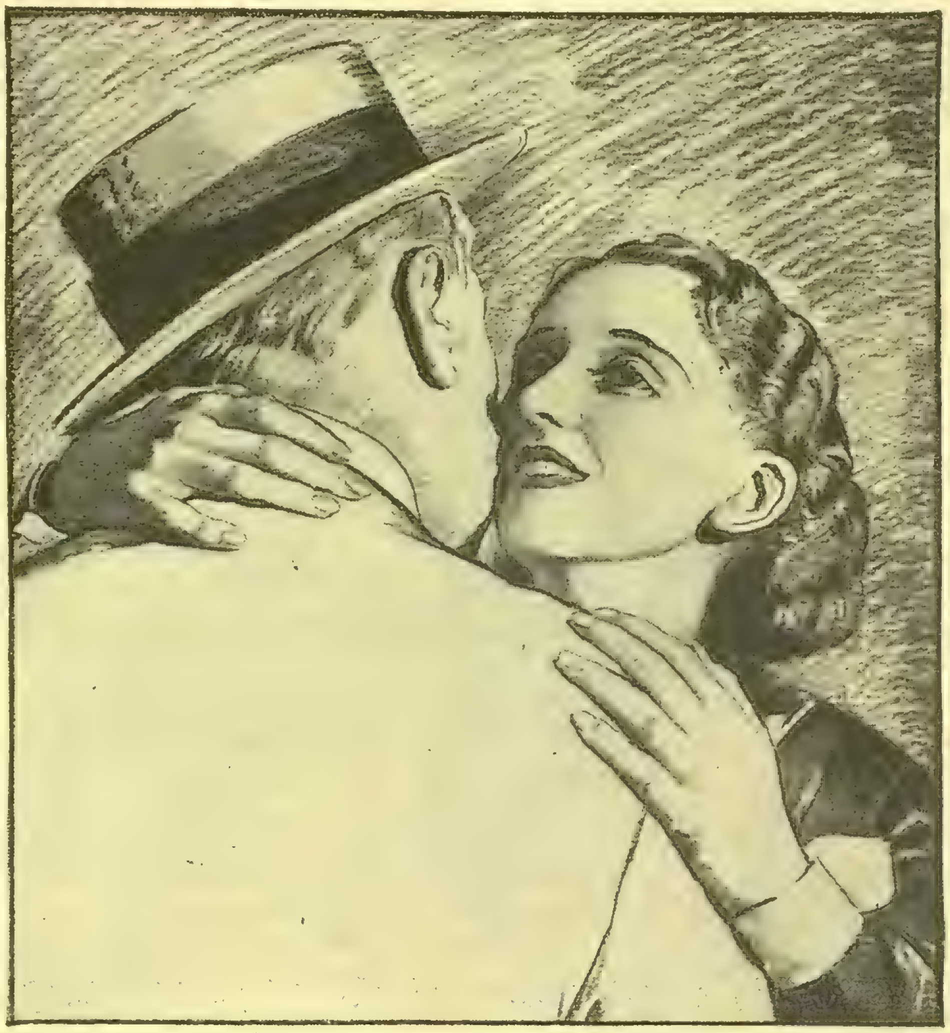
He might—he might intend not to. He might think she'd ask for something if he broke his silence now—some continuance of their friendship; something besides his voice on the wire for a minute. He might even think she'd cry; but she wouldn't. He could trust her. She'd had it planned for so long. She'd be casual over the telephone to Rick: tell him a joke about a person traveling, and then she'd say good-by.

And wish him well: "I hope you'll always be happy." No. No, not even that. Rick wouldn't like that: it sounded sentimental. But impossible to go away and not wish Rick well! Silly. God knows what you mean.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SOMEBODY ELSE'S KISS
Continued from page twenty-five

Must you do it audibly? She knew, as Rick knew, that the comradeship had to end. It had been hurting both of them for a long while, until, to get relief, each had tried hurting the other. Rick had always made it clear that he wouldn't marry; he shirked responsibility; he loved play. You couldn't imagine yourself married to Rick and happy. It was right to have it over, this unacknowledged affection that was killing them.



The man stood turned from the street, his straw hat pushed slightly askew. He looked rakish.

Rick had been braver than she when he had forced the quarrel. She only wished he had done it before her father's death, so that it wouldn't look so bad for him now—as if it had been the money— Love! Money! People thought in such stereotyped terms. This quarrel had gathered its rage for long over a year, before it burst on so silly a pretext that she laughed and cried whenever she thought of it. Soon, with the coming distance, she would stop laughing and crying. Even stop thinking of it. She would know peace again, and be glad when she was bored. It was right to have it over—but not in ugliness!

Rrrrring! Her mother half up from the rocker. “I'll go!” Down the dim hall, with empty rooms opening off each side. Walls, where vanished pictures had left dark squares and oblongs. Down to the telephone. “Hello! Yes? Yes?”

“Is that you, Jane?”

“Oh, yes, Frances.”

“I've called to say good-by. My dear, aren't you thrilled?”

“I—oh, yes, yes!” (Did you tell Rick about today? Do you know if he knows? Where is he?)

“How soon are you leaving?”

“Noon.” (Tell Rick at once! Tell him! He might come to the station, if he hasn't time to phone.)

“. . . should think you'd be so excited and happy.”

“Yes, of course I am.” (Do you *know* I'm not? Are you asking, just to hear what I'll say?)

“TO live near Hollywood—my dear, I perish with envy! You'll probably get a job in a movie studio. Jane, if you do, promise you'll write me all the inside dope. Tell them about your amateur dramatics. Oh, by the way, Sam Bennett asked me to be in a play yesterday—heavenly part—”

“I'm sorry I shan't see it.” (Is Rick in it? Tell me! What kind of a part will he have?)

“. . . sorry, too. My goodness, the stunts we've done together! But I guess you'll forget your amateur friends now.”

“I'm not the forgetting sort.” (Watch Rick's make-up: he's bad at it. Don't say it right out to him, but watch him—and advise him.)

“Well, good-by, dear, and good luck.”

“Thanks. Good-by, Frances.” (That's all I want from him—a thing as easy as that to say!)

She hung up and stood against the wall with the instrument in her hands. Just in case Rick had tried while the line was busy. He might still be calling. No harm to wait a second, just to listen if he—

The door to her bedroom, opposite was open. She could see where his picture had hung. Not a studio photograph; just a snapshot, framed.

Rick didn't ever give his photograph to a comrade; he showed you the new one which, each Christmas, he had taken for his family. You wanted a copy, but you smiled and never asked for it. You said you thought perhaps last year's was a better likeness. Rick wouldn't be pleased, but you'd kept yourself from asking, anyway.

He'd probably forgotten all about the snapshot. A background of woods and water. Rick's hair blowing. Rick had nice hair and nice eyes.

HOW long would it be before his image blurred in her brain, until she couldn't see him? Then get out the picture—how banal! All girls had pictures of nice-looking men against a background of woods and water. Hers hadn't gone to storage. It lay in her wardrobe trunk, at the bottom of a drawer, wrapped in a handkerchief, an embroidered white silk handkerchief that someone had brought her from Italy, that someone else had called good for nothing but the shroud of a butterfly.

Well, that was what it was now. Oh, what a fool she was! Taking Rick's picture with her, when he hadn't even the kindness to speak a last word.

Perhaps he would yet. It was only nine thirty. He'd been at the office not quite half an hour. He got up at six on summer mornings, to ride in to work in his father's office from his father's cottage on the cape. Never too punctual. Racing along in his yellow roadster; parking it on the delta; opening letters and thinking of business for fully thirty minutes; then to the telephone. How long would she be able to follow his daily program—look up from her own new job, thousands of miles distant, and think, “Rick is here or there now, doing so-and-so”—and get a sharp portrait of him, just through association?

Rrrr-ring! She must sound calm. Wait. All right. “Hello.”

“Jane?”

Sickening disappointment. “Is that you, Bob?”

The comedian. The life of the crowd. Curly hair. A darling. Rick's friend, who had told Rick he was a fool to see so much of her. That was Rick, quoting his friend, during the quarrel. This was Bob, on the wire: “Yes, me, beloved!”

Laugh. Joke for Bob. If he'd been born a gypsy, he'd have trained bears to dance.

“You laugh, faithless woman, when I call up to tell you that I shan't outlive your going!”

“Oh, my goodness, Bob!”

“That I love you, adore you, worship you! That I'm hopelessly jealous of the land where men are men!”

“Why not follow me?”

“Ah, the cold world prevents. But, Jane, you know I love you. You do know it, don't you?”

“Thanks, Bob, I know.”

“Well—that's what I wanted to say. Darling. Precious. Angel. Sweetest. Dearest. Loveliest. Most beautiful—”

Rick never waited for you to close a conversation. He finished his pleasure, and then he always said abruptly, "See you soon," and hung up. Except when he was offended; then he said, "See you some time." Some time—see you some time—Rick, be offended again!

She set the telephone back upon the floor and crossed to the space that had been her room. The incoming tenant would not be curious about her. Queer, how life brushed against life without meaning. There was her mother in there, rocking back and forth, thinking, remembering, feeling—what? She didn't know. Her mother!

That was what she couldn't get over about Rick. Instinctively, uncannily, they had understood each other. Her thoughts had marched with his thoughts like two soldiers abreast in a drill. Wasn't it wrong, in a world of barriers between person and person, to scrap this miracle? No quarrel could really stop it, no anger could outlast it. Wouldn't Rick realize?

Perhaps, after all, he hadn't been told that her journey started today. Frances and Bob had talked to her without mentioning him. Silence might well be their idea of tact. He probably didn't know.

Then it was up to her to telephone to Rick. To get him, to hear his voice, to say pleasantly, "Well, I'm leaving today for California—not a visit, no; for good—so I thought I'd say good-by." Like that. How perfectly natural! "I just want to wish you well."

Only, it wasn't her quarrel. If she had begun it, she could end it now. Or if she had ever been angry, she might not want to end it. Why couldn't she hate Rick? Why couldn't she call him?

"JANE!"

Her mother was wondering what had kept her so long. She made some banal explanation and took up her stand again by the living-room windows. Their street shone like ebony under the dusty emerald of the trees. You could see Rick's yellow roadster far down toward the boulevard if he turned in—if he decided to come instead of telephoning.

Black cars passed; red trucks; a yellow taxi flashed, making her tremble. Because she knew that he might come and yet never would, she began to spin a daydream. Rick, in the dream, strode long-legged up her stairs. She met him on the landing, that she might see him alone first. For a minute he looked at her uncertainly. When he saw that she wasn't angry, that she never had been angry, despite the quarrel, reason left him, too. He put out his arms, and she went to him. Rick kissed her good-by.

The telephone cut the dream short. Henrietta speaking. She was saying good-by for herself and Polly Ladd. Polly would have made her own farewells, but she'd left on the spur of the moment for a day in the country with—well, er—wasn't that silly?—Polly had forgotten to tell her who it was that—

Jane understood. Rick knew. He had taken his precautions against himself. He wouldn't come, and he wouldn't telephone.

YET, when the doorbell rang a moment later, she turned white. She pressed the button; she even went out upon the landing. The caller was old Mr. Simpson, whose wife was an invalid. He came in, for the fortieth time that week, to see if he could help them.

Old Mr. Simpson looked less than his seventy years. He was upstanding and ruddy; he took pride in his apparel. Content with a small income, he had retired from business long ago, and since then no care had touched him till his wife began to ail. They lived in an apartment which now he himself kept scrupulously clean. He also did the cooking, and the jokes he got out of his pans and kettles at least were excellent. His kindly, faded blue eyes were always twinkling. He collected ivory and pewter and books about the sea. His wife adored him.

Having no family, they had together selected their tombstone, which stood already lettered, except for the dates, in a pretty cemetery.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stops Sunburn Pain—Quickest Way!

SKIN smarting, burning? Spread on Unguentine. Like magic it soothes the pain—quicker than anything else you could use!

Because Unguentine penetrates! Unlike lotions and toilet preparations which only reach the outer surface of the skin—Unguentine goes right down to the inflamed tissues, where the pain is actually caused.

don't take chances with lotions and toilet preparations

Severe sunburn is just as painful as any other burn—and it too may become infected. Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should you. Never use anything but UNGUENTINE, the famous antiseptic remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

With Unguentine, burning red skin changes to rich, golden tan. Only 50 cents—at your druggist's.

Because UNGUENTINE goes as deep as the burn

SOMEBODY ELSE'S KISS
Continued from page twenty-seven

They were very proud of it, and often went to see it when Mrs. Simpson felt well.

This good old man shook hands with Jane's mother, and cheerily sat down on the kitchen chair, which creaked. Jane was again by the window. She heard the conversation through a blur of green and black.

“You've been so kind, Mr. Simpson,” said her mother. “But you can see for yourself everything's all done.” Her voice broke; she commanded it. “How funny this place looks, bare!”

Old Mr. Simpson's benignant blue eyes roved over the empty rooms. “Like my pewter shelves,” he said in his calm New England drawl. “Took all the plates and mugs off yesterday, and put 'em in a shop.”

“Why?” asked her mother, scandalized. She thought she knew what they meant to him.

“Oh, for sale,” answered old Mr. Simpson jauntily. “The ivory's going next, and then the books. Yes, sir, when a man keeps house and does the dusting”—the corners of his eyes crinkled—“he's glad to get rid of a lot of old dust collectors!”

“That isn't true,” thought Jane. She was surprised how little she cared about his real reason. Her mother sat wondering if the Simpsons had lost their money.

The caller began cheerily to tell them about his wife. She hadn't come with him because she hated farewells. She wanted to think of these friends, whom she loved, as if they still lived in town but were only a little too busy to visit with her often.

Jane's mother was touched. “But she's coming to see us next winter, Mr. Simpson. She told me the other day that you had the trip all planned. The warm southern weather will do her so much good, and I've given her my address—”

Old Mr. Simpson's faded blue eyes filled suddenly with tears. His smile flickered out. “She'll never come,” he said in his quiet voice. “Never. We plan it, yes, but she's a lot worse than she knows. The doctor says she may pass away any minute.”

“Mr. Simpson!”

IT was incongruous to see anyone so elderly, so spruce, in distress. He nodded wordlessly.

“But—are you sure?”

“Well, if she's careful,” he said, “she may stay with me quite a while yet. I've got to keep her careful without alarming her. If she's scared, she'll go. I can't—”

It was his next sentence that Jane heard so clearly.

“I can't—even—say good-by to her in any way,” said old Mr. Simpson with difficulty. “I can't—I mean, I'd like to take her hand once and look at her and tell her how grateful I am. Just thank her for what she's been to me, and let her know I—” He couldn't phrase the need he felt; he was desperate about it. “I mean—every day, she and I, we just joke along. Or sit wasting minutes over magazines. And I look at her, and I look at the clock, and I can't say anything. She'd think I was foolish if I did—but—suppose she went while I read her an editorial on taxes!”

DORIS F. HALMAN

who published a volume of one-act plays in 1923 and a novel in 1926. She spent several years as a play reader and then entered the employ of a motion-picture company in its eastern office. She wrote this story when free from her duties there.

He shook his head with its thin, well combed white hair. In an ordinary *milieu,* nothing on earth would have dragged such emotion from him. These empty rooms, these women about to go away, were a confessional. It became easy to speak of the end of things.

Jane, rigid at the window now, felt her heart hurt almost unendurably for Mr. Simpson. The anguish solaced her; she greeted it as a comrade.

Her mother had a sentimental mind. “She'll understand—beyond.” Old Mr. Simpson looked up.

“Maybe.” His eyes were like a child's, full of speculation with traces of tears. “Maybe. Yes, she'll understand, I guess. She'll know. It's myself I'm thinking of—what comfort it would be to—I want to do things for her—and I can't do anything except go on as if nothing . . .”

Rick! Rick! Oh, Rick!

“. . . happen. I'd like to take her hand and say, ‘Nelly, you're the only thing in the world I care about. Pewter and ivory—oh, my Lord, what child's play! I've done for myself sometimes, and spent for myself, and thought for myself; but, the way men are, I've tried to be a good husband, too—’ ”

You had that chance, Mr. Simpson! You had all those years! You don't *know* how you've been blessed!

He was getting up to leave them. He put out his hand to Jane's mother.

“Well, I didn't intend to talk like this,” he said. “Nice way to cheer a body up who's journeying.” He smiled. “I may be borrowing trouble. Why, Nelly may live for years, and you'll come back to visit her. And meanwhile I hope you'll like your new home and your new friends. Only—think of us!”

JANE'S mother was tremulous. “We will! And, Mr. Simpson, give her my dearest love.”

“Yes. To be sure.” He picked up from the radiator his immaculate straw hat. “Would you like to have me see you to the train, ladies?”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Simpson, you're a dear,” said Jane's mother. “But we'll manage very well, and you mustn't stay away from your wife any longer.”

“She wanted me to come,” he said, and he turned to Jane.

Now she moved from the window. Above all else on earth, she wanted to tell him how deeply she understood. She wanted to show him, somehow, how sorry she was for him.

“I'll come down to the door with you,” was what she finally said.

This quite superfluous courtesy was all that she could think of.

She followed old Mr. Simpson's stiff descent down the two flights, and all the way she made commonplace wishes for his happiness and Mrs. Simpson's health. She sounded like an excited young lady immersed in her own affairs, who was doing her best to be polite to a stranger.

When they reached the vestibule, she held the inner door open while he passed through it. She had still to say good-by.

She followed him out, and heard the door click behind her.

Now she would have to ring the bell when he was gone, and her mother would rise from the rocker and walk wearily down the hall to let her in. Why had she trotted along after Mr. Simpson?

What good had it done? She felt silly.

“Well, good-by, Mr. Simpson,” she said.

She put out her hand. “And I want to thank you so much for coming.”

Old Mr. Simpson turned with a proper little smile. One hand started out in a gesture toward his hat, the other to meet hers.

Suddenly old Mr. Simpson bent forward fiercely and put his arms about her.

And she trembled and clung to him.

And each of them kissed somebody else good-by.

. . . . .

“My dear!”

“Yes, my dear!”

“Well, really,” said Mrs. Adams, turning the corner, “I call that display indecent!”

THE END

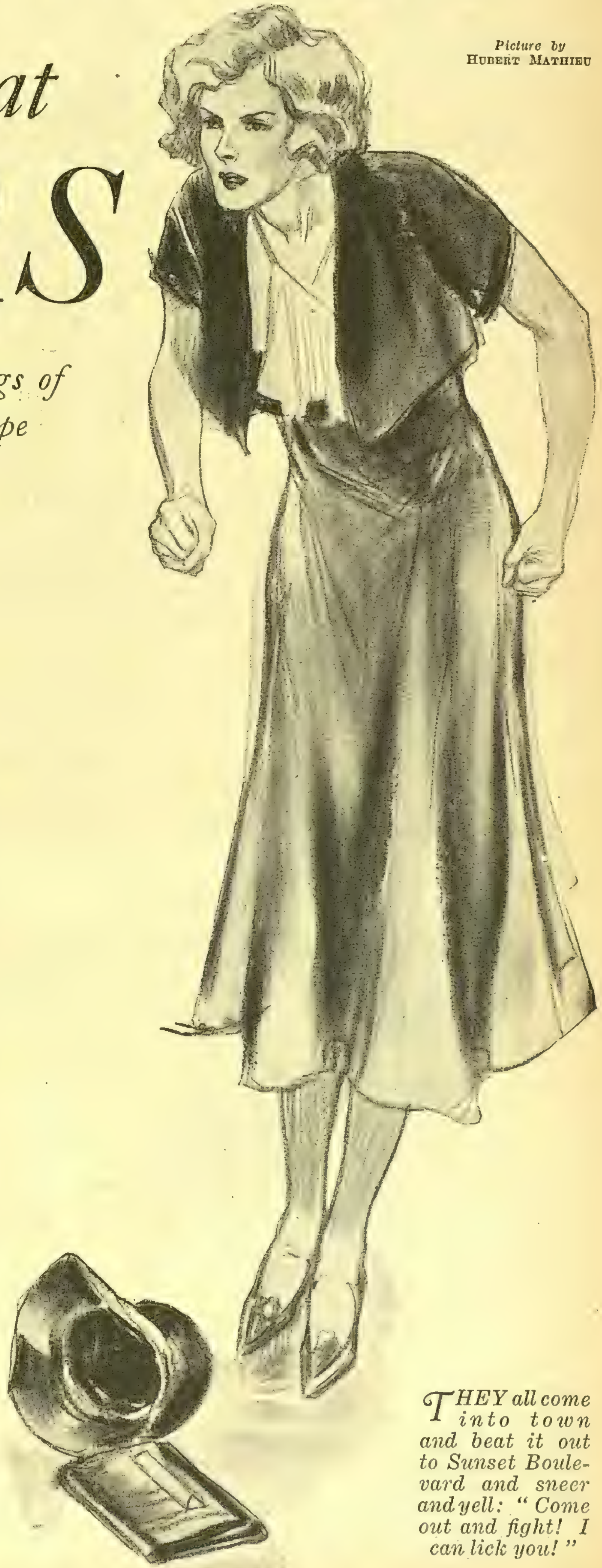
A MASSEUSE LOOKS at the STARS

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By

SYLVIA of HOLLYWOOD

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary



Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

THEY all come into town and beat it out to Sunset Boulevard and sneer and yell: "Come out and fight! I can lick you!"

(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

AS her secretary has already told, Sylvia, a Norwegian, realized that fame and fortune awaited an expert masseuse in Hollywood. With the help of Marie Dressler, her first famous client there, she built up a practice among the leading lights of filmdom and then accepted a contract that gave Gloria Swanson first call on her services. This led to attempts by other beauties of the screen to coax her away from Gloria. Last week's installment recounted one made by Constance Bennett.

PART SIX—AN OPERATIC ARIA

IT seems that the first thing for a high-power beauty to do when she gets into the movies and comes to Hollywood is to go up and give Gloria Swanson a big shove and say: "Yah!"

I don't know why this is, but they all do it. They don't pick on Garbo, or Chatterton, or Shearer. No; they all come into town and go up to the hotel and wash their faces, and beat it out to Sunset Boulevard and Crescent Drive, where Gloria's front lawn comes down to the sidewalk, and get out and walk up and down and sneer and yell: "Come out and fight! I can lick you!"

Why, even Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the London actress who is so veteran that she used to play for one of the Edwards—the VIIth, I think—even this old-timer had to get a rush of rivalry to her venerable head and take a fall out of Gloria. It was a rather nasty fall, too.

Mrs. Pat saw one of Gloria's films and was all excited about it and went around Hollywood begging to meet "that perfectly chawming gel." And Gloria's friends began to set up the drinks and celebrate, because Mrs. Pat knows Bernard Shaw and that makes her opinion worth its weight in salt. They threw a reception for the woman who has been the toast of London so long, and were tickled to death—until Mrs. Pat, who had been waiting for this spot, added to her honeyed flattery of Gloria

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

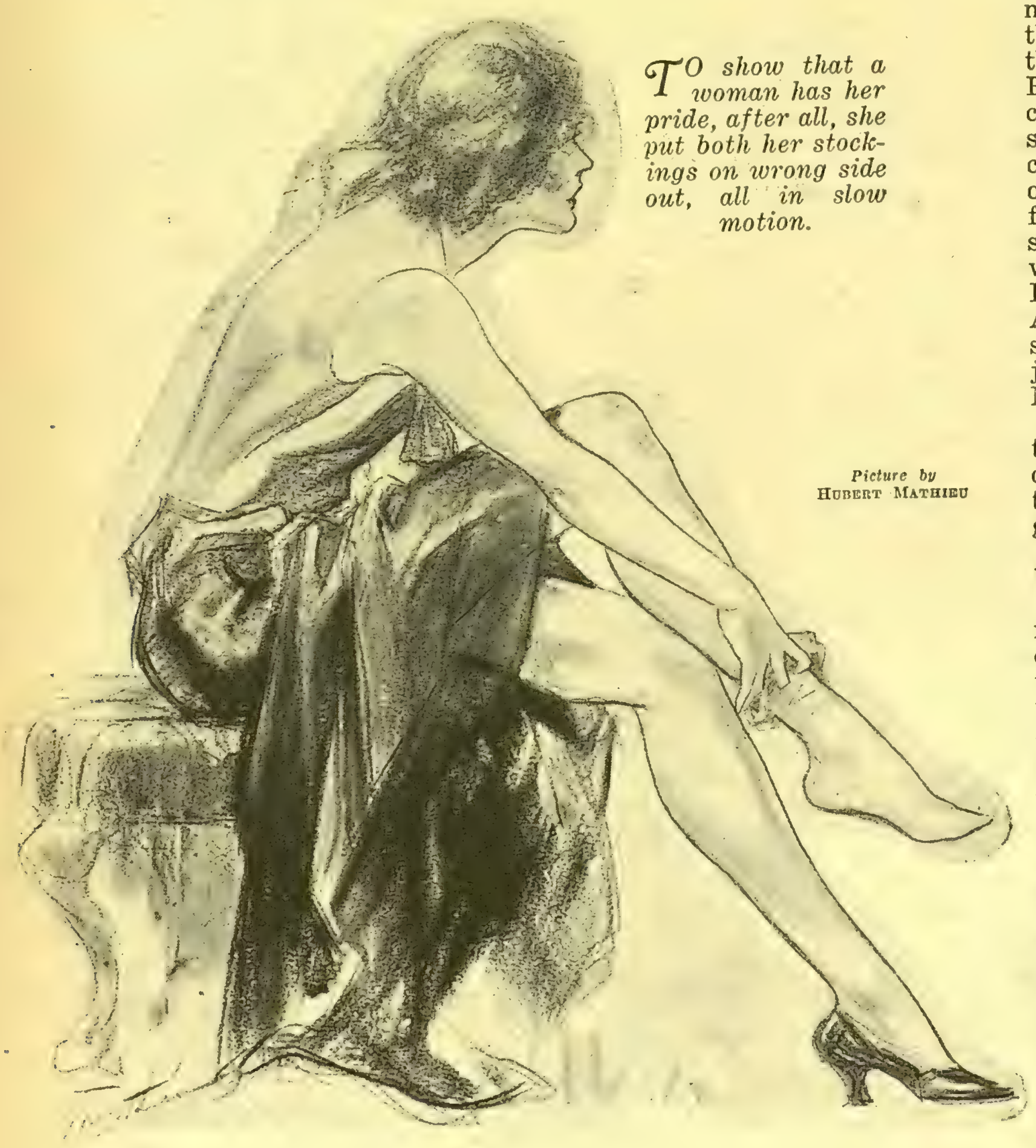
A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page twenty-nine

the little bit of wormwood which she had been waiting to spill all the while.

"Yes, a dee-*lightful* creature, this Swanson gel; really a pippin, as you Americans say. You know, I've been wondering what it was that struck me most about that gel and her most striking smile, and I've just hit on what it is. Really, my dears, she ought to be told to file down her teeth!"

I GUESS the reason for all the resentment is Gloria's pull with men. Other movie queens in Hollywood can give Gloria arguments on picture grosses and the size of their fan mail, but Gloria's front porch is the place where all the boys go on the night off. And Hollywood hostesses have learned not to give parties in competition with Gloria, because, if they do, the only men they'll get are local movie critics and assistants in the Hays office.

So the newcomers hear about this and decide that it's about time to make a change. And they set out the drinks and the sandwiches, and put on the low-back gowns, and light up the front parlor and leave the shades up, and turn on the radio, and say to themselves: "This'll fetch the boys." And give a sigh for poor old Gloria and think that she's going to be pretty lonesome up in that big old house when the sports get wise to the new attraction—but it serves her right for hogging the trade.



To show that a woman has her pride, after all, she put both her stockings on wrong side out, all in slow motion.

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

But the same thing happens every time. Along about midnight the newcomer puts the sandwiches in the ice box and crawls into bed and lies there wide awake for the next few hours, gnawing her knuckles and listening to the male chorus doing Sweet and Low in twelve verses on Gloria's veranda.

Usually the newcomers calm down after a while and leave Gloria alone, figuring, who wants to take her bunch of amateur tenors away from her, anyway? But every once in a while a born scrapper comes to town who picks herself up after the first knockdown, shakes her head, and squares off to make a finish fight of it. Then Gloria, according to the rules of the game, has to put up her Most Popular Girl championship and accept the challenge.

You saw what happened to Bennett! Well, Grace Moore, having grabbed off honors in musical comedy and grand opera, came into Hollywood with an M.-G.-M. contract in her bag and a spot of red in each eye. Bennett and all the other unsuccessful challengers had used the wrong holds on Gloria. This was going to be different. And the citizenry were advised to watch Grace's smoke and make no bets until they'd seen her in a workout.

There was no secret made about Grace's arrival. She rolled into Pasadena in a pair of special cars so full of secretaries, cats, maids, dogs, and bandboxes and singing teachers that M.-G.-M. met the party with busses. The whole outfit concealed itself modestly in a cottage with twenty-five baths.

Right away there were signs of trouble ahead. Gene Markey passed up an evening of charades at Gloria Swanson's manse and went out to the end of the car line to carry a bouquet to the new singer from the East. Previous to this incident, Gloria's crowd had been making some slighting remarks about the newcomer. They kidded Grace's habit of appearing everywhere in dense formation—to wit, surrounded by secretaries and handmaids. Grace went everywhere like President Hoover riding up Pennsylvania Avenue; and Swanson partisans snickered in corners and got up jokes about how long it took Grace Moore to pass a given point.

But Gene Markey's switch to the rival camp took the snap out of all the jokes, and Gloria saw that once again she would have to go out to war.

WHEN Grace's secretary called Sylvia on the Pathé lot and made a date for his employer to come down from M.-G.-M. and get treated, Sylvia hadn't yet been tipped off to the fact that Gloria and Grace had already exchanged a few snarls. She thought it was just a new job.

Grace Moore's hour was 5 P. M. the next day. Vivienne Segal, a veteran of musical comedy who naturally had her own opinion of Grace Moore and her "operatic airs," was on the slab from four thirty on, and it so happened that Vivienne was slow about getting into her clothes when five o'clock came. Which produced a situation, right off the bat.

It seems that Vivienne had had a manager who didn't please her, and she had fired him, and he had come back by filing a suit for damages. And Grace Moore had hired him.

Promptly at five, Sylvia's front office was invaded by a parade. First came a cute-looking chappie in a cutaway and striped pants, a cut-out from the back pages of Vanity Fair, who came as advance scout. He signaled the mob behind him that all was well, and two maids came in and deposited themselves and a lot of Miss

Moore's coats on the chairs. Then everybody blew a few trumpets and Grace herself entered slowly and looked around in a pained way, as much as to say:

"What! Am I to be kept waiting?"

The secretary caught the look of annoyance, and spoke up in one of those Eton accents:

"Miss Moore is ready for her treatment."

In the rear room Vivienne Segal suddenly stiffened on the slab and let out a yell:

"Sylvia! Do you hear that voice? That's the man who's suing me!" She jumped to the floor and flung a towel around her. "And you can just tell him for me," she went on, "that if he doesn't get out of here—"

She started for the door to the front room, and Sylvia threw herself into the doorway to cut her off and prevent carnage. There was a sound like a quail rising and, where that secretary had been, stood an empty chair and the hat he left behind.

Grace Moore spoke up.

"Isn't that woman back there taking some of my hour? Please have her leave at once." And Grace waved her hand as if a gesture would dispel a whole flock of Segals.

With that, Vivienne, who had begun to calm down, flew into a new rage.

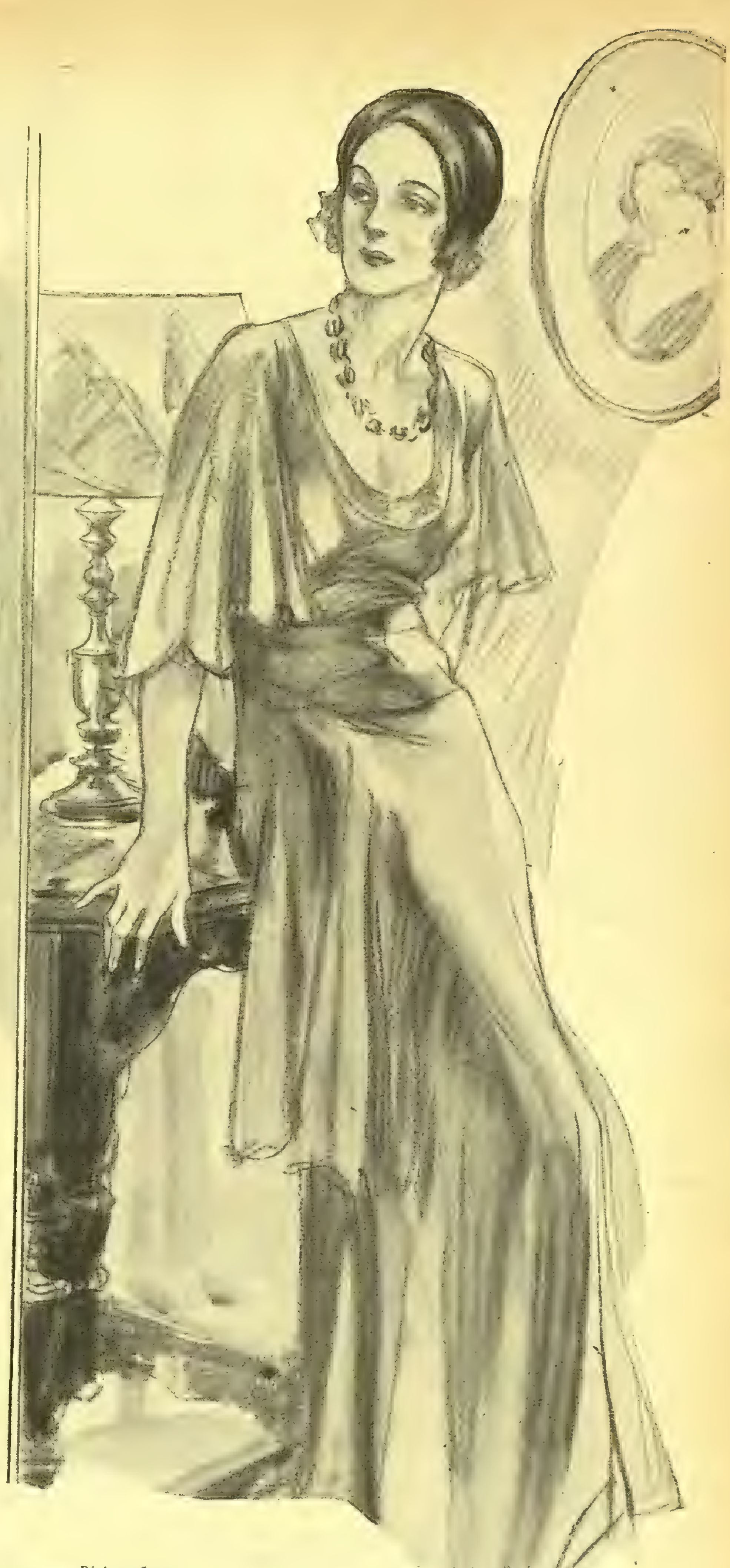
"'*That woman*'!" she imitated Grace Moore. "Does she mean *me?* Let me go, Sylvia! I'm going to tell her just what I think of her. I'd have her know that Vivienne Segal doesn't dress fast for anybody!"

And she didn't. To show that a woman has her pride, after all, she put both her stockings on wrong side out, and pulled them off and put them on right, all in slow motion, and gave a demonstration of how long a lady can take to powder her nose when she's been riled into a sweat, and finally flounced out triumphantly with her nose in the air.

THAT was an auspicious beginning, but there's one thing you can count on when you get caught in the center of a Hollywood cat fight: there's always worse to come.

At first, with Segal out of the way, things quieted down. Grace Moore got back her queenly poise and proceeded to strip for the treatment. In all Sylvia's experience, Grace Moore is the only client who has ever managed to undress in a massage parlor without shedding her dignity. The general atmosphere of Sylvia's bungalow being what it was, and the quarters being cramped, our paying guests were usually about as mannerly as dogs in a pound. During business hours the premises usually looked like the banks of the ol' swimmin' hole on a hot Saturday afternoon. People's clothes dropped wherever they stepped out of them, and every so often Sylvia was asked to start a movement whereby everybody traded shirts and stockings until all had their own back again.

But Moore carried her manners with her, as she did everything else except a grand piano—and she would have had the piano brought along if she'd thought of it. The two handmaidens screened Grace into a corner of our two-by-four dressing room and put her through an act like a queen getting ready for bed.



Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

GRACE MOORE spoke up. "Isn't that woman back there taking some of my hour? Please have her leave at once."

Well, you can put on all the front in the world, but sooner or later you've got to turn around. Five minutes later Sylvia was looking Grace anywhere but in the eye and asking her if opera singers sit a lot between shows. Grace took it high and mighty at first.

"You must be mistaken," she came back, as loftily as she could. "That sort of thing would show up in a camera test, wouldn't it?"

"You bet it does," assured Sylvia.

"Well, my tests at M.-G.-M. were pronounced perfect," asserted Grace. "And I did one whole scene in profile."

Sylvia didn't argue. But what Grace had said didn't jibe with the confidential call Sylvia had had from the M.-G.-M. lot that morning—an appeal from headquarters to do something about—quarters elsewhere.

Sylvia didn't say anything, but maybe she looked a lot. Anyway, the prima donna went away from the first treatment in a mood of silence that tipped Sylvia off that she might as well expect trouble.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS

Continued from page thirty-one

When the trouble came—a "misunderstanding"—the boss made short work of it, and then called up M.-G.-M. to cancel dates for their singing star's further treatments.

And when Grace herself got on the phone a while later, and apologized for the misunderstanding and said everything was lovely, Sylvia froze up like a fjord. Grace's olive branch took the form of an invite to attend a Sunday party up in her hilltop house, and she promised Sylvia some fun.

"I'm going to have M.-G.-M. send over the trade-mark lion, and Bee Lillie will be there—" she ballyhooed.

"And I'm supposed to be part of the menagerie?" shouted Sylvia, and hung up the receiver.

To Sylvia—
The Prima Donna's gift from heaven!
Grace Moore

Grace Moore conferred this photograph upon Sylvia.

But after a while the boss remembered that dough is dough, and the Moore the merrier. Grace came back into the fold. But she continued to act cool and distant. Except, of course, when the boss was beating her a lobster red; everybody is near and hot then.

Grace was getting hot in more places than Sylvia was responsible for. The reason for a steadily mounting temperature in her case was that Gene Markey, whom she had allured away from Gloria Swanson, was showing signs of a relapse.

From its executives down to "MGM," its trade-mark lion, every male on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot was ready and eager to turn handsprings to keep Grace in good humor and make her feel that her charm was working on all sixteen. But, being a woman, Grace had to go and look out the window poutingly and long for something she didn't get from Santa Claus! Nothing the M.-G.-M. people could think of could cheer Grace up. On the Metro lot, her director even got Lawrence Tibbett, who was playing opposite Grace in her picture, to give Grace the profile position in all the duet shots. That got a little smile out of the disconsolate belle, but it didn't last long. In a few minutes, down went the corners of her mouth again and she began standing around in corners and moping.

What she really wanted, no doubt, was news that Gloria had broken an ankle—preferably in three places; and though the M.-G.-M. executives can get almost anything they want in Hollywood, they couldn't get that for her.

AND then Grace got what she thought a novel idea, not knowing that Mae Murray, Mary Duncan, Connie Bennett, and Ina Claire had all toyed with it before her. In her turn Grace believed the stories that Sylvia was solely responsible for Gloria's hold on beauty. Apparently these girls are all as credulous as belles in the Middle Ages, who used to believe that any looks but their own were got by a pact with Satan, and would fade if you burned a powder made from peacock feathers and said:

"Hocus-pocus, pints and quarts,
Give her bunions, give her warts."

They thought that if you could take Sylvia away from Gloria for one week, Gloria's looks would deflate.

As Grace began thinking it over, she began to perk up. She planned more astutely than Bennett had, and went about swiping Sylvia in the only way that might work.

Sylvia wasn't even asked; she was just told. And Joe Kennedy did the telling. He had Sylvia up on the carpet in the Pathé front office.

He had just had a telephone call from a Metro-Goldwyn executive, who had said:

"We want to buy up Sylvia's contract, and you may as well sell, because our star, Grace Moore, has practically cinched the matter in private talks with Sylvia, and if you hold Sylvia against her will, what kind of service would you expect to get out of her?"

Kennedy pounded the desk and raged. "You're always trying to jump your contract, mama. Gloria Swanson put you where you are. Where's your gratitude?"

WELL, when she could get a word in, Sylvia told him that her gratitude was right where it always had been, and told him the facts. When Kennedy got convinced, he began to grin and asked Sylvia:

"Do you suppose Moore talked them into it?"

"Your guess is as good as an affidavit," opined Sylvia, and they agreed to lie back for a few days and see what would happen.

Nothing happened. It looked as if Grace had given it up as a bad job. But Grace has a mustard plaster beaten for stick-to-it-iveness. She was just waiting for a new opening, and the new opening came.

The opening was Gloria Swanson's throat—and did Grace jump down it?

Gloria was getting ready for her new production, in which she had to sing songs. Well, Gloria's singing voice isn't her biggest asset, and she was a little nervous.

In Grace Moore's baggage there was a singing teacher, Signor Marafioti from Italy, who was supposed to be a regular Svengali who could make a coloratura out of a trained seal. Gloria heard about the signor, and the more she tried out her high C in private, the more convinced she became that she had to have Marafioti or die.

So this time it was Joe Kennedy calling up Metro and asking for something *they* controlled.

The Metro executive chuckled in the phone. "And you're the guy who wouldn't sell us that masseuse!"

"Have a heart," begged Kennedy. "You don't know what it is to manage a star with temperament."

"Oh, don't we!" sort of sighed the Metro man who was managing Grace Moore.

"You and I ought to understand each other," sighed Kennedy in return.

The Metro man said he'd call back that afternoon. In the meantime he had seen Grace Moore. And his proposition, when he phoned, was this:

"You give Grace Moore that rubber, and Grace says she'll give Gloria the signor."

The issue was considered important enough for Pathé to call an executive meeting and discuss the matter, pro and con. They argued all the points and weighed each one, and preferred the masseuse to the music master. They turned Grace Moore and Metro down.

That suits us. Because if anyone high-hats Sylvia now and inquires what standing a masseuse has, she and her art, the boss has her answer ready:

"It's in the records: my racket ranks high—between music and the stars."

Before we go further, here's a good deal of her diet lore put in a nutshell. Diet fads come, diet fads go, but one thing never changes: the art of diet cooking.

1. MEAT—Pay no attention to meatless diet fads. Broil or roast the leaner meats in such a way as to eliminate the fats, first by cutting away the visible excess before cooking, and, second, by taking the measures I have described for eliminating contact between meats and their drippings.
2. FISH—In contradistinction to meats, fish should be boiled. Only the lean varieties should be used.
3. VEGETABLES—Should be boiled or steamed in just so much water as will prevent burning, and should be cooked no longer than is necessary to make them palatable. The better parts of vegetables being absorbed in the cooking waters, preserve all of these for making the pure vegetable broths and soups you should habitually eat.
4. BUTTER—Harmless in small quantities if *never* cooked. Therefore butter should always be added to hot dishes with which it is served just before they go to the table. Sweet butter is best.
5. EGGS—Dangerous on account of American distribution methods which so often provide the public with stale eggs. To be used only when they are certified to be not more than twenty-four hours old. Soft-boiled, poached, or incorporated in custards.
6. FRUIT—With the exception of certain berries which disagree with certain constitutions, all are excellent. However, when there is reason to suspect disorders of the digestive tract, they should be stewed, though not longer than it takes the sugared water to come to a boil.
7. CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES—Always to be suspected. Salt fattens. Peppers, mustards, etc., are indigestible. Any sauce which has been fried is vile. Prefer mineral and neutral vegetable oils to olive oil. For vinegar, substitute lemon juice. Avoid cocktail sauces, with the exception of the plain and pure juices which are erroneously called cocktails.
8. SEA FOODS—With the exception of "lean" fish, they are generally to be avoided—especially the crustaceans.
9. NOODLES—Despite their starch content, they are nonfattening when eaten plain boiled with melted butter. Helpful in all conditions involving irritation of the digestive tract.

And now for a diet day recommended to all who suffer from digestive disorders. If your digestive apparatus is on the blink, either because of disease or because of some excess, try living on this fare for a few days:

Midday Dinner
Vegetable broth
Cold boiled ham
Noodles boiled from 10 to 20 minutes and served with a pat of butter
Stewed fruit
Supper
Clabber and hot or cold boiled potatoes (lots of clabber and little potato)
Stewed fruit.

In next week's Liberty, Sylvia's secretary will tell of the coast-to-coast tour that "the boss" once made, under contract, with Mae Murray.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What cavalry unit corresponds to a battalion of infantry?
2—What is consanguinity?
3—What is the seventh Sunday after Easter called?
4—What is a pixy?
5—What character in Greek mythology had a hundred eyes?
6—In what city is the scene of the play Romeo and Juliet laid?
7—What is laudanum?
8—What does the Latin phrase *cum laude* mean?
9—What is the scientific name for the shoulder blade?
10—What is common to the names Clydesdale, shire, Morgan?
11—Para is a state in what country?
12—Who was called the Scourge of God?
13—What is a jingoist?
14—What is the birth stone for August?
15—In what branch of mathematics are the terms minuend and subtrahend used?
16—What instrument measures atmospheric pressure?
17—What is a male turkey called?
18—What is the name of the fifth book of the Old Testament?
19—What is the source of "a thing of beauty is a joy forever"?
20—What city was the capital of France during part of the World War?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-nine)

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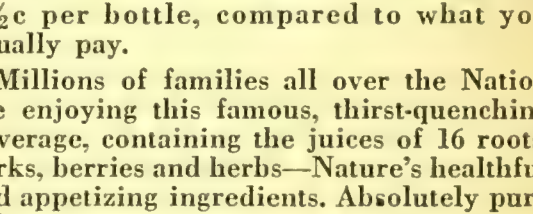

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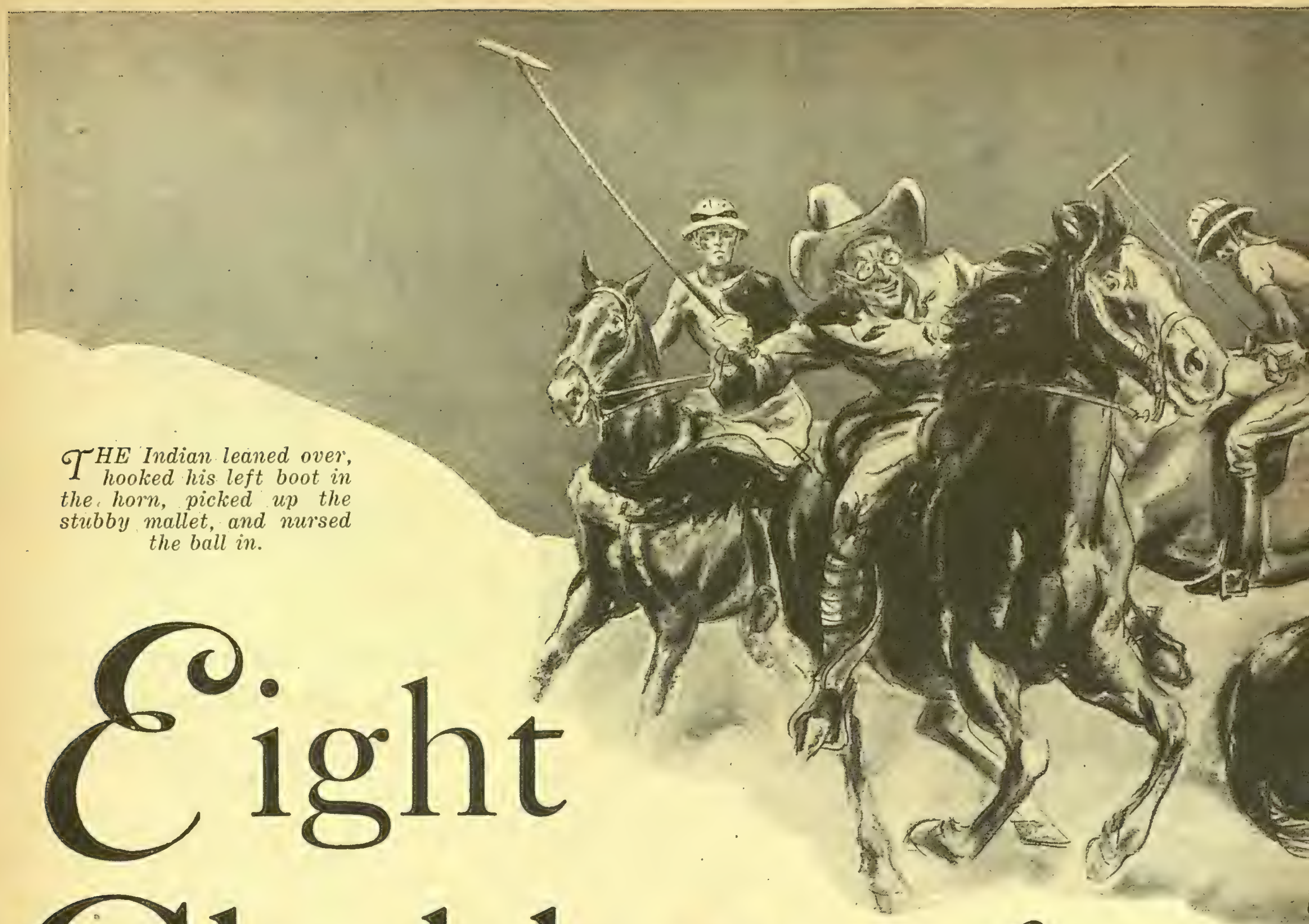


THE Indian leaned over, hooked his left boot in the horn, picked up the stubby mallet, and nursed the ball in.

Eight Chukkers for a Monkey

The

that

(Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

I PULLED off the slab and turned down the yellow dirt road that loops through the cactus-studded hills to the Brewster place. When I came to the rise where the prairie slopes away to roll in great green waves to the plum-colored ranges, I stopped. I did not pause to philosophize on the passing of old Perry, whose battalions of steers once roamed the townships now checkerboarding into leases and truck farms. I was, as a matter of fact, startled by the antics of Perry, junior.

On a patch of olive turf fronting the sandstone ranch house, the only current Brewster was dashing up and down at full gallop, the flaxen mane and tail of his little sorrel flying as he whooped and wheeled sharply in figure eights.

Following Perry in more intricate convolutions were a half-dozen demented gentlemen. I recognized skinny, bespectacled Mike Phipps, a prune-wrinkled ex-army officer; tousle-haired Rube Arnold, ranch foreman; Chief Barnett, a chubby, ginger-tinted Cherokee puncher; and Sugar Whitney, *maître d' hôtel* and three shades darker than a cup of black coffee.

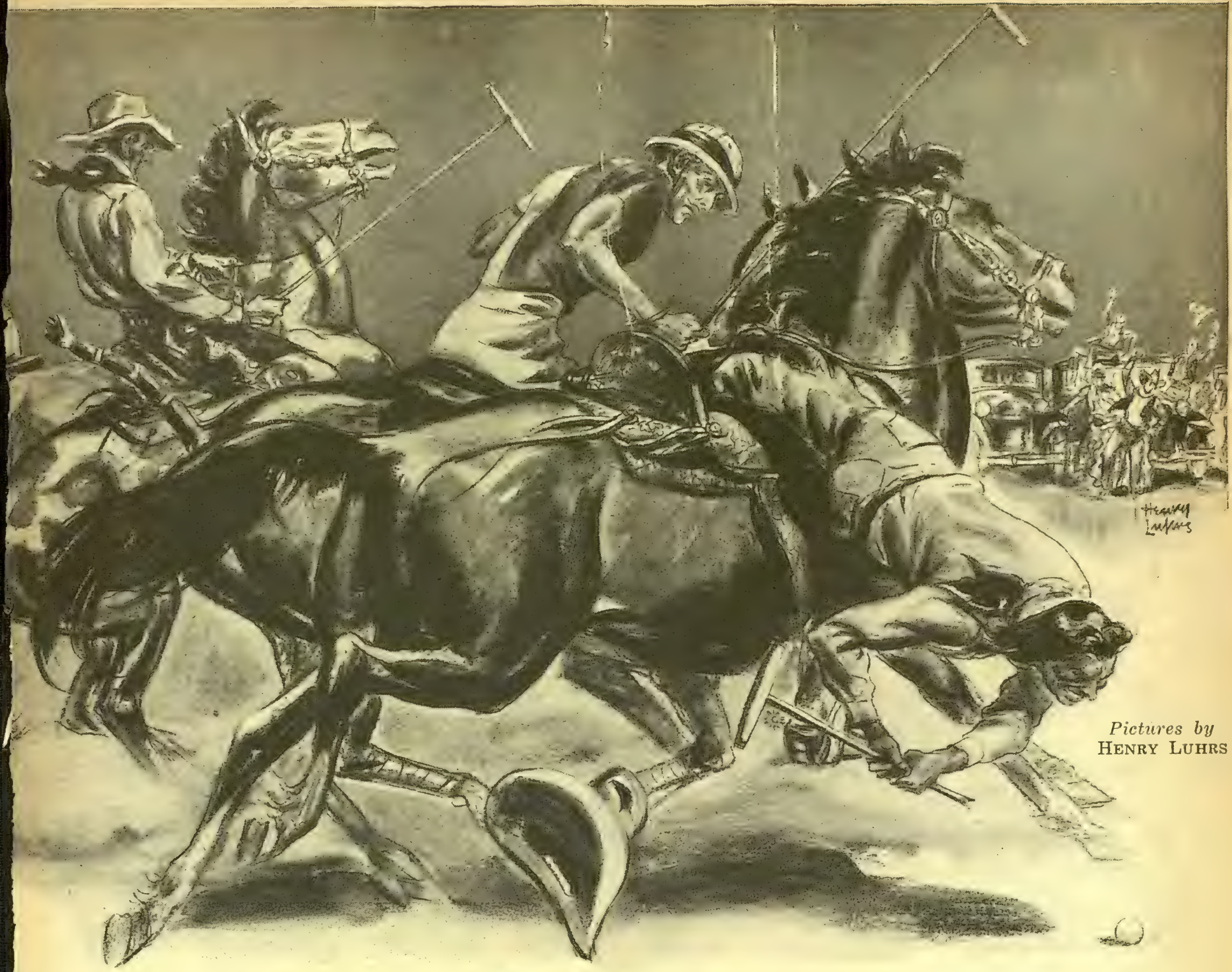
These gentlemen were armed with two rusted hoes immense wooden garden rake, a splintered croquet m spliced with a broom handle, and a corroded branding They were belaboring a bright gallon tomato tin, whackin back and forth and bawling at each other delightedly.

Observing all this with obvious distaste was Beverley S She was mounted sidesaddle on a big bay which had its ta and tied in a purple ribbon. She wore a salmon jacket a black derby.

I knew the young lady's late grandparent. Grandma S in her day clambered aboard a bareback painted Indian p and the only man's hat that ever covered her lovable bleached skull was Grandpa Sears' five-gallon tattered brero, which same was older than the Alamo.

As I watched, Beverley pulled up close to Perry and b to agitate her crop at him, her pretty face turned a catsu and her dark eyes snapping. Very shortly she rapped P across the nose and galloped away.

When I steered my vehicle into the place, Perry was ru his countenance and gazing at the willows in the Pecan



Pictures by
HENRY LUHRS

Story of an International Match Wasn't Played at Meadowbrook

By JAMES POWERS

bottoms. He was looking very sad, as he was extremely fond of Beverley, a fact of which she took shameful advantage.

Perry, who often demonstrated his versatility in switching from a doormat to a human punching bag, was an extremely pleasant and democratic soul. He had a blond shock of unruly hair that pointed down in a cowlick over the forehead.

RECENT oil borings had brought his sweetheart tuition at a finishing school, double-barreled lorgnettes, a trip abroad, and a desire to term ordinary shoes, "boots," and elevators, "lifts." A declining cattle market brought Perry home from college *muy pronto* to contemplate with business interest the Pee-Bar-Bee stock brand instead of the Greek fraternity characters, D. K. E.

"I have just had a fight," Perry informed me, sliding off Daisy Bell, his beloved mare.

It seems an item in the gazette of which I chance to be sporting editor recorded the advent of the Fireflys. The Fireflys, guests of the socially ambitious Sears, were champion English polo players en route to the coast, breaking the monotony of the transcontinental migration inspecting and replenishing their string with Texas ponies.

Perry, loyal son of the range and proud of its reputation for horsemanship, was under the impression he could assemble a polo quartet of his own, challenge the Britishers to a contest, and beat them. He had invited Beverley to witness the initial practice of his ludicrous crew, which caused the snobbishly beautiful young lady to run an annoying temperature. She charged him with an attempt to embarrass her socially, with premeditated insult to her guests by including an Indian, a Negro cook, and an extremely vulgar cow person on his roster. When he refused to abandon his plans she walloped him and left.

"I know we can beat these dude tea sippers"—Perry rubbed the welt on his face—"because all of us were born in the leather. Mike played at Sam Houston. Rube won the Templeton Cup for bulldogging. Chief has a record time for calf roping, and there just isn't a better rider anywhere in the world than Sugar. He'd be a ten-goal man if he was white."

He jabbed me in the ribs with the butt end of his quirt. "Say! The paper is raising money for drought relief, eh?"

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind. You can help me. I'll challenge them for charity, and they can't refuse. What's the captain's name?"

"Lord Vivian E. C. Trimingham."

A delighted smile blossomed on Perry's tanned face. "I can lick any guy in the world named Vivian!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EIGHT CHUKKERS FOR A MONKEY
Cont'd from page thirty-five

We rode into Alex Metcalfe's store and Perry ordered a complete outfit. While Alex was writing it down Beverley Sears and Lord Trimingham came in. His lordship was a pleasant young fellow with a blunt chin and navy-blue eyes. It seems, he confided to Alex, he was a bit train weary, in need of a spot of sport, and was interested in a jolly old set of matched irons. While Alex was getting out the stock Beverley gave Perry and me a chilly "Hi" and a grudging introduction.

"If you need some exercise, Mr. Trimingham," said Perry, shaking hands and scorning the title, "I have a bunch of cow hands who sure would like to play you."

"Golf?" asked his lordship, twirling the waxed end of his straw-colored mustache.

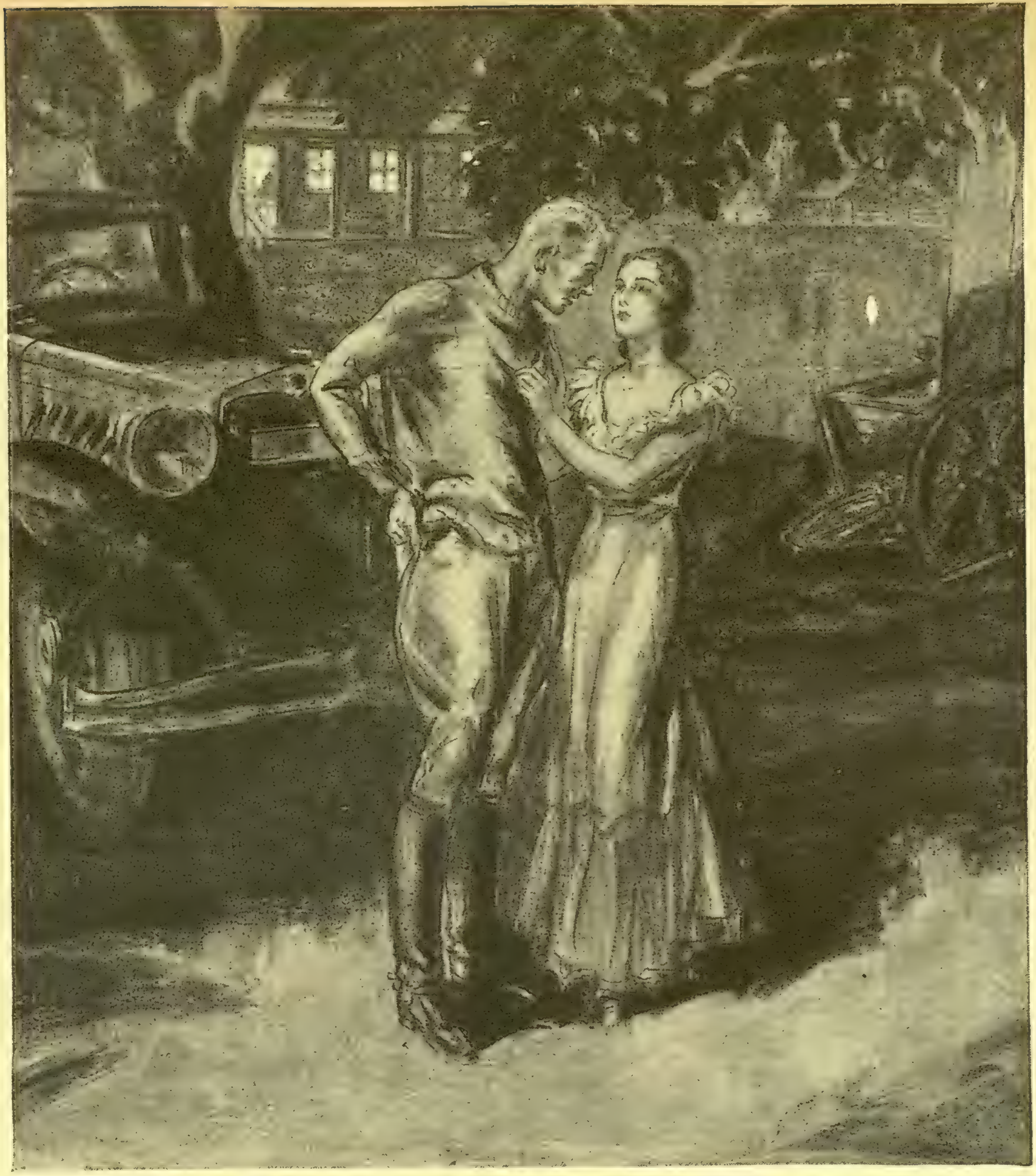
"Hell, no! Polo!" replied Perry, avoiding Beverley's smoldering eyes.

"My aunt, how interesting!" His lordship slouched down on the counter alongside of Alex and Perry, and in five minutes the game was on.

"Oh, I say, Brewster, look here." Lord Trimingham turned at the door. "We might put up a bit of a side bet, what? Let's make it—shall we say a monkey?"

"A monkey?" gasped Perry, who thought he was being kidded. "A monkey? Er-er—yes."

When I informed my pal that a monkey was English slang for five hundred pounds, he was perturbed. Finally he thrust his chin out determinedly. "Say, if I let that one-eyed dude beat me he can take the ranch and go buy himself a whole menagerie!"


Beverley and Perry were standing under a tree. She was murmuring softly, coaxing him.

PERRY routed his crew out for practice, and fellows around town got to kidding him something fierce.

The gang at the Smoke Shoppe was making book at eight to one against him, and Beverley cut him dead.

I was the only one, I guess, who figured the poor devil a chance, and I kept boosting his team in my column. That is, I figured him a chance until I asked him what size handicap he wanted.

"Say," he snorted, slapping the golden neck of his precious Daisy, "we take no handicaps from nobody! We play them dead even!" Then even I had to admit he was a little nutty.

The night I was in the Brewster parlor, getting up the program, Beverley came and called Perry out on the porch.

"Are you going through with this ridiculous game?" she demanded, her voice cold and clear. Perry was apologetic.

"Well, this is final," she interrupted his soothing murmur. "You've humiliated me, you idiotic fool! I never want to see you again. Our engagement is off!" And I heard her little heels bang down the steps and her car gears mesh.

Perry came in and his slate-gray eyes were pensive.

"C'm'on," he said gruffly. "Let's see that line-up. The Fireflys, eh? Of the Burlingham Club, London. Well, we're the Longhorns of Gonzales County, Texas, and proud of it! Now, Number One is Captain the Honorable Geoffrey Fitzgerald, eh? Well, our Number One is plain old Rube Arnold."

He ran his fingers through his uncombed blond head. "Major Hopping-Smith at Number Two? Good! That's the spot for Chief Barnett. There's an Indian can ride like the wind, a champion marksman of the Pacific fleet. Hmmm! Number Three Lord Trimingham, and Number Four Captain Hamilton Webb. Well, I'll play at Number Three, and Mike Phipps will take care of Number Four.

"Now this pony list of ours," Perry went on scribbling, "is going to be tough because we have no numbered saddle cloths, and Alex Metcalfe's order isn't going to get here on time. My little baby, Daisy Bell, is our Number One and as good as any of their pampered hay burners. Let's see—"

He called into the kitchen. "Sugar!"

A massive frame of anthracite loomed in the doorway. "Yas-suh?"

"What's the name of your dun mare?"

"Puddle Jumper, Mistuh Perry."

"You can put that down for our Number Two pony," Perry dictated.

" Mistuh Mike's hoss is Hot Tamale," vouchsafed Sugar.

" That's our Number Three then. The chief has an unprintable name for his, so we'll compromise on Witch's Son. Then there's that bullet-headed, fleabitten scarecrow, Homely Lizzie. I suppose we'll have to include her. We'll play our best cow ponies as long as they hold up and use some of the army goats Mike's trucking over from San Antone. You can call them anything. Name them after the President's cabinet and the five leading hitters in the National League."

And that's the way they appeared on the program and in the layout on my sport page.

The game was played on a level spot back of the country club. The turf was good and the field boarded off in regulation dimensions. A turbaned groom led each sleek English pony to the picket line. With their curious rust-colored grooms and red martingales swinging jauntily, the plaid-blanketed ponies made a striking picture passing the motley collection of shaggy-haired, unkempt cow horses and leathery cavalry nags.

Homely Lizzie, the fleabitten yellow with the stumpy tail hardly bigger than a banana, uttered a friendly whinny.

" Don't talk to them sissies," commanded Rube, raising a rebuking quirt.

The Englishmen wore shirts, one-half of purple, the other gold. Each had a white silk rose, the club insignia, sewn over his heart. Their helmets were amethyst, breeches of cream, and boots a lustrous cordovan.

MIKE PHIPPS passed around secondhand mallets just borrowed from the fort. Mike wore his army pants and a faded O. D. shirt. Rube wore black leather chaps studded with silver crescents. He had a bilious green silk shirt, a venomous yellow bandanna, and a spanking white sombrero taped in black.

The chief's new pair of blue denim trousers were tucked into his high-heeled boots elaborately scalloped with red waxed stitches. He rode a high-pommeled hand-carved western saddle with a silver horn and a ten-inch border of imitation rhinestones and rubies. Perry wore an old gray helmet and a bleached sweat shirt on which " Yale Athletic Association " was faintly stenciled.

Overhead an aviator banked, turned, stunted, and loafed against the pale blue sky. Farmers in battered flivvers, oil workers, cowpunchers on hairy ponies, and townsmen with children perched on auto fenders surrounded the sun-warmed clearing.

The referee rode out, a gleaming white globe in his hand.

" Are you ready, gentlemen? " he asked, and the ball flashed off into a wild mêlée.

Immediately the delicate dribbling and beautiful passing of the Britishers offset the clumsy long smashes and hell-bent-for-leather riding of the Texans. Fitzgerald and Hopping-Smith deftly outmaneuvered their men. They sprayed the cowboy posts with shot after shot, forehand, backhand, under the bellies of their ponies, over their shoulders, at all angles. The score at the end of the first chukker was: Fireflys 5, Longhorns 0.

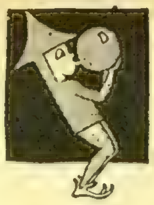
Only the frantic work of Perry in the goal mouth prevented a more disastrous total. Playing under the handicap of an arm cut by a hoe, he met thrust with thrust and stroke with stroke. Four times he was forced to resort to safeties in order to save, but on most occasions he relied on his powerful mallet to whang the ball back into British territory—desperate, despairing drives that carried ninety and one hundred yards.

For the first three minutes he won. Perspiration streaked down his face into his mouth. He was panting and I could see his arm was gnawed by pain.

The crowd laughed openly as chief's awkward mallet dug up huge divots and bared the black earth beneath the sod. In anger the chief galloped over and smashed his offending utensil against the goal.

Fitzgerald suddenly stole the ball from under Rube's horse in a scrimmage near the west side boards and sped upfield. Perry heard the crowd roar. He looked up to see the belligerent Rube make a desperate leap and em-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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....

[EIGHT CHUKKERS FOR A MONKEY
Continued from page thirty-seven]

brace his man in a fierce headlock. A goal was awarded instantly.

"I say, but you're effectively dynamic!" exclaimed Lord Trimingham with an indulgent smile.

"Go easy," growled Rube. "I never insulted you none."

Perry was taking all sorts of chances, roving out of position and pounding up and down like a madman. He missed a defensive shot, the ball was ridden off successfully by Hopping-Smith, while Fitzgerald bumped it in at his leisure. Fitzgerald added another, stealing a pass from the chief. Lord Trimingham made a superb dash, riding through the entire Texas team and hanging on to the ball in his final drive at the goal for still another.

Perry's team stood in a dejected huddle. "Just like chasing the last bean around a greasy plate," grunted Rube, tightening his girth.

Perry stole a glance at the Sears box. Beverley was snickering at him.

The Englishmen let down to catch a little wind in the second chukker and play was mostly on their grass. Perry fed Rube another and the ball rolled wide. A minute later, with another set-up in front of him, Rube missed. Perry heard the crowd's derisive mirth swell into a howl. He wheeled. Rube was performing an amazing series of acrobatic stunts on his saddle while the Fireflys gazed incredulously. Rube ended up galloping by at full speed, kicking the ball with his boot, yipping insanely.

Lord Trimingham streaked along the boards. Rube was on Puddle Jumper, a pounding, panting shadow. Rube drew closer and leaned over, his mallet stretched after the rolling ball. Trimingham's full swing came down and cracked him on the neck.

Lord Trimingham was particularly intrigued by a mermaid etched in heliotrope ink.

Rube yowled and tumbled on to his shoulder blades. Time was called and Perry came over. Rube had squared off in front of the surprised Englishmen, pleading for a fist fight.

"That was no foul, Rube," said Perry.

"What?" Rube was indignant. "Say, when I tagged this lisping tea caddy," pointing to Hopping-Smith, "in the stomach, we had to give them a free shot."

"Oh-ho!" Rube mounted grimly when Perry explained. "I get it! In the head it's jake. No go in the stomach. Hmph!" He roughly waved aside Trimingham's "Awfully sorry, old man."

Two minutes later Rube crashed into Webb and was unseated. His horse rolled on him and for a heart-chilling space the pony struggled, with Rube beneath him. Women screamed as he lay helpless.

The first to wheel to his rescue was Lord Trimingham, who flung himself down and bravely ignored the lashing hoofs to drag the squirming Rube to safety. There was a bit better feeling on both sides after that.

IN the middle of the third chukker, with the score five-nothing, chief made a circus shot from one of his rodeo stunt positions. Tired of missing with one hand he sped along at full gallop, his left knee hooked around his saddle horn, right foot braced in the stirrup, all fingers grasping the mallet. He leaned out at a perilous angle, his black shock of hair dangerously close to the churning hoofs of his own and rival mounts. From this precarious perch he electrified the crowd and astounded the Fireflys by banging home a goal on one prodigious stroke from the hundred-yard line.

Then Perry and Fitzgerald thundered down after the ball, swinging their mallets, urging on their ponies. A bad spill seemed certain. The spectators rose. There was a horrified shout. Perry rammed Fitzgerald and both were thrown hard to the turf. Perry was stunned. Fitzgerald tried to rise, wabbled dizzily, and collapsed. Perry groggily made his way over to Daisy Bell. She had snapped a bone in her right leg. Perry's eyes misted with tears. He patted her velvety muzzle, put his arms around her burnished neck, and hugged her tightly, his head reeling, his nose dripping blood.

Perry was desolate. His Texans were riding superbly. He could not understand how shot after shot was missed by his forwards, Rube and chief, in the goal mouth.

"I can't seem to hit that little old apple," Rube complained at the chukker's end. "It's smaller than a white radish from the top of a horse." He grinned ruefully, placed a practice ball in front of him, took careful aim, and sent it spinning into a block of parked autos.

"Hey!" cried the observant Perry. "Is that the way you been trying to stroke 'em?"

"Why, there was nothing wrong with that one," defended the chief, admiring his comrade's long shot.

"You don't hit it with the point," instructed Perry. "Bang it with the side of your mallet."

"Golly!" exclaimed the surprised chief.

"Say," the wondering Rube experimented, "you can shore whack 'em much better that-a-way. Hit 'em with the side, eh? Well, well, well."

THE Longhorns began to make their mad dashes count. Goal by goal the outlandishly caparisoned team crept up. "Pour it on 'em, Perry!" ranchers started to root hopefully.

Eight to four! Mike met a saving shot from the other side and split the wind on a four-legged chunk of lightning to score. Eight to five! Webb tried to hit out on the empty side of the goal. The chief beat him to the second drive. There was a cracking sound in the air. The chief's mallet was broken. The Indian wheeled instantly, leaned over, hooked his left boot in the horn, picked up the stubby mallet and, with his sombrero skimming the grass, nursed the ball in. Eight to six!

Then came the blazing final chukker. The men shuttled back and forth in a rolling bank of sound. The English fought bitterly to guard their slim margin. The acrobatic chief twisted under his horse and goaled a trick shot suspended head down, racing at top speed. Eight to seven!

Perry was pumping terrific drives, working furiously, his face smeared with blood, hands raw, arm bandage loose, his sweat shirt daubed with grass stains, mute evidence of his collisions. The chief batted in another, whooping deliriously. Eight to eight!

Spectators mounted camp stools and car tops, roaring their delight. Sugar pranced on the picket line, the whites of his eyes gleaming, beating his black hands together lustily, opening his big red mouth, bawling "Whooee! Whoooeee!"

Perry made his final bid. He galloped down the scarred turf, digging his spurs into the ugliest horse in the world, accompanied by a steady rising shout of excitement. Up, up, up to the goal mouth he took the ball. Hopping-Smith drove out and turned him with a courageous charge. There was a milling, maniacal jumble at twenty yards. Out of this welter the ball popped, half topped by Mike's savage swipe.

All horses wheeled. All eyes focused on the white willow globe rolling to a stop one foot in front of the British goal. It rested in a huge divot hole gouged by the awkward chief.

The entire quartet of Longhorns charged over the ball. Rube whizzed by first; his mallet missed. Then came the chief, trying so frenziedly he unseated himself. As he went somersaulting through the air, Mike and Perry thundered by in succession.

When the two last mallets swung and missed and the British darted in for a counter raid, Perry's heart sank.

Suddenly a triumphant clamor burst about his ears. The ball had rolled through the British posts and was still skidding from contact with his pony's hind hoofs. Nine to eight!

The bell clanged.

Perry dismounted and kissed the unlovely nose of the despised Homely Lizzie, who gazed at him reprovingly. Rube and chief strode by, a fanatical glint in their eyes.

“Hey,” barked Perry, who feared an English massacre and possible international complications, “where you buzzards going?”

“Why, Perry,” Rube's voice was childishly plaintive, “we was just fixin' to tear up their goal posts.” . . .

JAMES POWERS

who lives on Long Island, travels with the Giants, and writes sports for a New York newspaper. He wrote this story in between railroad jumps.

THERE seemed to be an elegant party at the Brewster ranch house. The night wind brought me weird bunkhouse melodies long before I topped the rise and saw the yellow panes of light.

Sugar was shaking up delectable concoctions of Perry's nectareous corn whisky. The Englishmen were in shirt sleeves, informing their hosts that they were bloody rough riders and no end of jolly good scouts. The admiration seemed to be mutual.

Pretty soon Rube got Lord Trimingham down on the carpet at his lordship's request and demonstrated the technique of a champion bulldogger.

“Now, y'see, Vivian, old boy, it's a matter of balance,” Rube began, getting a half nelson and wrestling his lordship about playfully.

Captain the Honorable Geoffrey Fitzgerald had his arm around Chief Barnett's shoulder and the two of them were harmonizing, cheek to cheek, with a far-away blurry look in their eyes.

I went out to the barn where Perry keeps his charred keg. Beverley's car was in the yard and she and Perry were standing under a fragrant ratania tree.

It was a night made for love. The ranch buildings were bathed in the soft brilliance of the moon. The prairies were a vast dim sea. A fine mist, a sort of silvery veil, hung suspended over Pecan Creek and shrouded the willows.

The moon's rays brought out all the prettiness of the girl. They formed a caressing halo about her head and clung to her lilac evening gown and her lilac slippers with their twinkling jeweled heels.

She was murmuring softly to Perry, coaxing him. Her mother . . . the formal reception . . . the truant lord . . . would he make him return? Perry was answering. His guests . . . insisted on remaining . . . were having a good time . . . he was, after all, only their host.

“Oh, Perry darling,” she whispered, moving closer, “you'll make him go down to mother right away?” She glanced squeamishly at his stained sweat shirt. “And—er—you'll come too, will you, dear?”

HER satiny lips were pursed alluringly, confidently, as she swayed toward him. Perry looked her full in the face.

“Hell, no!” he said decisively, and went into the house.

The chief, a fatuous grin on his face, was sitting in the parlor stripped to the waist. The four visiting Fireflys were standing in a rapt semicircle, fascinated by the garish display of woodland scenes, butterflies, purple reptiles, and daggers tattooed on his coppery torso.

Lord Trimingham, coveted social plum, was particularly intrigued by a full-breasted mermaid etched in heliotrope ink. When I came in he had screwed his monocle tighter, the better to observe her entrancing curves as she reclined seductively over the chief's left kidney. “I say” — he whistled in soft admiration — “she's ripping — isn't she?”

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 33

1—Squadron.
2—Blood relationship.
3—Whitsunday.
4—A fairy.
5—Argus.
6—Verona, Italy.
7—Tincture of opium.
8—With praise.
9—Scapula.
10—They are the names of breeds of horses.
11—Brazil.
12—Attila, King of the Huns.
13—One who advocates a bellicose policy in foreign affairs.
14—Sardonyx.
15—Arithmetic.
16—Barometer.
17—A tom turkey.
18—Deuteronomy.
19—Endymion, by John Keats.
20—Bordeaux.

Guard the Vital Zone

It's one of the greatest sports in the world—swimming. But don't forget, it's exercise. *Strenuous* exercise. If you want to put everything into it and get everything out of it, follow the trained athlete's invariable rule and wear a good supporter to guard you against sudden crippling twist or strain. *Also*, wear it for appearance's sake—as a requisite of proper dress.

A *good* supporter. That certainly describes PAL, favorite of college and big-league athletes. There is *de luxe* quality in PAL—exclusive features like the stout, rubber-cored ribs reinforcing its soft knitted pouch—the utmost in safety, comfort, and long-service economy. In three styles at two prices, $1.00 and $1.50.

Another good one is BIKE—a less expensive type but sturdily serviceable; for 56 years America's best-known and most widely used supporter. Wears long and costs little, 50 cents to $1.00. Sold by druggists and sporting goods dealers everywhere, *any* Bauer & Black supporter is the best you can buy at its price.

PAL and BIKE

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

“Guard the Vital Zone” is an interesting, new survey of important but little-known facts about the need and functions of supporters. For a free copy write to Bauer & Black, 2597 S. Federal St., Chicago.

LIMERICKS

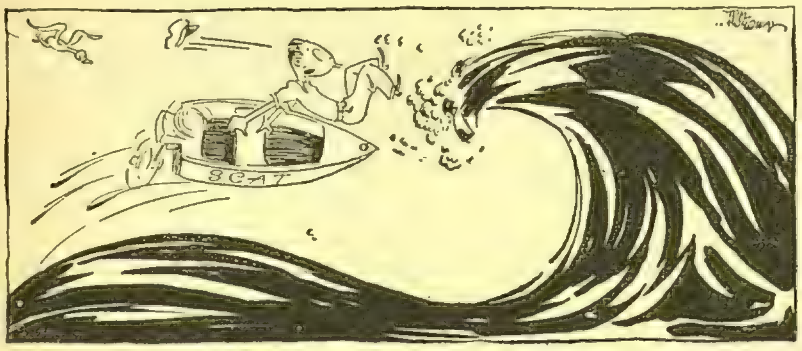
ANOTHER $500 *IN CASH*

For the Best Last Lines for This Week's Limerick

You Can Write One and Win a Big Prize!

HERE'S another opportunity to cut in on Liberty's prize fund of $500 in weekly awards! You'll find it's fun to figure out a last line for the Limerick printed and illustrated below. And if your effort is awarded a prize—well, you know how that will make you feel. Your chance is equal to that of any other contestant. There are twenty-seven prizes to be distributed, which makes your chance to win just that many times greater than if you were shooting for one single prize. Put on your thinking cap. What would you say if you were in this chap's boat? All right! Say it —in a rhyme that will complete the Limerick. Say it now and send us your entry.

WRITE YOUR OWN LAST LINE



An outboard enthusiast sat
In the bow of a craft christened Scat.
When his boat struck a swell
Folks ashore heard him yell—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight August 8. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 12.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first-class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

PRIZE WINNERS JULY 4 LIMERICK

(Old Prize Schedule)

$250 FIRST PRIZE

When Elsa went out for a spin
Her can made a deafening din.
So she raised up the hood
And at once understood—
The workin's were like this within!

Evelyn Jackson — New Brighton, Pa.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

How " rackets " are worked from within.

C. Tracy — New York City

$75 THIRD PRIZE

Good cars are turned out—but not in.

Vince Perry — London, Canada

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

Why " Those who start knocking can't win."

A. T. Hardy — Atlanta, Ga.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

Hard knocks can't be cured with a grin.

Fletcher Coleman — Roanoke, Va.

HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. William Hart, Dayton, Ohio; Grace E. Wilbar, Harrisburg, Pa.; Albert A. Woldman, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; E. J. Hadley, Sacramento, Calif.; Howard N. Furber, Melrose, Mass.

MORE PRIZE WINNERS *and* ANOTHER BIG CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

To the Ladies!

ROBERT A CAMERON

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 15 seconds.)

A READER of mine is worried because she often fails to "get the name" when people are introduced to her at parties.

"I had to ask *the* important guest at a dinner what his name was," she writes. "I felt terribly mortified."

There is really no need to be embarrassed by such an incident. Hostesses *do* have a way of mumbling names when they introduce strangers to each other. If this happens it is quite all right to ask anyone you have just met to repeat his or her name. Anything is better than fishing for the information slyly by saying, "How do you spell it?"—to be answered with a surprised "Why, I spell it J-O-N-E-S."

A thoughtful hostess always pronounces names very clearly. She says a few words when making the introduction, and she makes a point of repeating both names distinctly in her conversation before she moves away.

But, also, hostesses are not always thoughtful. So it seems to me there is a good deal to be said in favor of the Continental form of introduction. Both persons being introduced pronounce their own names—and loudly!

ZELDA finished high school last month in the little California town where she has lived all the seventeen years of her life. Never before has she beheld the wonders of any big city. And now she's here in New York, being shown the sights for the very first time by her famous grandmother—a woman whose name has been greeted time and again with the ringing cheers of every great city in the world.

Think of that for a thrill! That's what's happening this summer to Zelda Heink, granddaughter of the noted opera singer, Mme. Schumann-Heink. And it was such a surprise!

Right after high school closed grandma said, "Zelda, what are you going to do next?"

"I know I'll be a flop at college," Zelda answered wistfully. "What I *really* want is to go on the stage."

"Then get your things together," said her amazing grandma. "We leave for New York tomorrow. You shall start your stage career right away."

Did you ever hear tell of such a marvelous grandparent? In New York Mme. Schumann-Heink has taken vigorous charge of Zelda.

"Education first, for every actress," says grandma. So Zelda must study literature, art, dramatics; must see all sorts of plays, good and bad; must learn how *not* to act as well as *how* to act.

Healthy, sun tanned, natural, Zelda works hard, swims, plays tennis, loves music, and adores the good home food her grandma cooks.

"Tell me I'm a fine singer, and that's nothing in my young life," declares Mme. Schumann-Heink, now aged seventy. "But tell me I'm a fine cook, and I grin from ear to ear."

No pose, no silly airs about this brilliant prima donna. If Zelda inherits her talents, energies, and wisdom, Zelda should go a long way.

DIETING may do away altogether with the horror of having our bad teeth filled by the dentist. Hurrah and hallelujah for that message of mercy!

The great news comes from Washington, where a recent clinic brought to light the fact that medical experiment in various parts of this country has already succeeded in putting patients on special diets which not only stop their teeth from decaying but actually make the teeth *fill up their holes* without any artificial dentistry.

Credit for the pioneer work in this field goes to Dr. S. L. Davis of Washington. Cases of successful dentistry by diet alone were explained in detail, one case being that of a bicuspid cavity entirely healed and automatically filled in sixteen months.

What a blessing it will be if nutritional treatment can be found to replace dentistry tortures!

"WOMEN behave exactly like men as soon as they get out in the world and take up men's work."

That's the opinion of a highly successful woman executive. She heads a department in a large business organization, and has both men and women working under her management. She told me how surprised she was at first to find the men and girls making the same mistakes, showing the same talents, registering the same ambitions, the same likings, the same complaints.

"The men come to me with their petty jealousies no less than the girls do," she said. "On the other hand, girls from carefully managed homes are as good as any man at straight thinking and quick, accurate decisions.

"Given the same job, the same responsibilities, the same horizons, there's not a scrap of difference between them in business—absolutely nothing left of their *just like a man* or *just like a woman* behavior."

I hope this point of view will some day be generally accepted.

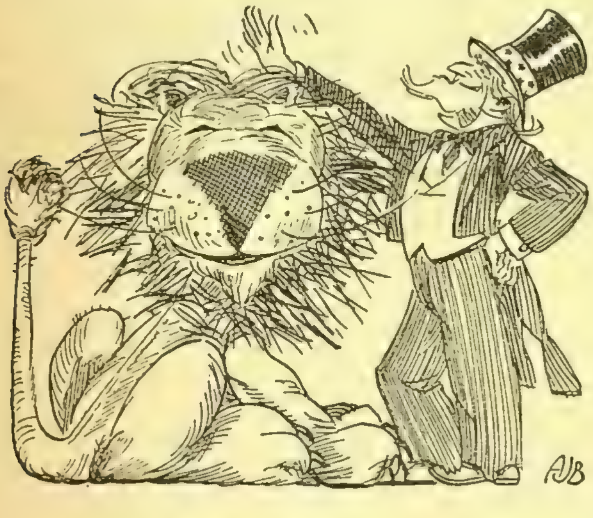
Working girls get rather tired of hearing the *just like a woman* line.

Vox

Glad You Said "Pat"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Occasionally an article comes along that has as much meat in one paragraph as most articles have in a page. Such an article was the one entitled: "Will Americans and the English Ever Understand Each Other?" by Winston Churchill. Liberty was indeed lucky to get hold of it.

It's remarkable that a man who must have spent most of his life in England could have such a clear understanding of the forces which work together, or clash, to produce that complex and baffling thing, American civilization.



Many of the books and articles written about America by Britishers, often after a mere three-weeks tour of the United States, may seem profound to other Britishers, but they're jokes to Americans. That's why Winston Churchill's effort stands out.

Here's to a better understanding between the two great nations! May Uncle Sam pat the British lion's head, and make the lion like it!—*J. Brewster.*

The Provocative Subject of Vote-Getting

HOUSTON, TEXAS—I want to congratulate you on your editorial, "Vote-Getting Lawmakers—One of Our Greatest Evils." It was the best I have seen on that subject.

We need more men who are known to do their own thinking. If we had enough of that class of men in Congress, we would soon change the Eighteenth Amendment into a law that would enable the majority of voters to exercise a God-given privilege, but, instead of that class of lawmakers, we have a lot of them who are controlled by their "constituents."—*S. R. Ramsay.*

DANVILLE, ILL.—Your editorial of July 11, "Vote-Getting Lawmakers—One of Our Greatest Evils," got a rise out of me.

You ask, "What is the use of having legislators if the voters are to dictate their activities?"

I would like to ask, what is the use of having elections, with their great expense, what is the use of having voters if those they elect to represent them are not to be subject to the will of the ones who delegated them as their representatives?

Liberty forgets about the people's rights, claiming that the people don't know what they want. The majority of voters *do* know what they want. If the party in control fails to measure up to the standard of government set up by the voters as their ideal, that party is going to tumble from power.

As for the evils of the political boss, the voters recognize that he is an evil, and are struggling to get away from that evil.—*W. H. Edwards.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your editorial, "Vote-Getting Lawmakers — One of Our Greatest Evils," was superb—a timely plea if there ever was one. Your remarks about our politicians' paramount idea of "vote-getting" expressed the thought of every thinking person.

We need more, many more, editorials along this line.

When a man betrays his conscience for the sake of votes to hold his office there is nothing left of him but the mold of a coward. Our country and the welfare of the people seem, at present, to be in the hands of such.

From the top to the bottom, our whole legislative structure has been crumbling, but more swiftly of late from the damaging borings of these legislative termites. The breeders of these destructive pests are the lobbyists and the professional reformers and informers.—*O. A. Anderson.*

MONTEREY, CALIF.—From the standpoint of ideality, your editorial of July 11, "Vote-Getting Lawmakers—One of Our Greatest Evils," is highly commendable. But as to its practicability, it but reflects your inability to discern the true situation that confronts the American people.

You ask for a man, or men, of unimpeachable character and inviolable integrity to rise up and champion the rights of the people in politics, government, sociology, and education—apparently without knowing that what you ask is utterly impossible under existing circumstances.

The time has long since passed—if it ever existed—when men of profound ability and sound character could occupy seats in high places. And that time will never come as long as every reward and every premium is placed on graft and greed and denied to character and intelligence, as it is now.—*Stanford Claunch.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Permit me to thank you for your timely editorial, "Vote-Getting Lawmakers." It was needed. I have read it and reread it.

Something must be done to bring order and organization out of chaos. I hope you will keep up the work on the lines you have so aptly described.—*Lyman G. Wheeler.*

Gwan and Get Mad

NEW LONDON, CONN.—You may think Liberty is worth five cents, but I do not agree with you when you start reducing the swellest part of Liberty, and that is "To the Ladies!" by Alexandra Kropotkin. This is the second time this has happened. Next time this occurs you will be called on by me in person and when I get mad I get *mad.*

I am six feet three inches tall and weigh 230 lbs.

So look out.—*Big Scotty.*

Thoughts on the Bigness of a Nickel

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Liberty! What a mag! And the whole darn' thing for a nickel! There are several people in this world who make me tired—and they're all knockers of Liberty.

Thanks for all the pleasure a little five-cent piece can give me.—*Red-Head.*

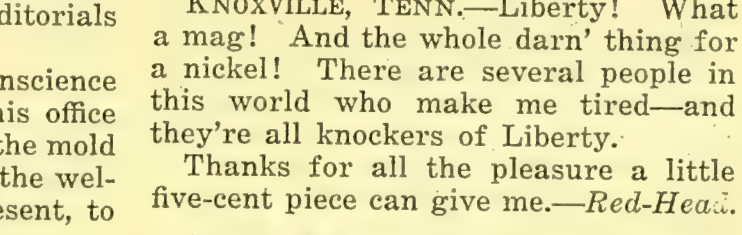
Don't Think He Ever Tried It on a Cow

YATES CENTER, KAN.—The story, "Show Girl in Society," was a big hit, and went off with a bang. If McEvoy is not an experienced man in the same line that he puts in the story he has an imagination that would choke a cow.

He is O. K., if he doesn't weaken—but don't tell him so!—*Ginger S.*

In Other Words, You Liked the Story

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Well, I wrote you that I would write you some more some time, and now I am writing to write you that this is the some time. I am writing you this on account of Mister MacKinlay Kantor's account of "A Count Now Due." The count is good; the account is good; and Mister MacKinlay Kantor is good. What I mean is, they're pluperfect. Get me? I mean, I liked the story, I really did. Understand? Savvy?—*Lovingly, Jack.*

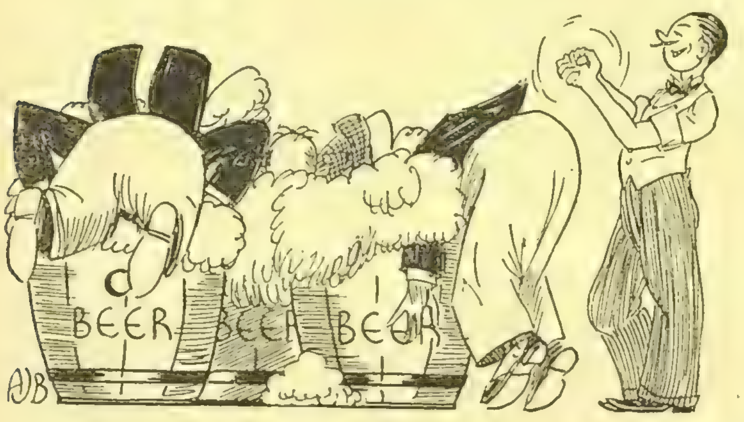

I LIKED THAT STORY, WHAT I MEAN...
EDITOR

Pop

A Voice from Kansas

BURLINGAME, KAN.—I have read, in Vox Pop, some of the incongruous and imbecilic arguments of the liquor advocates, and it would seem that it would be a simply swell idea for a great many wets to stick their soused heads in their beer barrels and fail to come up for air.

A brilliant psychologist once remarked to me that liquor helps neither one's mind, nor morals, nor pocketbook. What then, may I ask, does it help? And any article helping none and injuring many, should not be tolerated.



Is it not surprising that in a country where "appearances" are a prime factor and where the desire to "keep up appearances" is superlative, men and women with supposedly an ounce or two of brains will degrade themselves in the eyes of their own children?—*Charles E. Heilmann.*

Why Short Short Stories Are So Popular

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—After reading "A Beggar Disposes," by Lucy Salamanca, in your issue of July 11, my suggestion is that you tell Lucy to proceed at once, by fast boat, to a very remote section of South America and remain there.

Tell her to select a spot where there are no mails.—*J. G. H. Hart.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Some of your short short stories surprise me. What surprises me about them is that so much interest, excitement, and tension can be packed into so few words.

Such a story was "A Beggar Disposes."—*Beatrice.*

Walter, You Are Dead Right

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The broadcasting every Friday evening of the contents of Liberty has proven to the public that, no matter what the Vox Pop writers write, you are still the greatest weekly magazine in the world.—*Walter C. Hackney.*

Discovered!

TULSA, OKLA.—Liberty keeps a professional finger on the pulse of Americans. It seems to capture the conversational chatter and to pilfer our individual, irresponsible little secret philosophies out of our minds and put them into spicy stories.

Even the gangster stories, intriguing as they are, make us realize what a cancerous sore racketeering breeds in our commonwealth—a kind of reverse education, the gangster stories.—*Forest Rees.*

South Seas Blues

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I see one thing clearly: I'll just have to stop reading Beatrice Grimshaw's stories. They make me too restless, too eager to pack my few belongings in my rather worn-out little suitcase, and set out for the South Seas! Even "The Captured Child," with its frightening plot, described a girl walking through the street of a mountain village, "savoring the winelike mountain air, and letting her spirit delight in the beauty and richness of the place."

I've only got a twenty-two-dollar-a-week job, and I don't just see my way clear, but I surely am going to try to go to Papua, or the Sheba Islands, and lie around in a grass skirt without doing any work, and have a monkey feed me bananas all day long.—*Lucy.*

Very Fruity

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty is like a melon. One cannot determine its palatableness until one opens it up and digs right into it.—*F. V. H.*

Attaboy!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—"A Reader" from Bridgeport, Conn., concluded a letter in Vox Pop for July 11 with these words: "What do you think, ladies and gentlemen?"

Please find out for me if that's urgent. I'm one of eighty-five per cent who'd rather die than think, but if it's an emergency I'll get in there and pitch the best I can.

The weather in Bridgeport ain't been nothing like as hot as it's been here or "A Reader" wouldn't have imposed that on us.

Hope it's something that can be handled in and around Bridgeport.—*Lully Bub.*

We Were Just Waiting for Someone to Blame Us for the Depression

MONROE, LA.—I have just come to the conclusion that Liberty, too, is one of the causes of the depression. Every office worker in this city may be seen with a copy of Liberty during office hours; and I know it just isn't possible to have one around and not read it.

Office work is slowed up—the buyer fails to O. K. that invoice—the cashier fails to make out the check—the mail clerk is late with getting the mail out—money lies in the bank overlong, while everybody is crying for more circulation of the dollar.

Follow this simple plan is my suggestion, and the dollar will circulate:

1. Charge thirty-five cents for Liberty.
2. Include more contests.
3. Award smaller prizes and more prize winners.
4. Put Liberty on the news stands only on Sundays. — *Morris M. McKnight.*

Tell Her to Pipe Down

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—You write a convincing antiprohibition editorial. You win me over. I go home and use it on the Mrs. She shows me where you're dead wrong. Between the two of you I don't know whether I'm afoot or horseback. Won't one of you pipe down until I get my bearings?—*L. B. Bangs.*

Glad to Hear It

CHICAGO, ILL.—I always thought that Liberty, as it was, was the supreme in good reading matter, and never thought that it could be better yet—but let me tell you it is.—*F. O. Singer.*

Helping General Butler

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I have just finished reading with great interest, "The Toughest Five Minutes of My Life," by General Smedley D. Butler. That's fine, general, ole boy. Now write us a nice, hot, spiffy article on "Why I'm Not Going to Spend My Vacation in Italy."—*James E. Stanton.*

Advice to Stenographers

TULSA, OKLA.—The guys who try to let Robert Benchley down have about as much sense of humor as King Tut had It! Here's a good hint to all stenos.

VICE PRESIDENT
PRIVATE
Robert Benchley
Liberty

When the boss comes down in the morning looking like the wreck of the Titanic, quickly hand him a Liberty open at one of Robert Benchley's articles—and watch him laugh. Fifteen rahs for ole R. Benchley, and down with the chronic gripers!—*Mae Guthridge.*

Surrender or SINK

The Real McCoy's Own Story of How Uncle Sam Jailed Him and Broke Up Rum Row

By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

(Reading time: 16 minutes 32 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE summer of 1923, the boom time of Rum Row, drew to a close. My Arethusa cleared from Nassau August 4, on the last voyage she ever was to make from that port.

Nova Scotia had at last gone wet. Rumrunners were beginning to ply between Halifax or Lunenburg and the Row. When the Arethusa's cargo was discharged, we set sail for the latter port. When my ship was in perfect trim and a new crew aboard her, we stood out for St. Pierre.

There was a valentine waiting for me when I reached the island. My agent had received a cable from the Halifax branch of the Royal Bank of Canada reading: "Wire whereabouts Bill McCoy and Tomoka." He had replied at once, "Whereabouts unknown," and had asked who wanted to know. The reply read: "U. S. Department of Justice."

I chartered a brand-new fishing schooner, the Vera Thornhill. She reached St. Pierre just ahead of a hurricane. A cablegram from farther down the coast warned us of its approach, and we went frantically to work to prepare for it. The gale broke next morning. My schooners rode it out without damage, and the following day, which was calm, we began loading. Three thousand cases of champagne went into the Vera Thornhill, 5,000 of whisky into the Arethusa. We had a deck load in addition—a dozen Newfoundland puppies, which I took south with me.

The Vera Thornhill started out twelve hours ahead of the Arethusa with my promise of a bonus of a hundred dollars to her captain if he beat us to New York. But we reached the Row twenty-four hours ahead of him.

Three days on the Row emptied both ships and disposed of all our pups. I sent the Thornhill back home and started the last voyage I was ever to make on my Arethusa with liquor.

Winter was drawing near and I wanted to do as much business as possible before it closed in. Bermuda was closer than Nassau, so I went there and loaded 4,500 cases of Scotch. Residents of St. George told me that they had heard the government was determined to get me, but I laughed at them. I knew my law—or at that time I thought I did.

We left Bermuda on November 13, and reached Rum Row on November 17, but the weather remained foul and customers did not come out in any number until the 20th. On that one night we sold out clear, except for 150 cases of Bacardi rum. No one wanted this and we hung on the Row another day in hope of getting rid of it.

While we were selling on the night of the 20th, Arey called down from his lookout that the cutter Seneca was bearing down on us. I immediately got under way and went down the coast. She followed us a little distance and then apparently lost us, for she turned back and resumed her patrol along the Row.

If we had sold our Bacardi, we should have sailed the following morning, but we hung about, hoping to get rid of it. Bob Cameron, a Nassau friend, passed by in a launch looking for his schooner, which had vanished from the Row. He hailed me and I offered to let him have the Bacardi on consignment.

He accepted eagerly, but his launch was too small and he went ashore for a larger boat. We lay waiting for him to return, when out of the mist before us loomed the white high shape of the Seneca. When she came within hailing distance, her captain called: "Tomoka, ahoy. I'm sending an officer to examine your papers."

Even then I was not worried. My papers were O. K. but in order that there might be no mistake, I told my mate to lash the British flag to the mainmast.

THE Seneca lay close in between an ashy sky and a dark slick sea, and put over a whaleboat into which an officer and a half dozen seamen tumbled. We started our engine and let her idle.

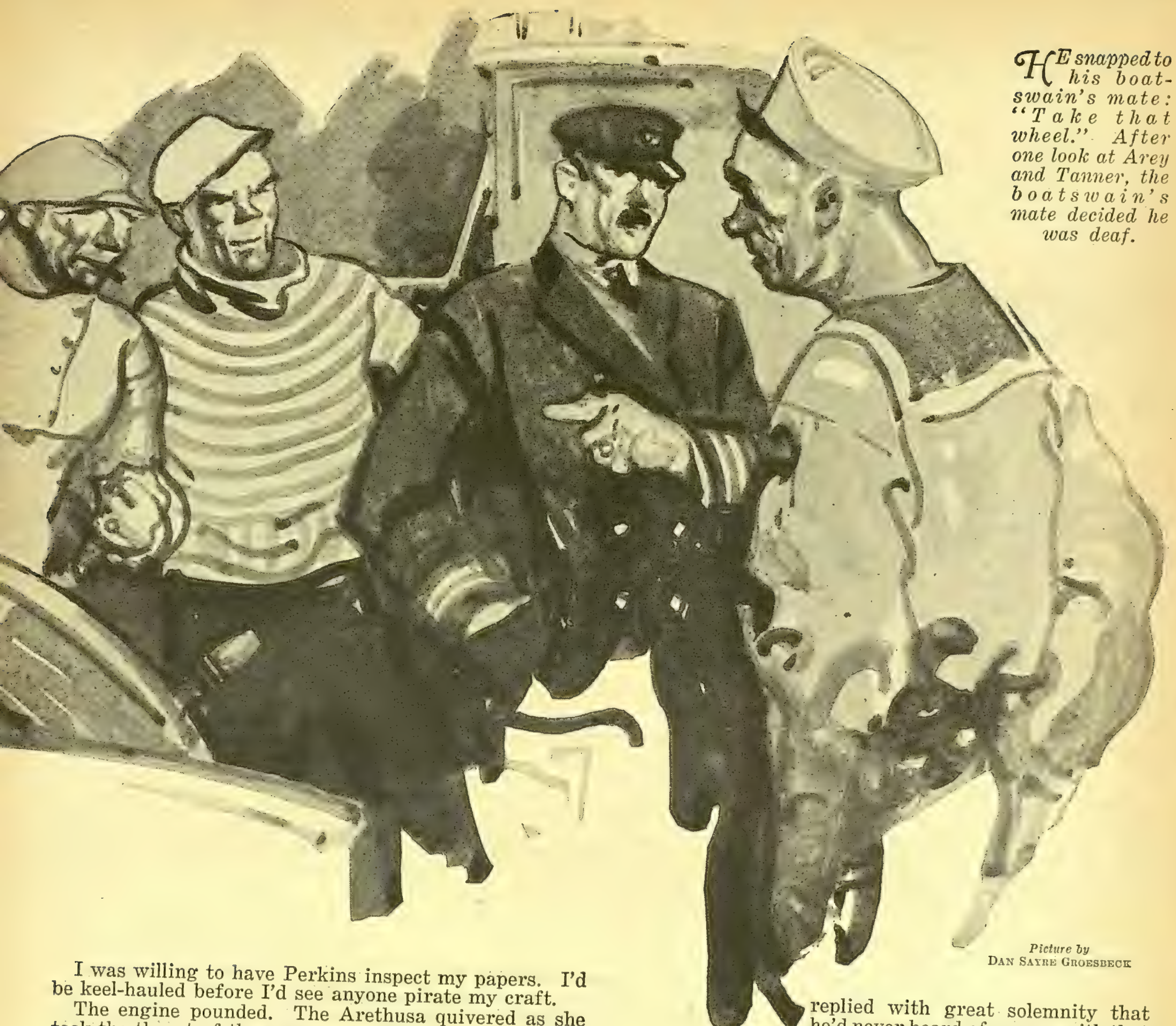
The whaleboat floundered alongside and Lieutenant Perkins came overside.

"Two on board is enough," I told him, but he turned to his crew and shouted:

"All aboard!"

They swarmed up to the Arethusa's deck, husky squareheads, each with a Colt on his thigh. I grinned at Perkins.

"Lieutenant," I told him, "you're going for a ride, then," and I yelled to Arey: "Full speed to sea, captain!"



HE snapped to his boatswain's mate: "Take that wheel." After one look at Arey and Tanner, the boatswain's mate decided he was deaf.

Picture by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

I was willing to have Perkins inspect my papers. I'd be keel-hauled before I'd see anyone pirate my craft.

The engine pounded. The Arethusa quivered as she took the thrust of the screw and turned her bows to the open main. There came a warning blast from the Seneca's siren, but I only laughed. Though her guns were on us, she did not dare fire with her men aboard. She started in pursuit. That wheezy old tub trying to catch my Arethusa!

Perkins was flabbergasted and then angry. "Heave her to!" he yelled.

"Who are you to give orders on my ship?" I wanted to know.

"I'll damned soon show you," he roared, his face crimson, and snapped to his boatswain's mate: "Take that wheel."

Arey and Tanner were at the helm. After one look at them, the boatswain's mate decided he was deaf.

"Just what did you want, lieutenant?" I asked Perkins politely. I think he was worried. "I want to look at your papers," he said more mildly.

I invited him below, and he insisted on being accompanied by a bodyguard. After he had inspected them, he pretended he found something wrong and requested me to return to Sandy Hook and have them examined.

"No," I replied. "Never. We're outward bound for Nassau, lieutenant, and I hope you like your trip."

"You're Bill McCoy," he snarled.

"Never heard of him," I said.

"Well," he insisted, "he's on this ship somewhere."

We returned to the deck. I called man after man aft and asked him gravely if he were Bill McCoy. Each replied with great solemnity that he'd never heard of anyone with that name. I thought Perkins was going to have a fit of apoplexy.

"I've stood enough kidding," he blurted at last. "And I'm going to take this ship in."

"Like hell," I told him. He yelled to his men: "Draw your guns!" and to Arey: "Get away from that helm!"

The boarding party faced my skipper with cocked automatics. Arey grinned at them and spat overside.

"Make a good job when you start," he invited and kept her head to sea.

I LOST my temper then. For a moment I was red mad. I remember running forward and calling to my crew who had retired to the forecastle. I remember that Frenchy Revert, the cook, delayed, pleading, "Wait till I get my coat on," but that the others came storming up with guns in their hands. I led them aft. Across the cabin hatch we faced each other, revenue men on one side, rumrunners on the other, armed and scowling.

"This is a British ship," I told Perkins quietly, "and you're seizing her on the high seas."

"Where's Bill McCoy?" he asked.

"I'm McCoy."

"I thought so. McCoy, you're making a big mistake."

"The only reason you're still here," I told him, "is that you're my countrymen. If you'd been anything but Americans, you would all be overside by now."

I pointed to the seas. They were getting up and be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SURRENDER OR SINK
Continued from page forty-five

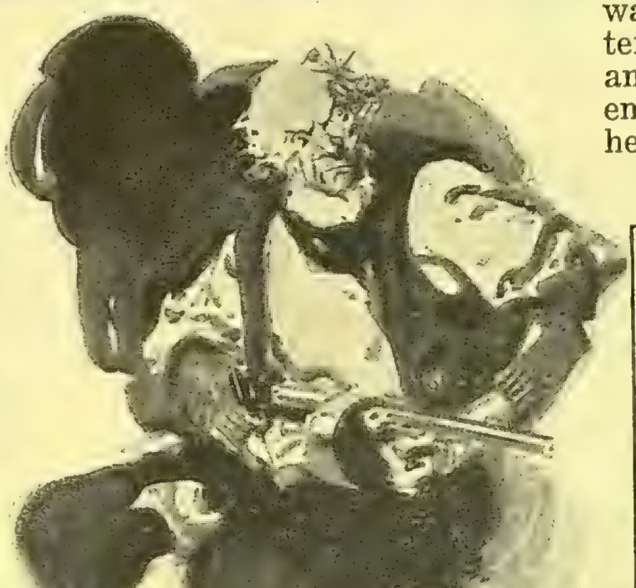
ginning to come aboard. We were seventeen miles offshore and the wind was making. The Seneca was only a blur of smoke astern.

"Suppose," Perkins suggested, "we talk this thing over."

I agreed. He pointed out that if I resisted I would only drive myself deeper into trouble. If I fired on the boarding crew, the best I could expect was jail for life. If I carried them away, the entire navy would be warned by wireless to catch me.

He was right. I was clear-headed now. So we waited for the Seneca to catch up with us. She bore down, all hot and bothered. Perkins and his crew rowed back to her. I lay hove to.

The skipper of the Seneca could not have been too certain of the legality of his course even then, for there was a long wait while we heard the splutter of his wireless, talking with the shore.



There on a stool sat Captain Hurtel. He looked like a militant Santa Claus.

I called my crew together. Every scrap of paper aft, except law book, Bible, clearance, and manifest went into our cabin stove and was burned. We dumped all arms overside too.

At last the Seneca hailed us again. She had orders from Washington to bring me in or destroy me.

"You will follow me into harbor," the captain hailed. "If you do not, I shall fire one shot across your bows and then proceed to sink you by gunfire. Understand?"

"Aye, aye," I replied, and turned to my men.

"Boys," I said, "I think he's bluffing. It's jail or open sea. It's up to you."

"Run for it," they decided.

"We'll wait our chance," I promised.

THE Seneca had turned toward the harbor. We turned, and on the port tack made as if to follow. The cutter was bucking right into the teeth of the wind on a northwest course, while we had to lay our course NNE. I was watching a big liner coming in from Europe. Her presence would give us our chance.

"Cap," I said to Arey at the wheel, "ease along on this tack. The Seneca is drawing away from us. When that steamer gets into line, let her go off and clap on sail. He won't dare shoot with that liner in range."

We waited, scarcely breathing, loosened the jib and mainsail. The Seneca was about a mile ahead of us now. I yelled:

"Let her go off and hoist the jib!"

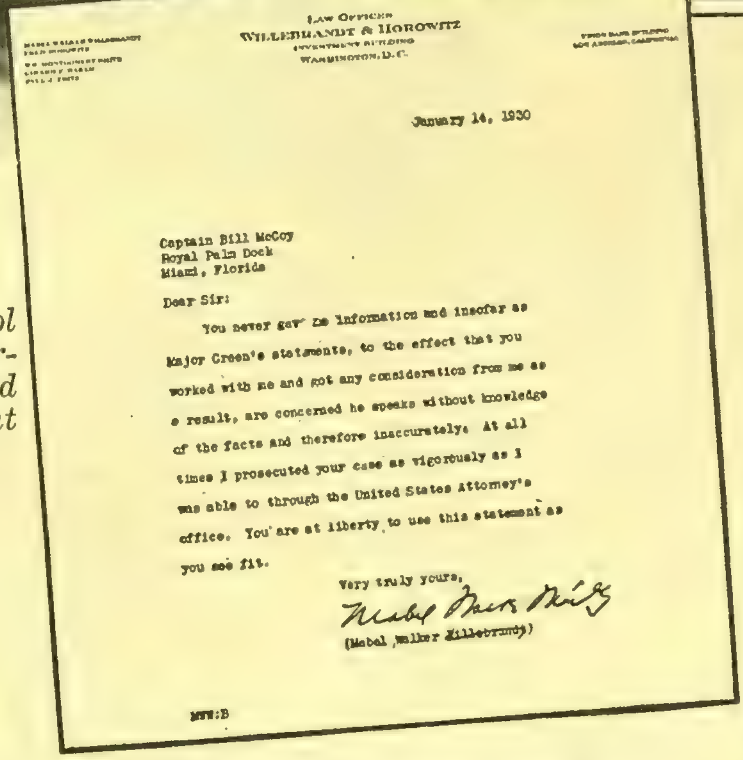
Captain Arey spun the wheel. Around came the Arethusa. For an instant that seemed minutes long, she hung motionless. Then she caught the breeze. Her masts slanted, her lee bulwark went down into solid water and she drove away, eager and swift, straight for the liner.

"For God's sake," I roared to the crew, "get the big rag on her! Set that mainsail! Fast!"

We saw the Seneca put about. It was late afternoon now and the flash of her bow gun was an orange streak in the gray. A shell struck up a fountain before my schooner's bow and another, smaller, rose beyond as the projectile skipped before burying itself in the sea. My men had heard gunfire before. They swore as they quickly led the halyards through the snatch blocks to the hoisting engine. Tanner, my mate, was on the main gaff. He was letting the lashings go and yelling curses at the cutter. There was another flash, a spout of water beyond us, and then the boom of the gun. Arey, at the wheel, solemnly chewed tobacco and held the flying Arethusa on her course.

In another moment we would have the mainsail set.

Loading the Arethusa with whisky in Nassau harbor.



LAW OFFICES
WILLEBRANDT & HOROWITZ
INVESTMENT BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C.

January 14, 1930

Captain Bill McCoy
Royal Palm Dock
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

You never gave me information and insofar as Major Green's statements, to the effect that you worked with me and got any consideration from me as a result, are concerned he speaks without knowledge of the facts and therefore inaccurately. At all times I prosecuted your case as vigorously as I was able to through the United States Attorney's office. You are at liberty to use this statement as you see fit.

Very truly yours,
Mabel Walker Willebrandt
(Mabel Walker Willebrandt)

MWW:B

Mabel Walker Willebrandt's endorsement of Bill McCoy's denial that he ever served her as a stool pigeon or had a working agreement with her.

Darkness was coming, too. Again the cutter fired and again the shell roared over our heads and dived into the water. That had been closer. There was a fourth flash from the Seneca's bow. Arey ducked but clung to the helm. The shell seemed to have missed him by not more than ten feet. The next shot would come aboard, I knew. I sang out to Arey.

OBEDIENTLY he eased down his helm. We let the jib run down. There were tears in my eyes. We had taken our chance and just missed winning free. My Arethusa and I were caught at last.

We waited, rolling meekly in the swells until the Seneca came abeam of us. Her captain bawled from his bridge:

"I'm putting a boarding crew on you. If you molest them, I'll open fire."

I did not point out that he would kill his own men by so doing. I was too heartsick to talk back even to a cutter captain.

They got a hawser aboard the Arethusa at last, after a lot of such maneuvering that my seabred Canadians guffawed. Then we started for the harbor. I called my men aft, took them into my cabin and paid them their salaries and bonuses. My big mate cried when I told them good-by. They were a loyal, fine crew.

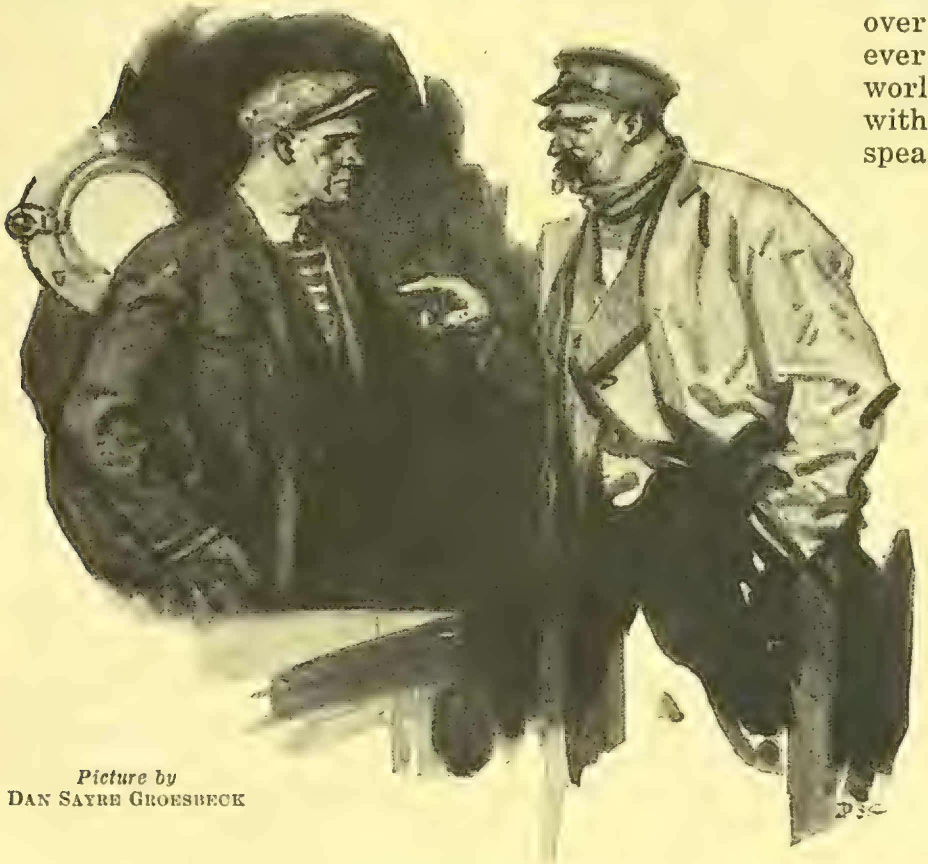
There was $68,000 in my desk. I had twenty $1,000 bills in my pocket, besides.

As night came down, the Seneca transferred me and my crew to her deck, evidently fearing we would run away again. I gave the captain my bag of money, which he stowed in the ship's safe. Thereafter he and I chatted without animus.

I asked permission to send a wireless to my lawyers. He answered that Washington had given him strict instructions not to permit me to communicate with the shore. So presently I excused myself and, going on deck, wrote out a message to my lawyers and walked into the wireless house. Evidently Sparks hadn't heard about the orders from Washington, for he sent it and also sent another to my brother Ben.

It was midnight when we arrived off Staten Island. In the smoking room of a harbor cutter I was introduced to a group of Treasury special agents. They were a hard-looking crowd. I squared myself for some form of the third degree. One of them, a giant who looked vaguely familiar, asked: "Do you know Pete?"

I said, "No." My questioner suddenly grinned, a friendly grin.



Picture by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

I squared myself for some form of third degree. One agent, a giant who looked familiar, asked, "Do you know Pete?"

"You've got a short memory," he said. "Didn't you stand by Pete in Nassau a year or so ago when the gang was set to rub him out? And you ought to know me. I've chased you enough. I'm McAdam."

The others were grinning at me too. He went on to say: "Pete couldn't get down tonight, but he told us to give you the best in the ship. You'll get it, Bill."

We landed at the Battery. They docked the Arethusa. When we were arraigned, my crew were held in $5,000 bail each, I in $15,000. After I was released on bail, Lynch and McAdam took me down to see Pete, who said: "Bill, I'm with you all the way, and that goes."

HE took me to Washington. I had a chat with Judge Moss, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and in charge of revenue cutters. We called on Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who at that time had full charge of prohibition enforcement. We chatted of the sea and my adventures. Neither Judge Moss nor Mrs. Willebrandt even suggested that I give them any information whatever. They were square, straight people and assumed that I was, too. In spite of our pleasant acquaintance, Mrs. Willebrandt, when she found an indictment that she could make stick, landed on me hard and put me in jail. I hold no grudge against her for that. It was part of the game and I had a lot of fun in jail.

In a magazine article, Major Walton Green, chief investigator for prohibition under General Lincoln C. Andrews, said:

> I remember the incident of Bill McCoy. Now Bill, be it said, was a pet bootlegger of Mrs. Willebrandt's. For convenience she kept him in jail at Trenton, New Jersey. Also she kept him in a communicative and stoolish frame of mind with half a dozen other indictments dangling over his head. Whenever she needed underworld dope she'd dicker with Bill and, so to speak, trade him an indictment *in posse* for his information. It was a splendid arrangement—and a perfectly orthodox police method.

MAJOR GREEN'S charge of a working agreement between Mrs. Willebrandt and me was entirely false. A photostatic copy of Mrs. Willebrandt's comment is reproduced on the opposite page.

I returned to New York from Washington. Thereafter followed weeks of legal maneuvering. Finally my lawyer had my crew released, with the charges against them dismissed, and arranged that the Arethusa and the Marshall should be sold at auction. I bought them in, the Arethusa for $7,500, the Marshall for $3,000.

I anchored the M. M. Gardner twelve miles off Jones's Inlet, Long Island, as a station ship. The Mary Hurtel and the Ethlyn, both big schooners from Nova Scotia, plied to and from Halifax and kept the Gardner well laden.

The Mary Hurtel was under command of old Captain Hurtel, a Methodist deacon from Lunenburg. One evening I began to worry about her and him. At last, I could stand it no longer and telephoned a bootlegger who owned a fast power boat.

It was a bitter night, with a storm making. We could not find the Mary Hurtel. On our way back, by sheer luck, we ran across her.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

①
②
SUMMONS
③
④
FLIT
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Dr.Suess

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Wizard Corn Pads

[SURRENDER OR SINK
Continued from page forty-seven]

There were two big motor craft alongside her. I recognized them both. They were pirate boats. Sammy and I slipped over the Hurtel's rail without being challenged. Once on her deck, I saw why. Her crew were bunched forward, with several men shepherding them, and I could see the glitter of firearms.

I dived down into her cabin, so suddenly that both its occupants jumped. There on a stool, with his mild old face red and determined, sat Captain Hurtel, a sack crammed with cash between his knees and a submachine gun across his lap. He looked like a militant Santa Claus.

IN the corner stood an elephant of a man, his hands in his pockets, and the cloth of each pocket was stretched by the muzzle of a gat. Poor old Hurtel was doing his best to protect my cash. He did not know that before he could have raised the gun at least two bullets would have hit him.

The man in the corner wheeled on me with a snarl and I knew him. It was Big Eddie, a king-pin in the old Nassau gangdom, and always a square shooter with me.

"Ed," I told him, "you'll have to lay off. This is my schooner."

"And who are you?" he growled.

"Bill McCoy," I said. "Is your memory as short as that?"

I was in city clothes, with a stiff collar. The tan had faded out and I had grown soft. He glared at me a moment and then grinned.

"My mistake, Bill," he acknowledged. "I didn't make you for a minute. You came just in time. I'll call off the boys."

I was sick of New York. I was homesick for the sea. Broadway life was sour in my mouth. The gang that handled liquor was too fast for me.

I had been indicted all over again the previous June. Six counts had been returned against me. There was no trial. I merely pleaded guilty.

IN the same month I said farewell to my Arethusa. While she was refitting I had placed her under French registry and had changed her name from Tomoka to Marie Céleste. Arey, who still captained her, appeared on her papers as "Captain Trigoli."

With Arey and two sailors aboard, she sailed for St. Pierre. In an old friend's rum boat I rode down to see my schooner leave. I took her down the bay myself, and took her along till we were well clear of the land. Then I turned over the helm to Arey and dropped into the shore boat. I watched her over the horizon. I never saw her again.

In March, 1925, Judge Lynch in the Federal Court of Newark, New Jersey, sentenced me to nine months in Essex County Jail.

I came out Christmas Eve. Ben was waiting with my car. We went South, happy as a couple of kids.

And there I still am, back where I started. If the racket today promised half the fun I've had out of it in the past, I'd jump into it tomorrow. But the old fashioned rumrunner and his schooner are now things of the past.

THE END

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A Tired Cat?

Billy, my four-year-old nephew, saw his cat jump into a soft snow bank. She could not get out and started pawing violently with her front feet. Billy shouted gleefully, "Oh, boy, look at her wheels slipping!"—Mrs. A. J. Goldsworthy, 930 Cleveland St., Beloit, Wis.

A Pitiful Handicap

Charles had been given a bobtailed fox terrier for a pet. After a couple of days Charles told his mother: "I wish Gyp had a tail so he would be friendly, don't you, mother?"—M. F. Hullender, Jr., c/o Y. M. C. A., Florence, S. C.

Love Laughs at Unemployment

A Short Short Story

By

CHARLES DIVINE

who was born in Binghamton, N. Y., graduated from Cornell University, and did newspaper work in New York City until the World War, when he enlisted in the 27th Division. Since the Armistice he has written a number of short stories, a book of poems, a novel, and several one-act plays.

(Reading time: 5 min. 46 sec.)

BILL glanced at the City Hall clock—they still had an hour—and then he glanced back at Kay's face, the white firmness of her chin and her copper-brown hair shining in the sunlight. She was still carrying her hat in her hand, just as she had come out of the agency office to meet him. She slumped along at his side, her eyes avoiding his. " Where shall we eat? " he asked.

" Anywhere. I don't care," she said hopelessly. What difference did it make? They would lunch and go back to their respective offices, and at night, whether they had dinner together or not, eventually they would part to go to their respective homes, he to his room (and bath down the hall) in Tenth Street, she to Staten Island.

How many times they had gone over the possibilities and found that their combined salaries couldn't swing it. Marriage was always somewhere in the future. Today the future was like a weight of lead. If she could only scream!

" Can't we eat in some new place? " she asked suddenly. Her voice was tense.

" Sure," he said. " What's the matter, dear? "

" Oh, you know." Tears sprang into her eyes.

" I feel just as rotten about it as you do," he said, trying to be gentle. Usually he kept this trouble under control. But today . . .

" Talk to me! " she begged desperately. " Talk about anything." She didn't want to think about the long ferryboat ride to Staten Island, the porch steps she would climb wearily, and the evening with her mother and sister at home.

The soft wind was from the south; the sea, sweet, relaxing, blowing into the city—and into Kay's soul, she felt—something so overwhelming to experience that it hurt like a pain. Suddenly she said: " I hate June! "

They found a new place called Downtown Tavern. Little head-high booths along the wall. You couldn't see your next-table neighbors and they couldn't see you. For Kay and Bill nothing existed except their unhappiness and Bill's efforts to make her forget it.

" And what if I spent the night at your place? " asked Kay. They were trying to be so gay.

" The landlady would say: ' Oh, Mr. Dixon, you can't entertain ladies in your room '; and I'd say: ' That wasn't no lady. That was my wife ' ! " They rocked with laughter.

" YOU'RE mad, Bill. Perfectly mad. But it's wonderful to be mad." That was what love did—it could put you on a plane where you could laugh at the craziest things. . . . Suddenly they discovered that it was two o'clock. " We've never been as late as this before."

Crossing City Hall Square again, they both looked at the clock, in consternation, and then at each other, solemnly—and burst into laughter. The madness begun at lunch, the lunatic escape from life and its pressure, still lingered in their systems like heady, mountain-breathed air. She gave him a happy smile at parting. His office, though under the same ownership as hers, was in a different building. Mr. Putney stopped him inside the door. He was the office manager, a brusque, bristling pseudo-executive.

Mr. Putney was angry. Bill still felt like laughing, and he did laugh softly. Mr. Putney's anger increased. " Lunching at some speakeasy, weren't you? And coming back drunk. On office time. I suppose you were lunching with one of the girls from the Central Agency."

" That," said Bill, his face suddenly hot, " is none of your business." Putney knew about Kay and him. They were one of the office romances.

Putney was glaring at him. " You can consider yourself through here, Dixon." Bill stared.

" You mean I'm fired? " he asked, and Putney said, " I do. I'm running this office—"

" Into the ground! " said Bill.

" Get your pay and get out." A moment later Mr. Putney, in his own partitioned room, was telephoning to the manager of the Central Agency: " Did Miss Clayton come back late from lunch too? She did, huh? And laughing and carrying on, huh? Then they were both drunk. I've fired Dixon. You do the same with her. Yes, that's a definite order."

A few minutes later Bill received a phone call from Kay. " Darling, the most terrible thing has happened. I—I've just been fired."

" Don't cry over the phone, dear. I have, too. Meet me outside in two minutes."

They walked around City Hall Park discussing the sudden catastrophe. Kay remarked: " Now we can never get married; we can't even starve together."

Suddenly Bill grabbed her arm.

" Let's get married anyway—just to spite 'em! " He was gazing fiercely across the square. " Them " was nobody in particular.

" Oh, Bill," she cried, " would you? " The idea caught her too. And the warm glow in his eyes. " Let's," she said. " A gesture of defiance."

" We couldn't be any worse off," he said.

THEY went through the mill—the window, the paper to sign, the clerk, the deputy who agreed to marry them at once and who listened so sympathetically that they poured out the whole story of their sudden decision. He laughed too—and quietly tipped off a reporter who was in the office.

Afterward Kay telephoned the news to her mother and said she was going to stay at Bill's place for the night. After dinner Bill discovered the evening newspaper. " For the love of Pete! Look, Kay, look! " Amazed, they read it together:

FIRED FROM JOBS, COUPLE
WEDS TO SPITE FATE

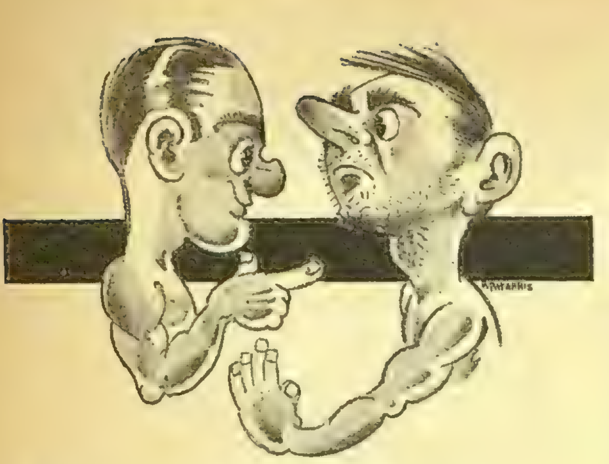
LOVE LAUGHS AT UNEMPLOYMENT
IN DOWNTOWN AREA—THEIR
" FUTURE BEHIND THEM "

The next morning there were thirty-seven letters and six telegrams delivered at Bill's door. All were from persons who had read the piece in the paper. All offered jobs. Kay, in a fever of excitement and joy, tabulated the offers as Bill paced up and down the little room trying to contain himself.

" Sixteen jobs for you, and twenty-seven for me," she announced. " Salary range—eighteen to fifty." She dropped the pencil. Tears came to her eyes. " There *are* soft hearts in this old city. Maybe it's June that does it."

She grinned shamefacedly and put her cheek next to his. " I love June," she said.

THE END



Even if it's So,
I won't believe it!

From boyhood up to my present state, I have clung steadfastly to the belief that tough whiskers are symbolic of strong men.

I cherish the age-old tradition that men must chop, chew and chaw their bristles from protruding chins—painful as that may be.

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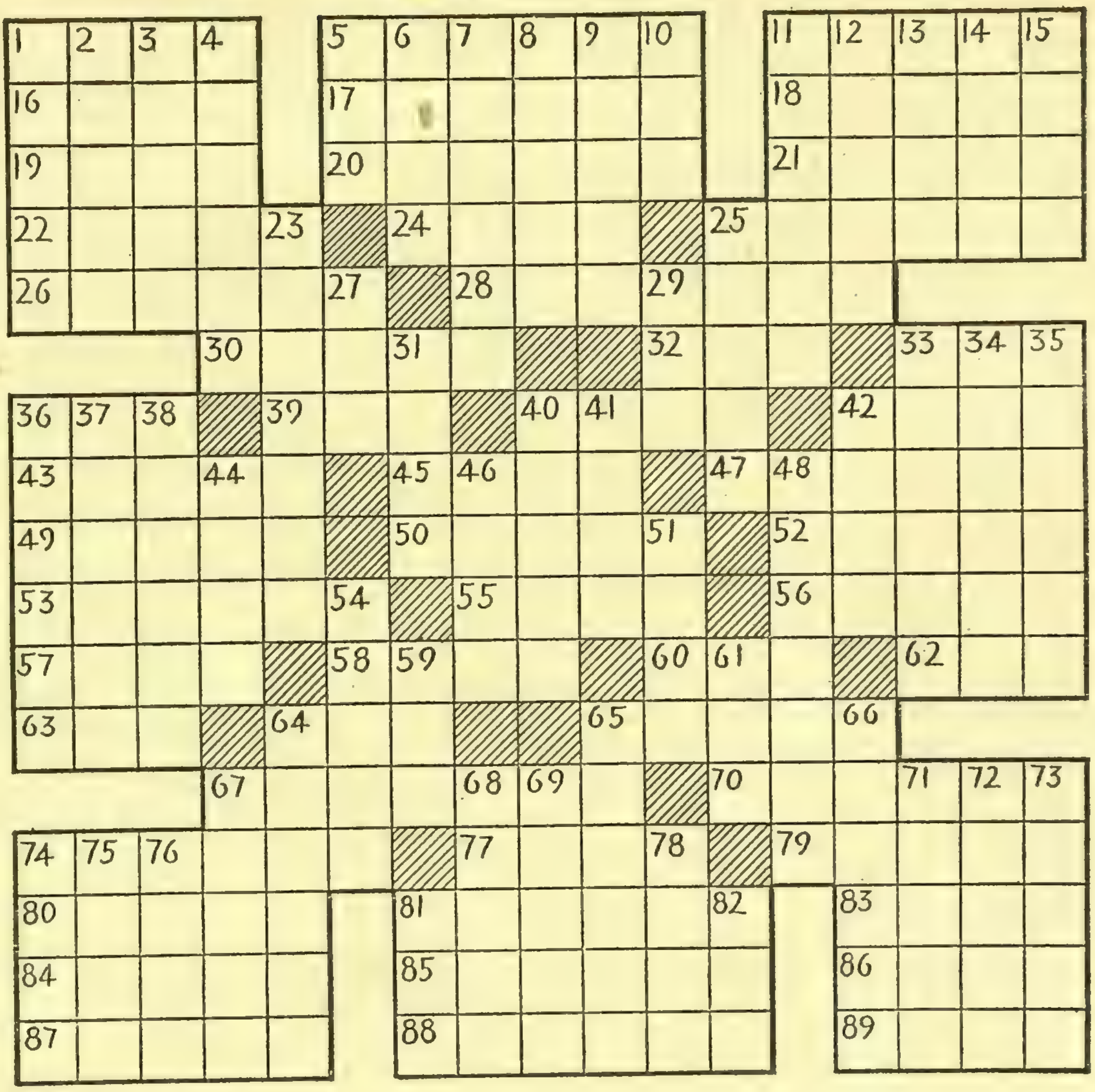
Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

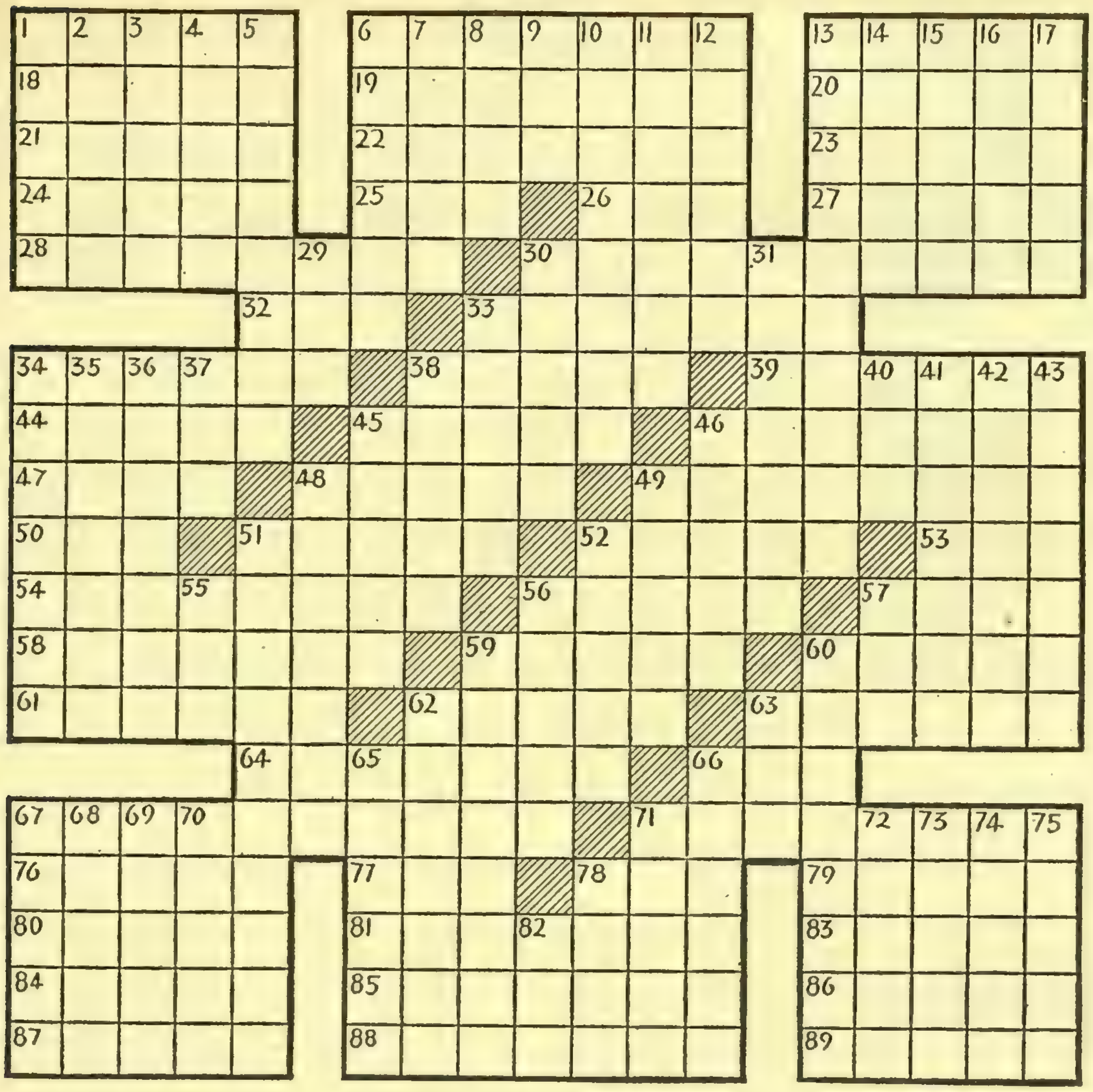
1 Actual happening in time or space
5 Civil division in Louisiana
11 Ultimate
16 Look amorously
17 Broad street
18 Worship
19 Wander
20 Small mug or cup
21 City in France
22 Short journeys
24 Mark left by a blow
25 Mixes
26 Small settlement or community
28 Snuggled
30 Eject; oust
32 Owns
33 Border of a garment
36 Thrust with violence
39 Lamprey
40 Form of to be
42 Identical
43 Love affair
45 Notion
47 A dealer in cattle
49 Perception through the intellect
50 A flower
52 Burning
53 Officer who proclaims court orders (plural)
55 Frosts
56 Long sharp teeth of animals
57 Playing cards
58 To procure silence concerning
60 Corrode
62 An offspring of an animal
63 Guided
64 Title of respect
65 Pulled apart with a lever; prized
67 Wastrel
70 Accumulates in heaps, as sand or snow
74 Correlative of gentlemen
77 Outgrowth on an animal body
79 Alarm
80 Wear away
81 Average; mean
83 Greedy
84 Performed
85 Assert
86 Ditty
87 Outbuildings
88 Intermittently eruptive hot spring
89 A perennial plant

VERTICAL

1 Onward in time, place, or order
2 Market place in an ancient Greek city
3 Demand as due
4 Region of the head
5 Greek god of flocks and pastures
6 Acknowledge frankly
7 One invested with vicarious authority
8 Fireplace
9 Befits
10 A fowl
11 Fictitious narratives
12 Loafed
13 Midday
14 Dry and parched
15 Not so much
23 More rigorous
25 Gentle; suave
27 A bond
29 Definite article
31 To shear, as sheep
33 Possessing
34 Come forth
35 Simplest
36 A mean, trickish fellow
37 To punish, in general; to mulct
38 Wealthy
40 Office or dignity of a judge
41 Comfort
42 A kind of seat
44 Employs
46 A platform
48 Beams
51 River in France
54 Starts suddenly aside through fright
59 Ornamental jar
61 Succor
64 Hurries
65 Prepares for firing, as a cannon
66 Judge in the ancient Athenian democracy
67 Espoused the cause of one as against another
68 Wild dog of India
69 In good season
71 Kindness done
72 Threefold
73 Flock of herons
74 Meadows
75 Mischievous
76 Love foolishly
78 Insanity; mania
81 Horse
82 A Gaelic god of the sea

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Heavy cords
6 Pried into others' affairs sneakingly
13 Uncertainty
18 Turn inside out
19 Excuse
20 Interior
21 Madness or mania
22 Rises
23 Move sidewise
24 Strike out
25 Sandpiper
26 Mound
27 Looks sullen
28 Liberates
30 Roughness; grossness
32 Rabid
33 Briefer
34 Supplied with combustible matter
38 Mints
39 Seek to attain something
44 Unguided
45 Subdues; brings down
46 To make pleasing or agreeable
47 Bamboolike grass
48 Detests
49 Mortuary chapels
50 Label
51 Of smaller number
52 Floats aloft
53 Conducted and managed, as a business
54 Natives of a European country
56 Fragment of a brittle substance
57 Facts
58 Overlays
59 Entire
60 Cleverer; shrewder
61 Penetrates
62 Thinks (poetic)
63 A milk product
64 A yielding
66 Regret
67 Christian of other than the Roman Catholic faith
71 Chief of a holy order
76 A bird
77 Large flatboat
78 Existed
79 Musical drama
80 Silly
81 Cultivated land
83 A spot on Mars
84 Amorous looks
85 Not keenly desirous
86 Trumpet (poetic)
87 Lies at ease
88 Makes downcast
89 Paces

VERTICAL

1 Allude
2 Immature seed
3 Jeopardy
4 Wear away
5 Moved in a continuous flow or course
6 Frightened
7 Part of the head (pl.)
8 A single time
9 Poem
10 Floats
11 Makes beloved
12 Abandon
13 Scatterers
14 Garden vegetable
15 Improper
16 Girdles
17 Lock of hair
29 Downcast
30 Part of the face (plural)
31 Toward the ocean
33 Planter
34 Sly; stealthy
35 Unconsumed
36 Polished; refined
37 Conducted
38 Inclosures for small domestic animals
40 Write
41 Repeat
42 Tells
43 To trap
45 Begins, as day
46 Allotment
48 Carriages used for conveying the dead
49 Embers
51 Ferociousness
52 Displayed
55 Confederate general
56 A budding antler
57 Fitting
59 Corrugated; creased
60 Kind of cigar (pl.)
62 Wife of a ruler
63 Hint; intimation
65 Position of affairs
66 Upright piece of a step from tread to tread (plural)
67 Monk or friar
68 Row or rank
69 Ellipses
70 Principle; dogma
71 Town in Germany
72 Separate
73 Entreat again
74 To wrinkle
75 Door fasteners
78 Hire; pay
82 A youth

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

CHAFING!
Does it affect your walking?

You cannot walk or dance gracefully when you suffer from chafing. Even the telltale lines on your face register your discomfort.

When summer heat and perspiration irritate your skin, be ready with Mentholatum. Its soothing, healing coolness brings speedy relief. In jars and tubes, 30c. Three times as much in large jars, 60c.

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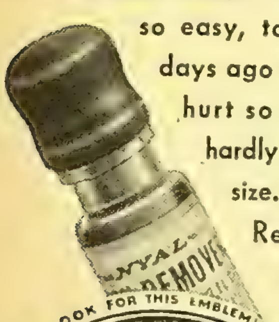

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Gwen and Red

ON YOUR RADIO?

Each Week
They Step Off Of The Cover
And Onto The Air

IN THE

Liberty

BROADCAST FOR EVERYBODY

TUNE IN
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT
9 P. M.
Eastern Daylight Saving Time
WABC *and* THE CBS STATIONS

The Fur Stayed

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL leaned over the washbowl, covering her hair with the soapsuds. Nice free sunny day; the week's accounts checked; four dollars and sixty-three cents saved out of the week's money.

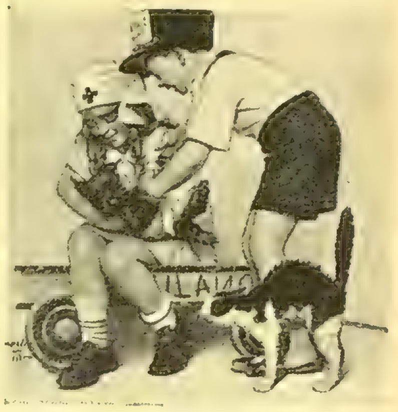
She was going to spend a whole afternoon fixing herself up.

From below came the voices of the children. . . . Ulysses and little Gwen playing together. . . .

Suddenly a terrific ear-splitting dog's yowl went up. Screams of neighbors — an unearthly hollering.

Lil grabbed her bathrobe, got soap in her eye, and rushed down the stairs, leaving a trail of soapy puddles.

She dashed out to the back yard. Mrs. Smithers was yelling and running from her back porch. Gwendolyn was floundering on the grass, where she had evidently been knocked over. In the center of the yard dirt was flying around the Smithers' cat and the Shanks' dog.



This week's cover picture.

Beneath the back porch was Ulysses, urging on the fight.

"I bet on kitty!" he screamed.

Lil dragged him into the kitchen. She grabbed a kettle off the stove, and dashed out again, promising Ulysses a prize whipping if he followed. If that pedigreed Scotty got hurt, Mrs. Shanks would blame her and Ulysses. Maybe there would be damages to pay. . . .

Lil poured the water over the animals.

The cat let out a yowl and drew back.

"Good for you, Lil," cried Mrs. Smithers approvingly.

"Aw, you spoiled the fun," grunted Gwen resentfully. "Our cat would make hash out of that dumb pup."

Lil had picked up the Scotty.

"Got little cuts all over him," she sighed, "but he doesn't seem mortally wounded. Anyway, the fur stayed."

"First aid!" shouted Gwen. "That's it. First aid. Hey, Ulysses! Let's play hospital!"

"Ulysses, bring the peroxide," called Lil, starting up the porch stairs.

Mrs. Smithers relieved Lil of the dog. "You run along and finish your shampoo. You're a wreck."

"Hey, maw!" yelled Ulysses. "You musta used all the peroxide on your hair. I just seen the empty bottle on the sink."

Mrs. Smithers laughed and then coughed apologetically. Lil could have taken Ulysses and Mrs. Smithers and knocked their heads together.

Now the whole neighborhood would be saying she peroxided her hair!

"Here," she said to Ulysses. "Here, take this money and go get some peroxide, some mercurochrome, and some adhesive. Might as well get some bandage gauze, too."

"Ulysses," called Gwen. "Look. Your express wagon's an ambulance now. Put the dog in. He's a Scotty and he'll want to go to the free ward."

Lil went back up the puddly staircase, and into the bathroom. Now she'd have to spend the afternoon cleaning up the place.

And most of her four dollars and sixty-three cents would go for the drug-store things for the dog.

Below her window she heard Mrs. Smithers' creamy voice.

"Now isn't it sweet to watch those two lambs fixing up the poor sick dog? I think it's so nice for children to be playing constructive games."

(Next week's cover adventure: Vacation Time)

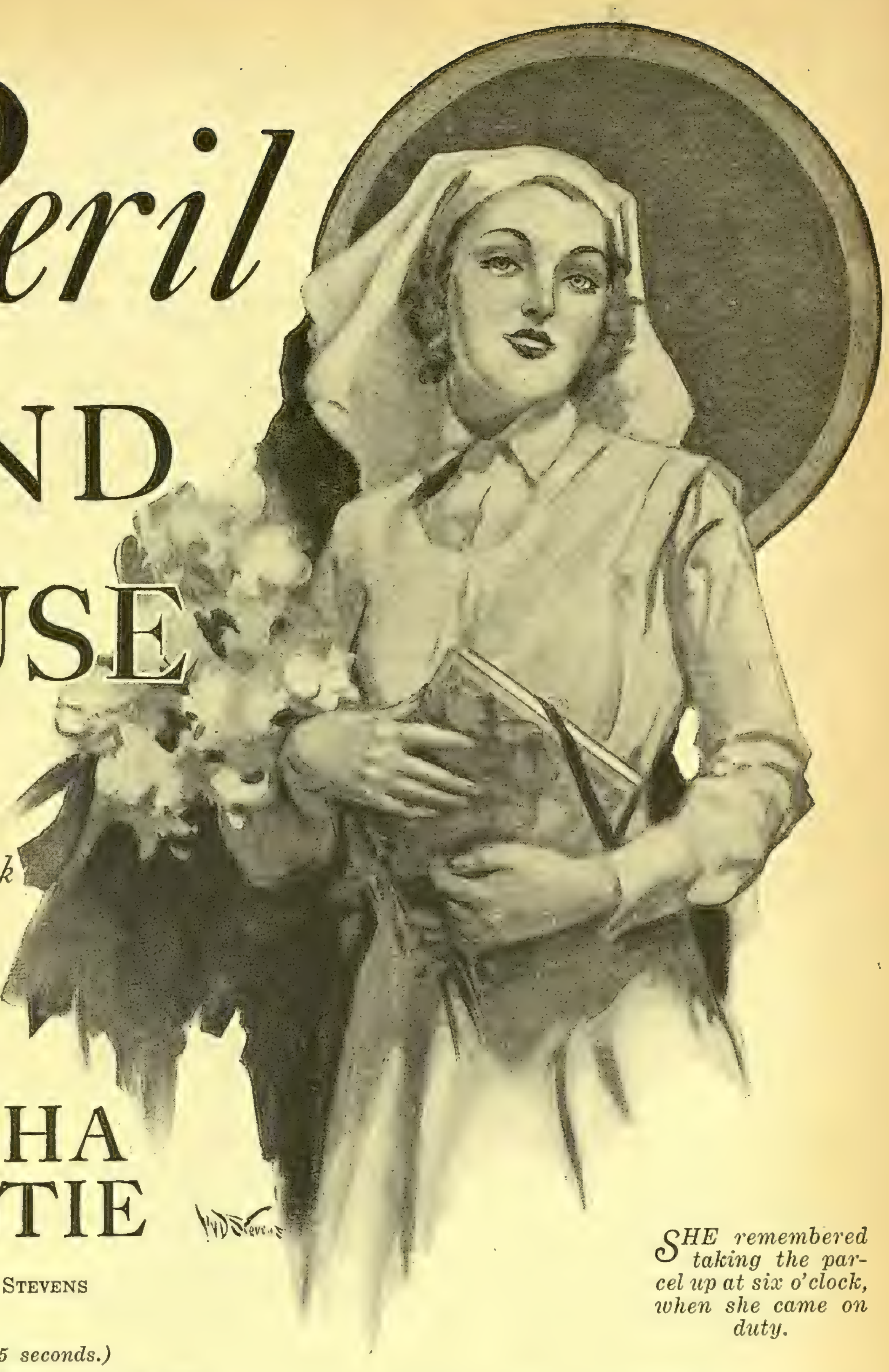
The Peril at END HOUSE

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. Stevens



SHE remembered taking the parcel up at six o'clock, when she came on duty.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the murder of Maggie Buckley, shot while wearing a shawl belonging to her cousin, Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. Detective Poirot concluded that Nick was the intended victim — concluded also that it was murder for profit when he learned that the lost airman, Michael Seton, had willed everything to his "affianced wife, Miss Magdala Buckley."

Nick, apparently safe in a nursing home, was made ill by poisoned chocolates. The card with them, bearing Poirot's name, Poirot declared he did not write.

PART NINE—A LIE TO CATCH THE KILLER

"IT'S exactly the same as the card that came with the orange carnations," Nick said. "I never doubted that the chocolates came from you."

Poirot shook his head.

"How should you doubt? Oh, the devil! The clever, cruel devil! To think of *that!* Ah, but he has genius, this man, genius! 'With the compliments of Hercule Poirot.' So simple. Yes, but one had to think of it. And I—I did not think. I omitted to foresee this move."

Nick moved restlessly.

"Do not agitate yourself, mademoiselle. You are blameless—blameless. It is I that am to blame, miserable imbecile that I am! I should have foreseen this move. Yes, I should have foreseen it."

His chin dropped on his breast. He looked the picture of misery.

"I really think—" said the nurse.

She had been hovering near by, a disapproving expression on her face.

"Eh? Yes, yes, I will go. Courage, mademoiselle. This is the last mistake I will make. I am ashamed, desolated. I have been tricked, outwitted, as though I were a little schoolboy. But it shall not happen again. No. I promise you. Come, Hastings."

Poirot's first proceeding was to interview the matron. She was, naturally, terribly upset over the whole business.

"It seems incredible to me, Monsieur Poirot, absolutely incredible, that a thing like that should happen in my nursing home."

Poirot was sympathetic and tactful. Having soothed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

her sufficiently, he began to inquire into the circumstance of the arrival of the fatal packet. Here, the matron declared, he would do best to interview the orderly who had been on duty at the time of its arrival.

The man in question, whose name was Hodd, was a stupid but honest-looking young fellow of about twenty-two. He looked nervous and frightened. Poirot put him at his ease, however. “ No blame can be attached to you,” he said kindly. “ But I want you to tell me exactly when and how this parcel arrived.”

The orderly looked puzzled. “ It's difficult to say, sir,” he said slowly. “ Lots of people come and inquire and leave things for the different patients.”

“ The nurse says this came last night,” I said. “ About six o'clock.”

The lad's face brightened. “ I do remember now, sir. A gentleman brought it.”

“ A thin-faced gentleman—fair-haired? ”

“ He was fair-haired, but I don't know about thin-faced.”

“ Would Charles Vyse bring it himself? ” I murmured to Poirot.

I had forgotten that the lad would know a local name.

“ It wasn't Mr. Vyse,” he said. “ I know him. It was a bigger gentleman, handsome-looking; came in a big car.”

“ Lazarus! ” I exclaimed.

Poirot shot me a warning glance and I regretted my precipitance.

“ He came in a large car and he left this parcel. It was addressed to Miss Buckley? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ And what did you do with it? ”

“ I didn't touch it, sir. Nurse took it up.”

“ Quite so; but you touched it when you took it from the gentleman, *n'est-ce pas?* ”

“ Oh, that! Yes, of course, sir. I took it from him and put it on the table.”

“ Which table? Show me, if you please.”

The orderly led us into the hall. The front door was open.

Close to it, in the hall, was a long marble-topped table on which lay letters and parcels.

“ Everything that comes is put on here, sir. Then the nurses take things up to the patients.”

“ Do you remember what time this parcel was left? ”

“ Must have been about five thirty, or a little after. I know the post had just been, and that's usually at about half past five. It was a pretty busy afternoon, a lot of people leaving flowers and coming to see patients.”

“ Thank you. Now I think we will see the nurse who took up the parcel.”

THIS proved to be one of the probationers, a fluffy little person, all agog with excitement. She remembered taking the parcel up at six o'clock, when she came on duty.

“ Six o'clock,” murmured Poirot. “ Then it must have been twenty minutes or so that the parcel was lying on the table downstairs? ”

“ Pardon? ”

“ Nothing, mademoiselle. Continue. You took the parcel to Miss Buckley? ”

“ Yes, there were several things for her. There was this box and some flowers also—sweet peas—from a Mr. and Mrs. Croft, I think. I took them up at the same time. And there was a parcel that had come by post, and, curiously enough, *that* was a box of Fuller's chocolates also.”

“ *Comment?* A second box? ”

“ Yes; rather a coincidence. Miss Buckley opened them both. She said, ‘ Oh, what a shame! I'm not allowed to eat them.’ Then she opened the lids to look inside and see if they were both just the same, and your card was in one, and she said, ‘ Take the other impure box away, nurse. I might get them mixed up.’ Oh, dear, whoever would have thought of such a thing? Seems like an Edgar Wallace, doesn't it? ”

Poirot cut short this flood of speech.

“ Two boxes, you say? From whom was the other box? ”

“ There was no name inside.”

“ And which was the one that came—that had the appearance of coming—from me? The one by post or the other? ”

“ I declare, now, I can't remember. Shall I go up and ask Miss Buckley? ”

“ If you would be so amiable.”

She ran up the stairs.

“ Two boxes,” murmured Poirot. “ There is confusion for you.”

The nurse returned breathless.

“ Miss Buckley isn't sure. She unwrapped them both before she looked inside. But she thinks it wasn't the box that came by post.”

“ Eh? ” said Poirot, a little confused.

“ The box from you was the one that didn't come by post. At least, she thinks so, but she isn't quite sure.”

“*DIABLE!* ” said Poirot as we walked away. “ Is no one ever quite sure? In detective books, yes. But life—real life—is always full of muddle. Am I sure, myself, about anything at all? No, no, a thousand times no.”

“ Lazarus,” I said.

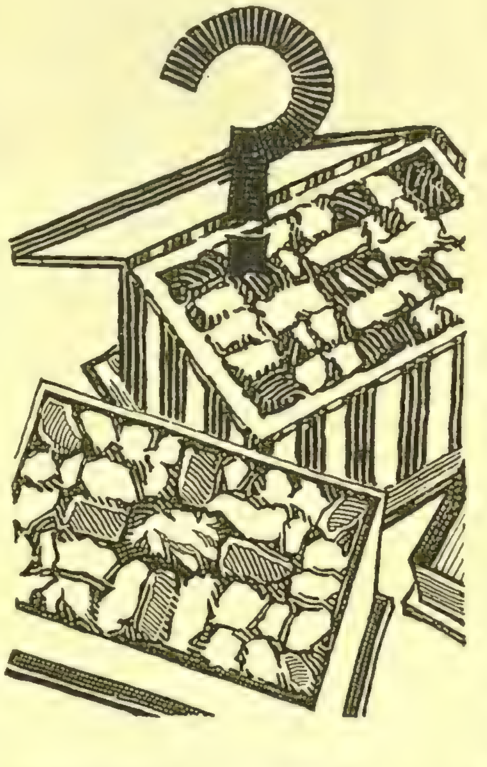
“ Yes, that is a surprise, is it not? ”

“ Shall you say anything to him about it? ”

“ Assuredly. I shall be interested to see how he takes it. By the way, we might as well exaggerate the serious condition of mademoiselle. It will do no harm to let it be assumed that she is at death's door. You comprehend? The solemn face. Yes, admirable. You resemble closely an undertaker. *C'est tout à fait bien.*”

We were lucky in finding Lazarus. He was bending over the bonnet of his car outside the hotel.

Poirot went straight up to him.



“ Yesterday evening, Monsieur Lazarus, you left a box of chocolates for mademoiselle,” he began, without preamble.

Lazarus looked rather surprised.

“ Yes.”

“ That was very amiable of you.”

“ As a matter of fact, they were from Freddie, from Mrs. Rice. She asked me to get them.”

“ Oh, I see.”

“ I took them round there in the car.”

“ I comprehend.”

Poirot was silent for a minute or two and then said:

“ Madame Rice, where is she? ”

“ I think she's in the lounge.”

We found Frederica having tea. She looked up at us with an anxious face.

“ What is this I hear about Nick being taken ill? ”

“ It is a most mysterious affair, madame. Tell me, did you send her a box of chocolates yesterday? ”

“ Yes. At least, she asked me to get them for her.”

“ *She* asked you to get them for her? ”

“ Yes.”

“ But she is not allowed to see anyone. How did you see her? ”

“ I didn't. She telephoned.”

“ Ah! And she said, what? ”

“ Would I get her a two-pound box of Fuller's chocolates.”

“ How did her voice sound? Weak? ”

“ No, not at all. Quite strong. But different, somehow. I didn't realize it was she speaking at first.”

“ Until she told you who she was? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Are you sure, madame, that it *was* your friend? ”

Frederica looked startled. “ I—I—why, of course it was. Who else could it have been? ”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

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THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-four

"That is an interesting question, madame."

"You don't mean—"

"Could you swear, madame, that it was your friend's voice—apart from what she said?"

"No," said Frederica slowly, "I couldn't. Her voice was certainly different. I thought it was the phone—or perhaps being ill—"

"If she had not told you who she was, you would not have recognized it?"

"No, no, I don't think I should. Who was it, Monsieur Poirot? Who was it?"

"That is what I mean to know, madame."

The graveness of his face seemed to awaken her suspicions.

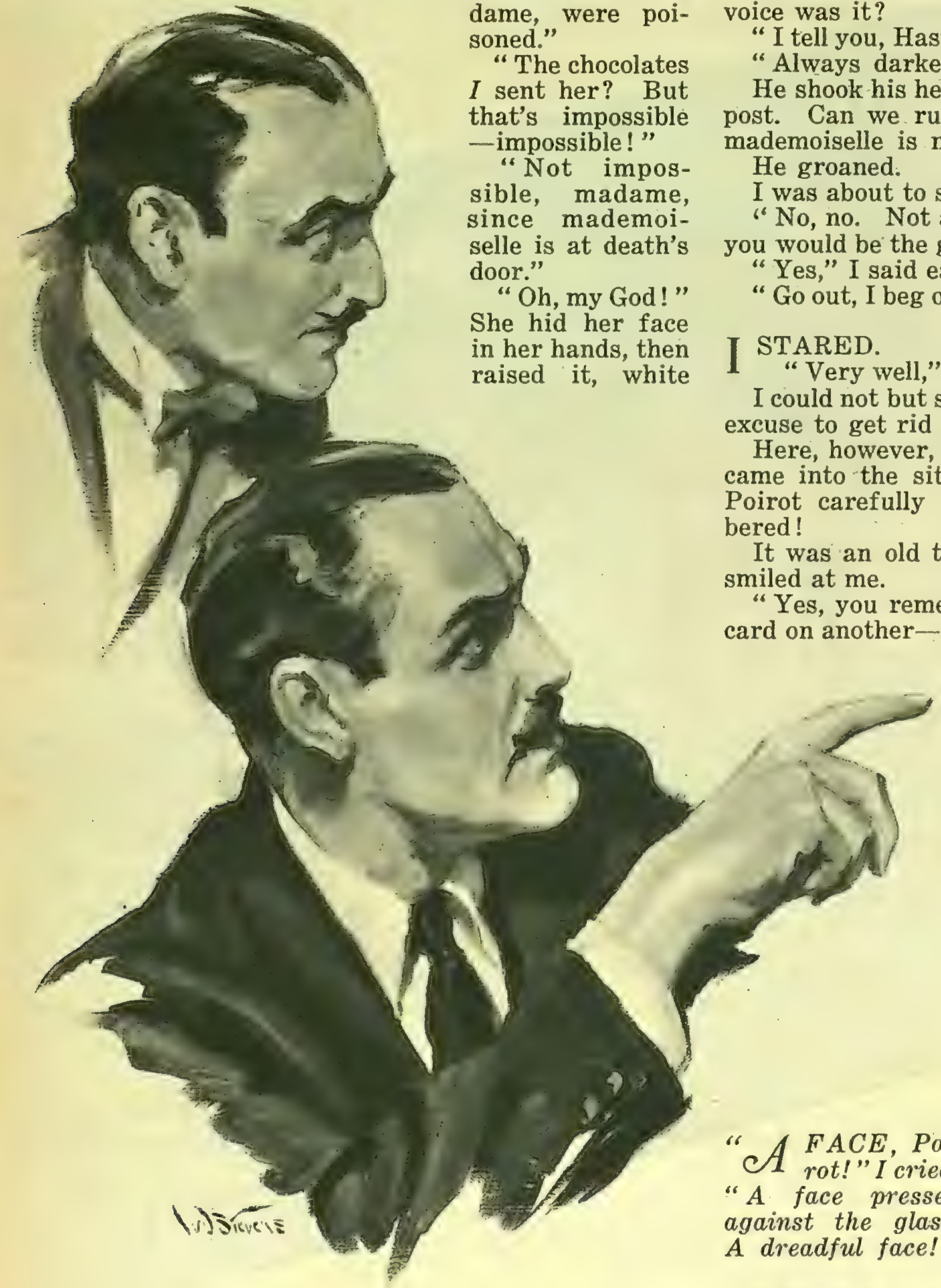
"Is Nick— Has anything happened?" She asked breathlessly.

Poirot nodded. "She is ill—dangerously ill. Those chocolates, madame, were poisoned."

"The chocolates *I* sent her? But that's impossible—impossible!"

"Not impossible, madame, since mademoiselle is at death's door."

"Oh, my God!" She hid her face in her hands, then raised it, white and quivering. "I don't understand—I don't understand. The other, yes, but not this. They couldn't be poisoned. Nobody ever touched them but me and Jim. You're making some dreadful mistake, Monsieur Poirot."



"*A FACE, Poirot!" I cried. "A face pressed against the glass. A dreadful face!"*

"It is not I that make a mistake—even though my name was in the box."

She stared at him blankly.

"If Mademoiselle Nick dies—" he said, and made a threatening gesture with his hand.

She gave a low cry.

He turned away, took me by the arm, and we went up to the sitting room.

He flung his hat on the table.

"I understand nothing—but nothing! I am in the dark. I am a little child. Who stands to gain by mademoiselle's death? Madame Rice? Who buys the chocolates and admits it and tells a story of being rung up on the telephone that cannot hold water for a minute? Madame Rice. It is too simple—too stupid. And she is not stupid, no."

"Well, then—"

"But she takes cocaine, Hastings. I am certain she takes cocaine. There is no mistaking it. And there was cocaine in those chocolates. And what does she mean when she said, 'The other, yes, but not this'? It needs explaining, that! And the sleek Monsieur Lazarus, what is he doing in all this? What does she know, Madame Rice? She knows something. But I cannot make her speak. She is not of those you can frighten into speech. But she knows something, Hastings. Is her tale of the telephone true, or did she invent it? If it is true, whose voice was it?

"I tell you, Hastings, this is all very black, very black."

"Always darkest before dawn," I said reassuringly.

He shook his head. "Then the other box that came by post. Can we rule that out? No, we cannot, because mademoiselle is not sure. It is an annoyance, that!"

He groaned.

I was about to speak when he stopped me.

"No, no. Not another proverb. I cannot bear it. If you would be the good friend, the good helpful friend—"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"Go out, I beg of you, and buy me some playing cards."

I STARED.

"Very well," I said coldly.

I could not but suspect that he was making a deliberate excuse to get rid of me.

Here, however, I misjudged him. That night, when I came into the sitting room about ten o'clock, I found Poirot carefully building card houses, and I remembered!

It was an old trick of his—soothing his nerves. He smiled at me.

"Yes, you remember. One needs the precision. One card on another—so—in exactly the right place, and that supports the weight of the card on top and so on, up and up. Go to bed, Hastings. Leave me here with my house of cards. I clear the mind."

It was about five in the morning when I was shaken awake.

Poirot was standing by my bedside.

He looked pleased and happy.

"It was very just what you said, *mon ami*. Oh, it was very just! More, it was *spirituel!*"

I blinked at him, being imperfectly awake.

"'Always darkest before dawn'—that is what you said. It has been very dark and now it is dawn."

I looked at the window. He was perfectly right.

"No, no, Hastings. In the head! The mind! The little gray cells!"

He paused and then said quietly:

"You see, Hastings, mademoiselle is dead."

"What?" I cried, suddenly wide awake.

"Hush—hush. It is as I say. Not really—*bien entendu*—but it can be arranged. Yes, for twenty-four hours it can be arranged. I arrange it with the doctor, with the nurses.

"You comprehend, Hastings? The murderer has been successful.

"Four times he has tried and failed. The fifth time he has succeeded.

"And now we shall see what happens next. . . .

"It will be very interesting."

II

THE events of the next day are completely hazy in my memory. I was unfortunate enough to awake with fever on me. I have been liable to these bouts of fever at inconvenient times ever since I once contracted malaria.

In consequence, the events of that day take on in my memory the semblance of a nightmare—with Poirot coming and going as a kind of fantastic clown making a periodic appearance in a circus.

He was, I fancy, enjoying himself to the full. His pose of baffled despair was admirable. How he achieved the end he had in view and which he had disclosed to me in the early hours of the morning, I cannot say. But achieve it he did.

It cannot have been easy. The amount of deception and subterfuge involved must have been colossal. The English character is averse to lying on a wholesale scale and that, no less, was what Poirot's plan required. He had, first, to get Dr. Graham converted to the scheme. With Dr. Graham on his side, he had to persuade the matron and some members of the staff of the nursing home to conform to the plan. There again the difficulties must have been immense. It was probably Dr. Graham's influence that turned the scale.

Then there was the chief constable and the police. Here Poirot would be up against officialdom. Nevertheless, he wrung at last an unwilling consent out of Colonel Weston. The colonel made it clear that it was in no way his responsibility. Poirot and Poirot alone was to be responsible for the spreading abroad of these lying reports. Poirot agreed. He would have agreed to anything so long as he was permitted to carry out his plan.

I spent most of the day dozing in a large armchair with a rug over my knees. Every two or three hours or so Poirot would burst in and report progress.

"*Comment ça va, mon ami?* How I commiserate you. But it is as well, perhaps. The farce, you do not play it as well as I do. I come this moment from ordering a wreath—a wreath immense, stupendous. Lilies, my friend; large quantities of lilies. 'With heartfelt regret. From Hercule Poirot.' Ah, what a comedy!"

He departed again.

"I come from a most poignant conversation with Madame Rice," was his next piece of information. "Very well dressed in the black, that one. Her poor friend. What a tragedy! I groan sympathetically, 'Nick,' she says, 'was so joyous, so full of life. Impossible to think of her as dead.' I agree. 'It is,' I say, 'the irony of death that it takes one like that. The old and useless are left.' Oh, la la! I groan again."

"How you are enjoying this," I murmured feebly.

"*Du tout.* It is part of my plan, that is all. To play the comedy successfully, you must put the heart into it. Well, then, the conventional expressions of regret over, madame comes to matters nearer home. All night she has lain awake, wondering about those sweets. It is impossible—impossible. 'Madame,' I say, 'it is not impossible. You can see the analyst's report.' Then she says, and her voice is far from steady, 'It was—cocaine, you say?' I assent. And she says, 'Oh, my God! I don't understand.'"

"PERHAPS that's true."

"She understands well enough that she is in danger. She is intelligent. I told you that before. Yes, she is in danger, and she knows it."

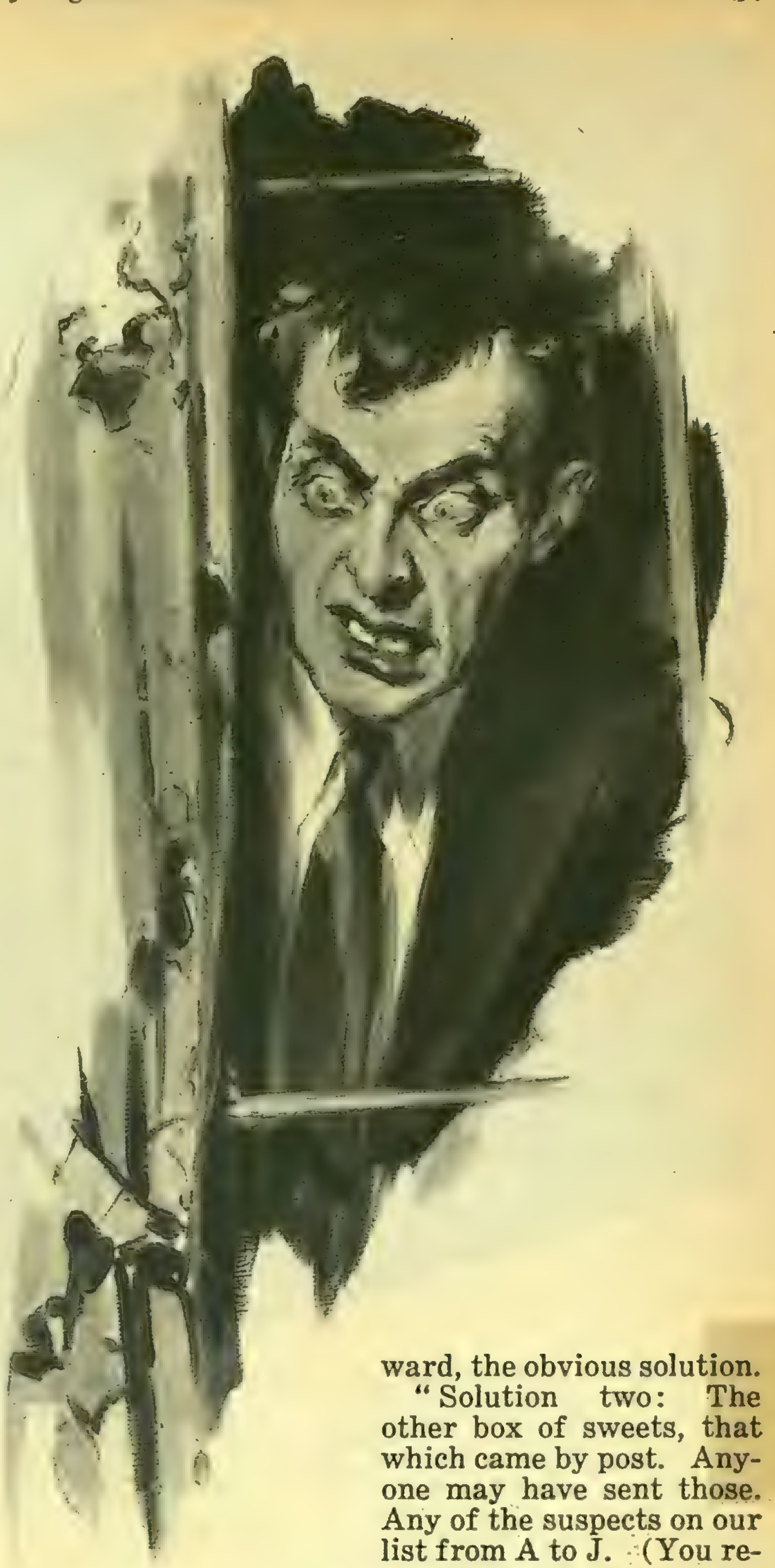
"And yet it seems to me that for the first time you don't believe her guilty."

Poirot frowned. The excitement of his manner abated.

"It is profound, what you say there, Hastings. No, it seems to me that, somehow, the facts no longer fit. These crimes—so far, what has marked them most? The subtlety, is it not? And here is no subtlety at all; only the crudity, pure and simple. No, it does not fit."

He sat down at the table.

"*Voilà.* Let us examine the facts. There are three possibilities. There are the sweets bought by madame and delivered by Monsieur Lazarus. And in that case the guilt rests with one or the other or both. And the telephone call, supposedly from Mademoiselle Nick, that is an invention pure and simple. That is the straightforward, the obvious solution.



"Solution two: The other box of sweets, that which came by post. Anyone may have sent those. Any of the suspects on our list from A to J. (You remember? A very wide field.) But, if that were the guilty box, what is the point of the telephone call? Why complicate matters with a second box?"

I shook my head feebly. With a temperature of one hundred and two, any complication seemed to me quite unnecessary and absurd.

"Solution three: A poisoned box was substituted for the innocent box bought by madame. In that case the telephone call is ingenious and understandable. Madame is to be what you call the kitten's paw. She is to pull the roasting chestnuts out of the fire. So solution three is the most logical; but, alas, it is also the most difficult. How be sure of substituting a box at the right moment? The orderly might take the box straight upstairs. A hundred and one possibilities might prevent the substitution being effected. No, it does not seem sense."

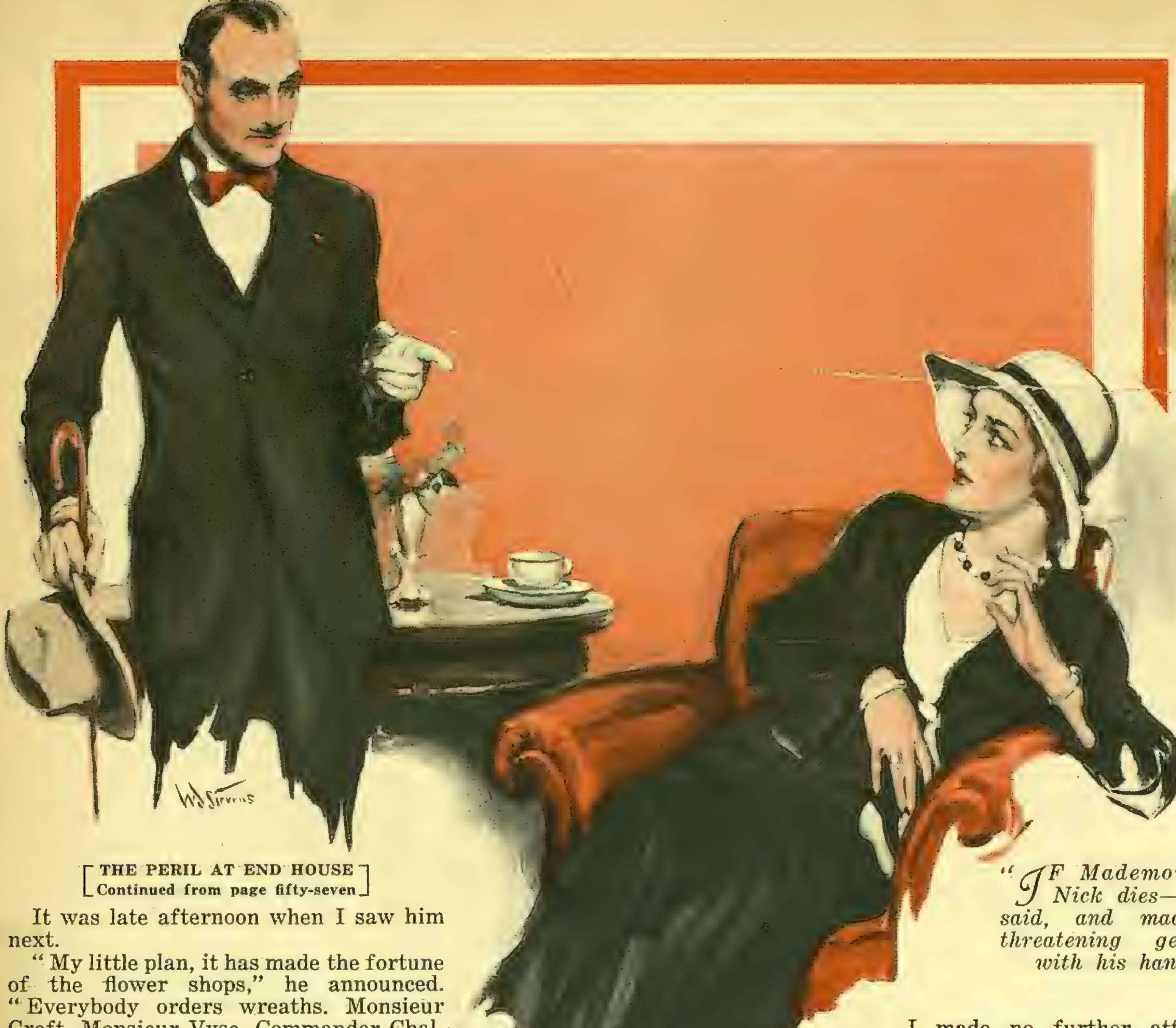
"Unless it were Lazarus," I said. Poirot looked at me.

"You have the fever, my friend. It mounts, does it not?" I nodded.

"Curious how a few degrees of heat should stimulate the intellect. You have uttered there an observation of profound simplicity. So simple was it, that I had failed to consider it. But it would suppose a very curious state of affairs. Monsieur Lazarus, the dear friend of madame, doing his best to get her hanged. It opens up possibilities of a very curious nature, but complex, very complex."

I closed my eyes. I was glad I had been brilliant, but I did not want to think of anything complex. I wanted to go to sleep. Poirot, I think, went on talking, but I did not listen. His voice was vaguely soothing. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"IF Mademoiselle Nick dies—" he said, and made a threatening gesture with his hand.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-seven

It was late afternoon when I saw him next.

"My little plan, it has made the fortune of the flower shops," he announced. "Everybody orders wreaths. Monsieur Croft, Monsieur Vyse, Commander Challenger—"

The last name awoke a chord of compunction in my mind.

"Look here, Poirot," I said. "You must let him in on this. Poor fellow, he will be distracted with grief. It isn't fair."

"You have always the tenderness for him, Hastings."

"I like him. He's a thoroughly decent chap. You've got to take him into the secret."

Poirot shook his head.

"No, *mon ami.* I do not make the exceptions."

"But you don't suspect him of having anything to do with it?"

"I do not make the exceptions."

"Think how he must be suffering."

"On the contrary, I prefer to think of what a joyful surprise I prepare for him. To think the loved one dead and find her alive! It is a sensation unique, stupendous."

"WHAT a pig-headed old devil you are. He'd keep the secret all right."

"I am not so sure."

"He's the soul of honor. I'm certain of it."

"That makes it all the more difficult to keep a secret. Keeping a secret is an art that requires many lies magnificently told and a great aptitude for playing the comedy and enjoying it. Could he dissemble, the Commander Challenger? If he is what you say he is, he certainly could not."

"Then you won't tell him?"

"I certainly refuse to imperil my little idea for the sake of the sentiment. It is life and death we play with, *mon cher.* Anyway, the suffering, it is good for the character. Many of your famous clergymen have said so, even a bishop, if I am not mistaken."

I made no further attempt to shake his decision. His mind, I could see, was made up.

"I shall not dress for dinner," he murmured. "I am too much the broken old man. That is my part, you understand. All my self-confidence has crashed. I am broken. I have failed."

I did not hear him return to his room. I must have been asleep. When I awoke he was sitting at the table, writing. In front of him was a crumpled sheet of paper smoothed out. I recognized it for the paper on which he had written that list of people—A to J—which he had afterward crumpled up and thrown away.

He nodded in answer to my unspoken thought.

"Yes, my friend. I have resurrected it. I am at work upon it from a different angle. I compile a list of questions concerning each person. The questions may have no bearing on the crime; they are just things that I do not know—things that remain unexplained."

"How far have you got?"

"I have finished. You would like to hear?"

"Yes; I am feeling a great deal better."

"*A la bonheur!* Very well, I will read them to you.

"A. Ellen. Why did she remain in the house and not go out to see fireworks? (Unusual, as mademoiselle's evidence and surprise make clear.) What did she suspect might happen? Did she admit anyone (J, for instance) to the house? Is she speaking the truth about the secret panel? If there is such a thing, why is she unable to remember where it is? (Mademoiselle seems certain there is no such thing.) If she invented it, why? Had she read Seton's love letters, or was her surprise at Mademoiselle Nick's engagement genuine?

"B. Her husband. Is he as stupid as he seems? Does he share Ellen's knowledge, whatever it is, or does he not? Is he, in any respect, a mental case?

"C. The child. Is his delight in blood a natural instinct, common to his age and development, or is it morbid, and is that morbidity inherited from either parent? Has he ever shot with a toy pistol?

"D. Who is Mr. Croft? Where does he really come from? Did he post the will as he swears he did? What motive could he have in not posting it?

"E. Same as above. Who are Mr. and Mrs. Croft? Are they in hiding for some reason, and, if so, what reason? Have they any connection with the Buckley family?

"F. Mrs. Rice. Was she really aware of the engagement between Nick and Michael Seton? Did she merely guess it, or had she actually read the letters which passed between them? (In that case she would know mademoiselle was Seton's heir.) Did she know that she herself was mademoiselle's residuary legatee? (This, I think, is likely. Mademoiselle would probably tell her so, adding perhaps that she would not get much out of it.) Is there any truth in Commander Challenger's suggestion that Lazarus was attracted by Mademoiselle Nick? (This might explain a certain lack of cordiality between the two friends which seems to have shown itself in the last few months.) Who is the 'boy friend' mentioned in her note as supplying the drug? Could this possibly be J? Why did she turn faint one day in this room? Was it something that had been said, or was it something she saw? Is her account of the telephone message asking her to buy chocolates correct, or is it a deliberate lie? What did she mean by 'I can understand the other, but not this'? If she is not herself guilty, what knowledge has she got that she is keeping to herself?

"YOU perceive," said Poirot, "that the questions concerning Madame Rice are almost innumerable. She is an enigma. And that forces me to a conclusion. Either Madame Rice is guilty or she knows—or shall we say thinks she knows?—who is guilty. But is she right? Does she know or does she merely suspect? And how is it possible to make her speak?" He sighed. "Well, I will go on with my list of questions.

"G. Monsieur Lazarus. Curious, there are practically no questions to ask concerning him, except the crude one, 'Did he substitute the poisoned sweets?' Otherwise I find only one totally irrelevant question. But I have put it down. 'Why did Monsieur Lazarus offer fifty pounds for a picture that was worth only twenty?'"

"He wanted to do Nick a good turn," I suggested.

"He would not do it that way. He is a dealer. He does not buy to sell at a loss.

"Now we come to H.

"H. Commander Challenger. Why did Mademoiselle Nick tell him she was engaged to someone else? What necessitated her having to tell him that? She told no one else. Had he proposed to her? What are his relations with his uncle?"

"His uncle, Poirot?"

"Yes, the doctor. Did any private news of Michael Seton's death come through to the Admiralty before it was announced publicly?"

"I don't quite see what you're driving at, Poirot. Even if Challenger knew beforehand about Seton's death, it does not seem to get us anywhere. It provides no earthly motive for killing the girl he loved."

"I quite agree. What you say is perfectly reasonable. But these are just things I should like to know.

"I. Monsieur Vyse. Why did he say what he did about his cousin's fanatical devotion to End House? What possible motive could he have in saying that? Did he receive the will? Is he, in fact, an honest man?

"And now J. *Eh bien*, J is what I put down before—a giant question mark. Is there such a person, or—

"*Mon Dieu!* My friend, what have you?"

I had started from my chair with a sudden shriek. With a shaking hand I pointed at the window. "A face, Poirot!" I cried. "A face pressed against the glass. A dreadful face! It's gone now—but I saw it!"

In next week's installment of the story the identity of the man with the horrible face comes to light under startling and tragic circumstances.

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET —MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A little more precision . . . A lot better result

IN golf it's form that counts—care—accuracy. In almost every activity from sport to science —precision assures a vastly better result. This is why steel experts prefer and skin specialists prescribe the new Valet. The perfect shaving edge of this superior blade—made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—is one of the finest examples of precision manufacture the world affords. Act on the advice of experts. Use this blade and keep your face young.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

Valet Auto-Strop Blades

VALET Auto-Strop

RAZORS AND BLADES

Art REVOLUTION No. 4861

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

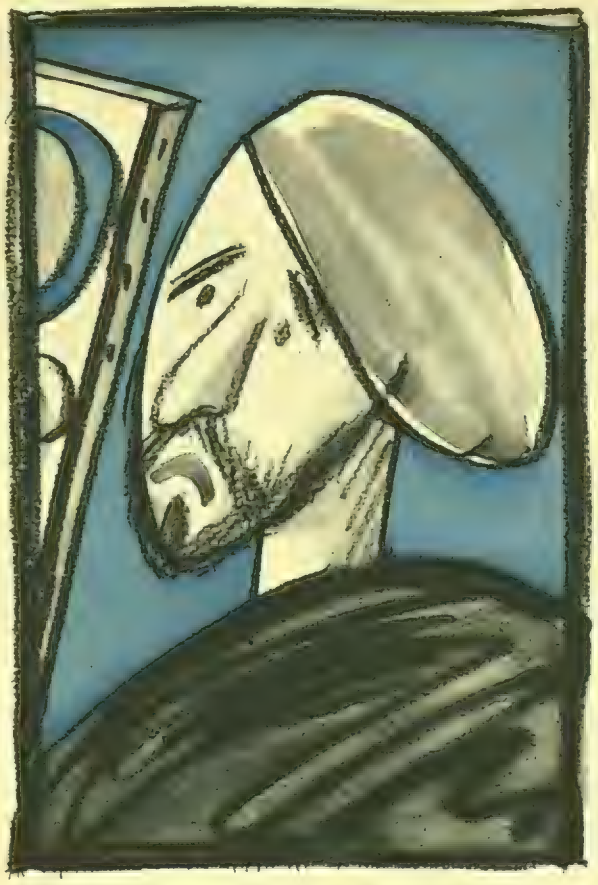
Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 5 minutes 2 seconds.)

ACCORDING to advices from Paris (if you want to take advices from such a notorious town), a new painter has emerged from the ateliers of Montparnasse who bids fair to revolutionize Art. Art has been revolutionized so many times in the past twenty years that nothing short of complete annihilation can be considered even a fist fight, to say nothing about a revolution; but it looks now, however, as if the trick finally had been turned. A French boy of forty-five has done it.

The artist in question is Jean Baptiste Morceau Lavalle Raoul Depluy Rourke (during the Peninsular campaigns a great many Irish troops settled in Paris and the authorities were unable to get them out—hence the Rourke). He is a little man, who has difficulty in breathing (not enough, however), and not at all the type that you would think of as a great painter —in fact, he *isn't*. But hidden away in the recesses of that small head is an idea which, some say, is destined to make a monkey out of Art.

Here is the Idea: All Art is Relative although all Relatives are not Art. (The gag is not mine. I am merely reporting.) If we look at a chair or a table or an old shoe box of picnic lunch, what we see is not really a chair, or table, or shoe box full of picnic lunch, but a glove, a sponge, and a child's sand set. This much is obvious.



Now—if Art is to be anything at all in the expression of visual images, if, as someone has said, it is to hold Nature up to the mirror, then we must (I am still quoting Rourke, although I am thinking of stopping shortly) put down on our canvas *not* the things that we see but the things that see *us*. Or do I make myself clear?

Perhaps the best way for us to study this new theory of painting is to put on our thinking caps and turn our tired little eyes to the reproduction on page 61 in which Mr. Arno has caught something of the spirit of Rourke's famous painting, Mist on the Marshes. The committee of the French Academy refused to hang this picture because, they said, it wasn't accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and, besides, it didn't have enough paint on it. This, however, was an obvious subterfuge on the part of the committee. The fact was that they didn't understand it, and, in this world, what we don't understand we don't believe in. And a very good rule it is, too.

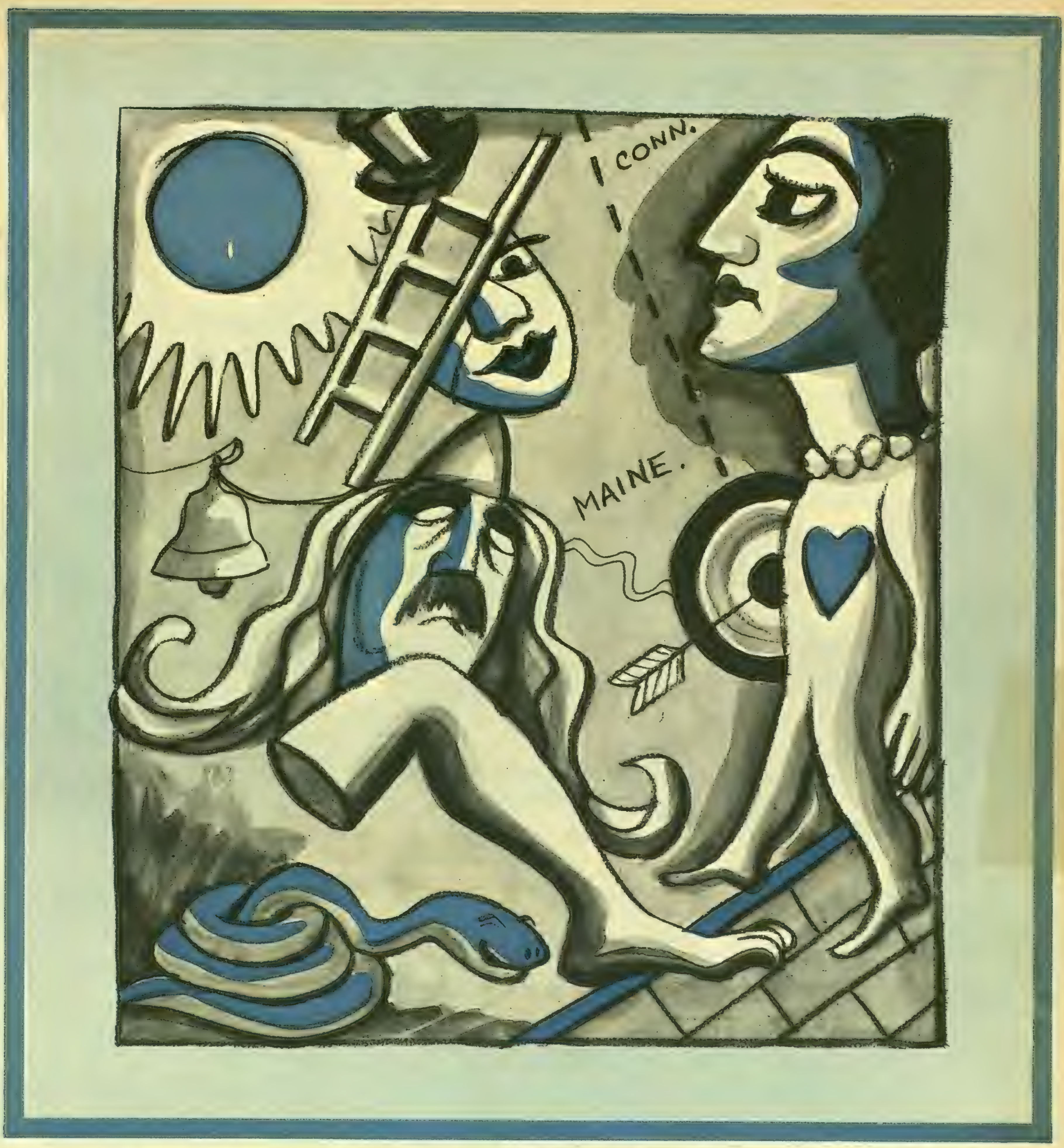
If you examine the picture closely you will see that it is really made up of three parts—Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The leg, which doesn't seem to belong to anybody, is mine—and I want it back, too, when you have finished looking at the picture. The pensive-looking old party in the picture on this page who appears to be hanging on the cornice of a building which isn't shown in the picture is a self-portrait of the artist. He painted it by holding a mirror in one hand and a harmonica in the other and then looking in the other direction. In this way he caught the *feeling* rather than actual physical details.

NOW, as you will see, what we have here is not so much a picture as a feeling for Beauty. Although the artist is still feeling for it, it is quite possible that it may not be as far beyond his grasp as it seems. You can't go on feeling around like that without striking something, possibly oil.

For example, a great many people resent the fried egg in the upper left-hand corner. They claim that it looks too much like the sun. On the other hand, sun worshipers claim that it looks too much like a fried egg. As a matter of fact, friends of the artist, who caught him in a communicative mood one night when he was drunk, report that it is really a badge of a parade marshal, symbolizing the steady march of Art toward the picnic grounds. Whatever it is, you cannot deny that it is in the upper left-hand corner of the picture. And that is something.

In the Sur-Réaliste school of painting (of which Monsieur Rourke was a member until he was suspended for swimming in the pool when there was no water in it) there is an attempt to depict Spirit in terms of Matter and both Spirit and Matter in terms of a good absinthe bun.

Thus, the laughing snake in the lower left-hand corner of Mist on the Marshes is merely a representation



Now, as you will see, what we have here is not so much a picture as a feeling for Beauty.

of the *spirit* of laughing snakes, and has nothing to do with Reality. This snake is laughing because he is really not in the picture at all. It also pleases him to see that snakes are coming back as figments of delirium tremens, for there was a time when they were considered very bad form.

A good imaginative drunk of five years ago would have been ashamed to see such old-fashioned apparitions as snakes, the fad at the time being little old men with long beards who stood in corners and jeered.

"SEEING snakes" was held to be outmoded and fit only for comic characters in old copies of Puck. If you couldn't see little old men, or at least waltzing beavers, you had better not see anything at all.

But the Sur-Réalistes have brought back the snake, and this one is pretty tickled about it. After all, old friends are best.

The crux of the whole picture, however, lies in the fireman who holds the center of the stage. Here the artist has become almost photographic, even to the fire bell which is ringing in the background.

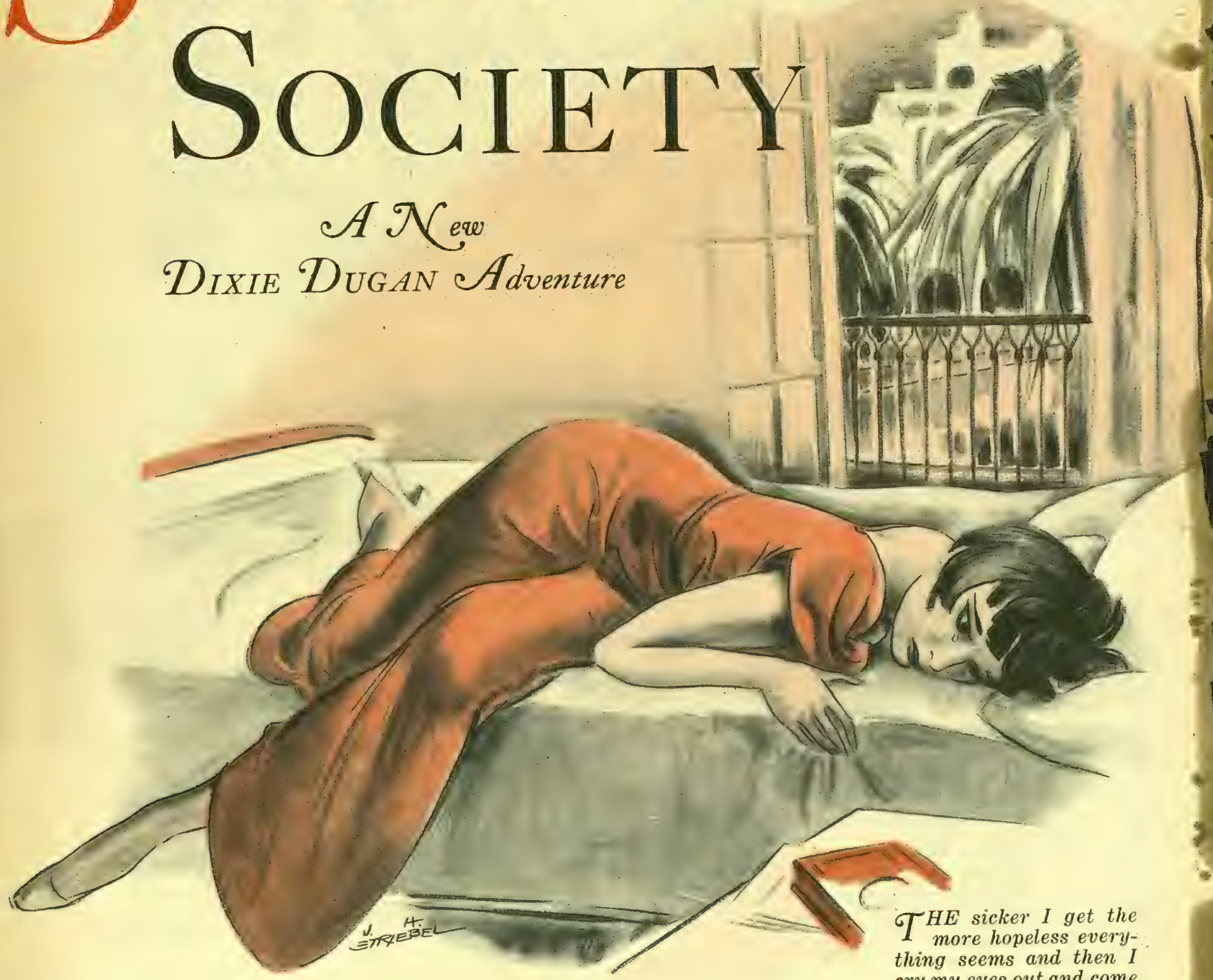
The old-fashioned modernist painters, like Matisse and Picasso, were afraid of being photographic, but the new boys think it is heaps of fun. This could not possibly be anything but a fireman and a fire bell, unless possibly it is a fisherman and a ship's bell. At any rate, it is a man and a bell, and that is going a long way toward photographic Art.

As for the silk hat, the ladder, the rather unpleasant unattached face, and the arrow and target, they belong to another picture which got placed by mistake on top of this one when the paint was still wet. Monsieur Rourke feels rather upset about this, but hopes that you won't notice it.

Further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

SHOW GIRL in SOCIETY

A New Dixie Dugan Adventure



THE sicker I get the more hopeless everything seems and then I cry my eyes out and come to asking myself what I'm crying about.

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

The Breakers
Palm Beach

DARLING NITA,

The doctor just left. Had terrible cramps. I did—not the doctor. Gave me hell. Said I had to be home early every night and go to bed. Stop drinking. Stop running around. Or he wouldn't be responsible.

Told him I had to run around to keep track of Teddy and even then I could barely keep him in sight. If I don't go out with him, he goes out anyway. But you don't have to drink so much, says the wise old medico. And I says, who could sit through these dumb parties without

Well, then, you'd better stay home, says he. And I says, and be alone all the time? Teddy won't stay home. Teddy isn't going to have a baby, says the doctor. No, says I, he's up in the stands cheering while I carry the ball.

I don't care where he is, says the doctor, I'm not worried about him. I'm worried about you. And then I says to him, honest, doctor, I don't enjoy running around to all these parties, but if I don't go, Teddy'll go with somebody else. Let him go, says he. All right, then, says I, you're the doctor. I'll stay home and knit two purl two, while Teddy goes out nights on the yachts in the harbor and rolls back home mornings with the skinful of Bimini rum. That's a good girl, says he. Be good and you'll be happy, says he. Lonesome, says I.

So that's that. Meanwhile who should I meet the other day in the Everglades, but Jimmy. What are you doing here, says I. Same as you, says he. Having fun. Who told you I was having fun, says I. It said so in the papers, says he. I read it only this morning. "Among those who enjoyed themselves last night at the Hutton party were Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Page."

I'm surprised at you, says I. In the newspaper racket yourself and still believing what you read. When are you going to grow up?

I tried being grown up once, says he, and it wasn't any fun, so I've gone back to my childhood. I'm down here playing in the sun just like you.

I thought you were in Europe working, says I, getting material for a society movie. Oh, that's all finished, says he, and now I'm down here with the artists and writers. Golf tournament. But you don't play golf, says I. Well, I lie in bed in the hotel mornings and read about it, says he, and then I go out and lie around on the beach and then I come back and lie around the Cocoanut Grove and then we all go out nights and lie around first one place and then another.

We artists and writers come down here and do that once a year, by way of a change. We get tired lying around New York. So does New York, says I. Funny, I haven't run into you at a party down here before. You will, says he. I thought for a minute I'd tell him about the doctor and then I thought how silly it would sound with the orchestra playing I Got Rhythm, and everybody dancing under the palms.

Oh, I'm so mixed up Nita. One minute I'm glad I'm going to have a baby—the next I'm so tired of this silly empty life and realize the baby is going to tie me down to it tighter than ever, and then Jimmy comes along and all the old thrills come back and then I realize I'm married to somebody else, somebody who cares for me only as an amusing toy, and not so amusing now that I can't bounce around like mad the way I used to.

AND then I get mad and the madder I get the sicker I get, and the sicker I get the more hopeless everything seems, and then I cry my eyes out and come to after a while asking myself what I'm crying about—married to a million dollars, living the life of a Reilly, going to have a baby by a cute man who isn't mean—just crazy—and aren't we all?

So that's the way it goes, Nita, round and round—the same people—the same gossip—the same kind of dinners and teas and luncheons and parties and balls here or New York—New York or Paris—Paris or the Riviera—the Riviera or the Lido—and back to Paris and New York and Palm Beach—and round and round until—oh, damn everything! What's it all about, anyway? What does it all mean? God, but I'm sick of it all—everything—everybody. DIXIE.

THREE DROWN, TEN FEARED DEAD IN BLAST ON PALM BEACH YACHT; THIRTY RESCUED FROM WATER

PALM BEACH, FLA., Thursday (AP).—Death crashed a merry party given tonight by society folks to visiting artists and writers on the Albatross, anchored in Palm Beach's gay harbor. Death drank and danced with the doomed—then flicked a lighted cigarette.

A sheet of flame swept the deck, an explosive roar shook the harbor, and three lives were snuffed out, as women in evening dress and men in gay flannels leaped or were thrown into the water in a mad panic of fear.

THE DEAD:

NIXON, MRS. T. JUDSON
Prominent in New York and Boston society.
DOOLEY, DOLORES
Dancer in a Palm Beach night club.
LARSEN
Sailor.

Almost before the echoes of the explosion died away, boats were put out from neighboring yachts at anchor, and as searchlights picked out the struggling survivors they were taken out of the water. Those suffering from burns and shock were rushed to the West Palm Beach Hospital.

The others, grateful to be alive, hurried home, chilled with horror, to talk over their miraculous escape from one of the most shocking tragedies that has ever saddened this coast of pleasure.

Mrs. Teddy Page, better known on Broadway and in Hollywood as Dixie Dugan, is one of the most serious sufferers from shock in the West Palm Beach Hospital. Her condition is described as critical. . . .

NURSE: More flowers for eleven! Get me a vase, handsome.

INTERNE: Get it yourself, beautiful. I've got to take the temperature in twenty-four.

NURSE *(sweetly)*: Well, I haven't any, big boy. Hands off.

INTERNE: Just washed them, and can't do a thing with them.

NURSE *(reading)*: "Please get well. Stop your fooling. Jimmy." I thought she was Mrs. Teddy.

INTERNE: Two-timing is not exclusively a plebeian pastime, my love.

NURSE: Don't be an ass. You don't hop around two-timing when you're seven months.

INTERNE *(airily)*: Well, she won't have to worry about that any more.

NURSE: Poor kid.

INTERNE: Lucky, I'd say.

NURSE: Say, I suppose you think it's a lark for a girl to carry a baby seven months and then lose it.

INTERNE: She's damned lucky these ain't lilies. And she's not out of the woods yet. Are you off tonight?

NURSE: Yes. Off you. My God, there's fourteen ringing again, the old witch.

INTERNE: Oh, let her ring.

NURSE *(proudly)*: And don't I though!

MRS. TEDDY PAGE NEW YORK CITY
WEST PALM BEACH HOSPITAL
WEST PALM BEACH FLA
JUST READ DREADFUL NEWS IN PAPER FAMILY WORRIED SICK PLEASE IF YOU CAN HAVE SOMEONE WIRE MOTHER HOW YOU ARE I AM CATCHING NEXT TRAIN LOVE NITA

MRS. DUGAN WEST PALM BEACH
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN NEW YORK
DIXIE GETTING ALONG AS WELL COULD BE EXPECTED AFTER FRIGHTFUL SHOCK AND DEATH OF BABY STOP TEDDYS FATHER AND MOTHER HERE DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE FOR HER STOP I SEE HER EVERY DAY AND SHE ASKED ME TO BE SURE AND TELL YOU NOT TO BE WORRIED
JIMMY DOYLE

NURSE: Right in there, Miss Dugan. But you mustn't let her talk too much.

NITA *(tiptoeing in)*: Dixie, honey.

DIXIE: Nita! *(Starting to cry.)* Nita . . .

NITA *(kissing her)*: There, there. I thought you were glad to see me. You mustn't cry or I'll go right away.

DIXIE: Don't go. I'm not crying. Oh, Nita, I'm so glad to see you. Did mother come too?

NITA: No. I jumped on the first train. Jimmy told me he wired her you were getting along all right.

DIXIE: Jimmy—I wouldn't have been here if it weren't for Jimmy—he was the one who jumped in after me and held me up until a boat came along and then the next thing I woke up here and they told me my baby . . .

NITA: Dixie . . . sweet . . . you mustn't cry any more . . . don't cry.

DIXIE: I can't help it. I didn't want to go on that party but Teddy said he was going anyway and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-three

he kept on drinking all night and I wanted to go home and then all of a sudden there was an awful explosion and it looked like everything was on fire all at once and . . .

Nita: You mustn't talk any more, Dixie. Just rest. Everything's going to be all right. Teddy wasn't hurt, was he?

Dixie: No—just scorched a little. Scared mostly. The water sobered him up. Somebody fished him out and put him to bed. He was here next morning. Been here most of the time ever since. His father, too. And mother. And Jimmy. Those flowers are from him.

Nita: Teddy?

Dixie: Jimmy. I don't want to ever see him again!

Nita: Who? Jimmy?

Dixie: No. Teddy. I'm through. I told him so too. And his father. I told him I only stuck to him this long on account of the baby but now that the baby is . . . that I'm not going to have . . . Oh, Nita, I did want it so. I was willing to stand almost anything—I wanted my baby so—Teddy drinking and running after other women—even in Europe after he had been le Mégot's lover I took him back only because of the baby, and I told him so, too, after his father begged me over there to stick to him and try to make a man of him and I did stick and his father said only this morning he was grateful to me and sorry for me, too, and he'd see that everything came out all right, but how is he going to make everything all right now? It's all ruined and I'm ruined, and what have I got to live for? I don't want to live—why couldn't I have died too?

Nita: Sis, darling, don't! Everything's going to be all right. You'll see.

Dixie *(sobbing)*: All right! How? How can anything be all right again? Ever?

Nurse *(at door)*: I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to go now, Miss Dugan.

What are you doing here, says I. Same as you, says he. Having fun.

HABANA CUBA
MURFITZBERG
NEW YORK N Y
MY SON AND DAUGHTER IN LAW WISH TO OBTAIN DIVORCE QUIETLY AND QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE STOP COMPLETE AGREEMENT NO CONTEST STOP RENO OUT OF QUESTION ACCOUNT UNPLEASANT PUBLICITY STOP PLEASE ADVISE SEVILLA BILTMORE HAVANA
W K PAGE

Murphy,
Fitzgibbons,
and Bergman
1 Wall Street, New York

Mr. W. K. Page
Sevilla-Biltmore
Havana, Cuba

Dear Mr. Page:

Following receipt of your cable we communicated immediately with the office of Roberto Haberman, who specializes in obtaining divorces in Mexico. Where there is no contest and both parties submit to the jurisdiction of the Mexican court, either in person or by power of attorney, these divorces are valid in the United States. Incompatibility is sufficient ground and no proof is necessary, the Mexican courts holding with commendable sagacity that incompatibility cannot be proved. You will receive direct from his office the necessary papers to be executed and his representative in Havana will call on you and assist you. Awaiting further instructions, we remain,

Very truly yours, Murphy, Fitzgibbons, and Bergman.

SPECIAL POWER OF ATTORNEY

Know all men by these presents that I, Theodore Page, 31 years of age, by occupation a broker, a resident of the City of New York, State of New York, U. S. A., and with full capacity to enter into contractual and other legal obligations, have made and appointed, and by these presents do make and appoint Licenciado Ignacio Lopez my true and lawful attorney in fact, for me and in my name to appear for and represent me before the courts of justice of the State of Morelos, Republic of Mexico, in a certain action for absolute divorce instituted against me by my wife, Dixie Dugan; giving and granting unto my said attorney full power and authority to submit me expressly to the jurisdiction of the said courts of the State of Morelos and to that of all the authorities in the Republic of Mexico, clearly and conclusively waiving the jurisdiction of the laws and authorities of my domicile in the terms of articles 150 and 152 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of Morelos; to file the necessary appearances in my behalf; to sign and present any petition, motion, or other papers relating to this action; to present witnesses and to challenge those of the opposing party; to be present at any hearing or meeting of conciliation and to state my irrevocable determination to prosecute this action to its conclusion; to examine and absolve the opposing party with respect to interrogatories; to accept service of all papers in said action; to interpose all classes of remedies, including that of the writ of guarantees *(amparo de garantias)* and to abandon them; to request the issuance of all copies of motions or other papers and to make publication of same in the Official Bulletin; to solicit the legalization of the signatures of any of the authorities, be they judicial, consular, or administrative; and generally to act or accomplish any matters whatsoever as I might or could if personally present; with full powers of substitution; hereby ratifying and confirming and holding valid all that my said attorney shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue of these presents.

Given and signed in the City of Havana, this..........day of March, 1931.

---

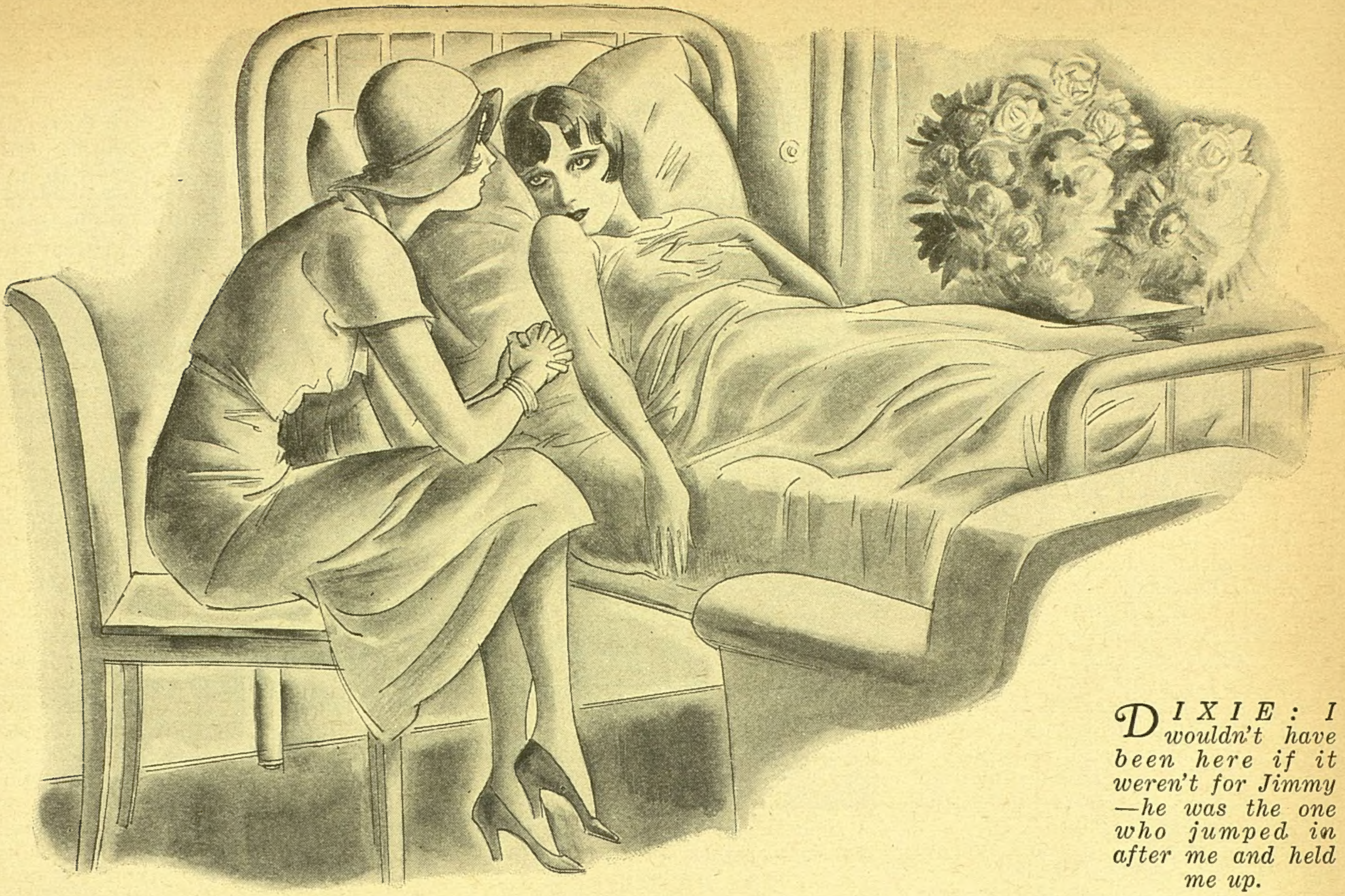
10 West 10th Street
New York City

Mr. W. K. Page
Sevilla-Biltmore
Havana, Cuba

Dear Sir:

Acting on the advice of your attorneys, Murphy, Fitzgibbons, and Bergman, am inclosing two copies of Power of Attorney, one for your son and one for your daughter-in-law, to sign and authenticate before the Mexican Consulate in Havana.

These are to be mailed to Roberto Haberman, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico. Any time after the receipt of these papers, your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Page, or Dixie Dugan as she will be known in the action, can come to Cuernavaca, where Mr. Haberman will meet her and will expedite her divorce. By appearing personally, Mr. Haberman will take her to the Presidente Municipal where for a payment of 18 pesos poll tax she will be enrolled on the list of the residents of the town, and immediately after file complaint for her, following which she can return at once to Havana. No other appearance will be necessary and the Decree will be granted within ten days and forwarded to Mexico City to be authenticated by the Consulate of the United States and which will be mailed direct to you in Havana or New York as you wish.



DIXIE: I wouldn't have been here if it weren't for Jimmy —he was the one who jumped in after me and held me up.

We understand, of course, that there are no children, no distribution of real property involved and the grounds for the action will be incompatibility and there will be no contest.

With renewed assurance of our esteem, we remain

Faithfully yours, ROBERTO HABERMAN
by
Milton E. Friedland.

COPIA CERTIFICADA DE LA SENTENCIA DEFINITIVA DICTADA EN EL JUICIO DE DIVORCIO NECESARIO PROMOVIDO POR LA SENORA DIXIE DUGAN, EN CONTRA DEL SENOR THEODORE PAGE . . .

Cuernavaca, Mor., March 12, 1931.

(Translation)

CITIZENS LICENCIADO SALVADOR ALVAREZ AND EZEQUIEL SALCEDO, JUDGE AND SECRETARY RESPECTIVELY OF THE COURT OF THE FIRST INSTANCE OF THE CIVIL BRANCH OF THE FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF MORELOS WITH RESIDENCE IN CUERNAVACA,

CERTIFY: That in the records of the action for absolute divorce instituted in this court by Licenciado Roberto Haberman, as the duly appointed legal representative of Mrs. DIXIE DUGAN PAGE, against Mr. THEODORE PAGE, there is a judgment which, with the order which makes it final, is as follows: . . .

That this action for absolute divorce has proceeded regularly and Mrs. DIXIE DUGAN PAGE has proven her case, and the defendant, Mr. THEODORE PAGE, did not oppose nor prove any exceptions. . . .

SECOND: The marriage contracted between Miss DIXIE DUGAN and Mr. THEODORE PAGE, in the City of Las Vegas, State of Nevada, United States of North America, on the 23d day of April in the year nineteen hundred and thirty, is hereby declared conclusively dissolved. . . .

THIRD: The wife recovers her full legal rights and both parties are free to contract new marriages when this decree becomes final. . . .

FOURTH: Make this known, and as soon as this decree becomes final, let certified copies be issued at the expense of the interested parties so that they may be recorded in the Civil Register. . . . Thus at a final hearing Licenciado Salvador Alvarez, Judge of the First Instance of the Civil Branch of the First Judicial District of the State of Morelos conclusively adjudged and signed this decree.

Attest: S. Alvarez. E. Salcedo, Sec'y.

Signatures . . .

Cuernavaca, Morelos, the eighteenth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

Upon the submission of a written petition by Licenciado Roberto Haberman, legal representative of Mrs. DIXIE DUGAN, soliciting that the decree of absolute divorce made on the 12th day of the current month be declared final, there having been no appeal therefrom within the time allowed by law; and it appearing from the records that no appeal has been taken from such decree, under the provisions of article 21 (twenty-one) of the Constitutional Law of Divorce of the State, let it be adjudged, and it is so adjudged:

FIRST: The decree rendered on the twelfth day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-one, in the action for absolute divorce brought by Licenciado Roberto Haberman in the name of Mrs. DIXIE DUGAN against Mr. THEODORE PAGE, is hereby declared final. Make this known and issue the certified copies referred to in the fourth paragraph of the judgment herein, and let this order making this decree final be added to the record.

Thus Citizen Licenciado Salvador Alvarez, Judge of the First Instance of the Civil Branch of the First Judicial District of the State of Morelos, adjudged and signed this final decree. Attest: S. Alvarez, E. Salcedo, Sec'y. Signatures . . .

UNITED MEXICAN STATES, FEDERAL DISTRICT
CONSULATE GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES } SS:
OF AMERICA IN MEXICO CITY.

I, William J. Brown, Vice-Consul of the United States of America at Mexico City, Mexico, duly commissioned and qualified, do hereby certify that José Santos, whose signature and official seal are respectively subscribed and affixed to the document hereto annexed, was on the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five

19th day of March, 1931, the day and date thereof, Secretary of Interior, United Mexican States, to whose official acts faith and credit are due.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of this Consulate General at Mexico City, Mexico, on this 20th day of March, 1931.

(SEAL) William J. Brown,
Vice-Consul of the United States of America
at Mexico City, Mexico.
Service No. 9893, Fee No. 68, two dollars, equal to 4.76 pesos.
(STAMP)

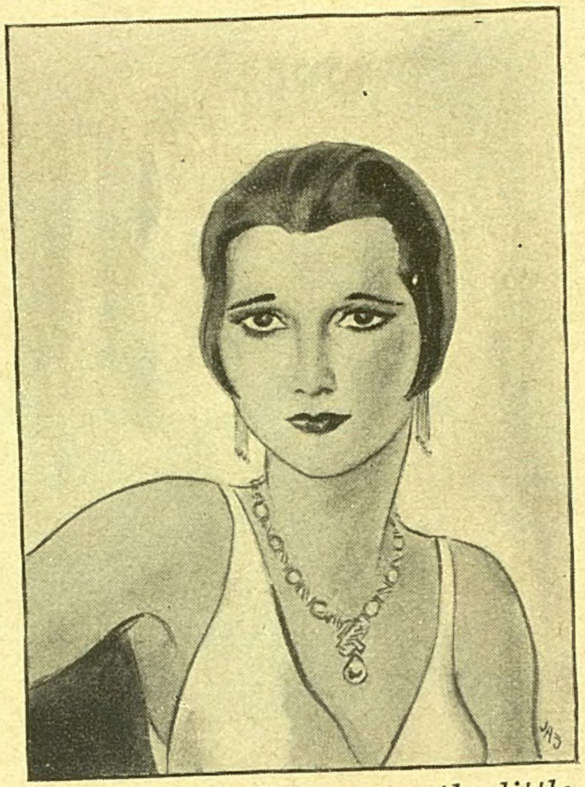
Sevilla-Biltmore, Habana

Dear Dixie:

My attorneys in New York inform me that the final decree has arrived from Mexico and I have instructed them to deliver it to you. As I told you during our long talks together in the hospital, and afterwards here in Havana, I have been touched beyond words by your fairness toward my son and all of us, and always you will have a place in our hearts, even though we have lost you.

My son is heart-broken that I insisted upon upholding you in your desire for freedom and assisted you to obtain it, but then he has only himself to blame, as he well knows and would be the first to admit.

You did everything you could to make this marriage a success.



A new Dixie Dugan . . . the little show girl grows older . . . mature, wise, touching. . . .

And now I have one last request which you must not refuse. While I admire your spirit and independence in refusing any alimony or settlement, I cannot allow you to be a victim unnecessarily of your own generous nature, so I have arranged to put in trust for you a sum sufficient to guarantee you a life income of approximately $10,000 a year.

When my attorneys deliver the decree to you they will ask you to sign the papers relative to this financial arrangement, and I know you will do me this last favor and sign them.

One thing more. If ever there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call on me, as though you were my own daughter—which I sincerely wish you were.

Good luck!

W. K. Page.

HOLLYWOOD CAL

MORRIS NEBBICK
COLOSSAL FILMS CORP
PARAMOUNT BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

SEE BY PAPERS DIXIE DUGAN HAS DIVORCED PAGE STOP THIS MAY MEAN OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO GET HER FOR STAR ROLE IN SOCIETY PICTURE BY DOYLE STOP WOULD BE DOUBLY VALUABLE TO US NOW ON ACCOUNT PUBLICITY STOP SEE HER AT ONCE OR BETTER YET SEND DOYLE TO PUT PROPOSITION UP TO HER STOP HOLDING UP PRODUCTION PLANS HERE PENDING REPLY ADVISE PROMPTLY

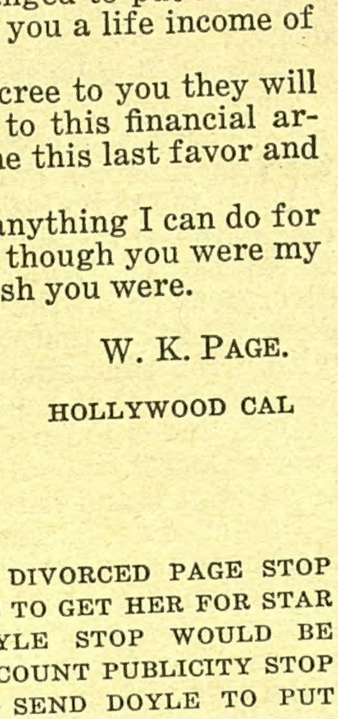
SOL NEBBICK

NEW YORK CITY

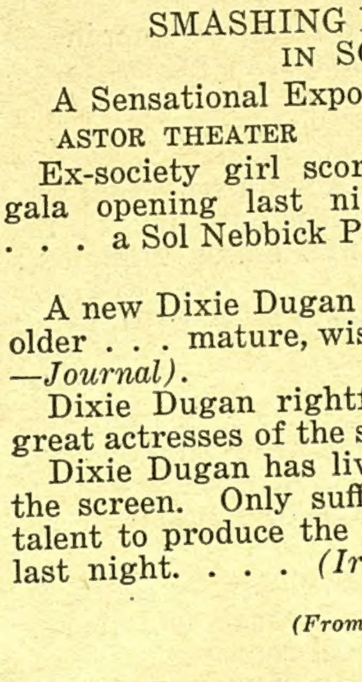
SOL NEBBICK
COLOSSAL FILMS CORP
HOLLYWOOD CAL

HAVE SEEN DIXIE WHO AGREES TO PLAY LEAD IN SOCIETY PICTURE PROVIDED TERMS ARE AGREEABLE AND SHE CAN HAVE THREE MONTHS REST TO RECOVER FROM ILLNESS BEFORE STARTING STOP WILL REPORT HOLLYWOOD FOR PRODUCTION IN JULY STOP WIRE ME IF THIS MEETS WITH YOUR APPROVAL AND I WILL COMMUNICATE WITH HER

JAMES DOYLE



Answer to the puzzle on page 50



Answer to the puzzle on page 51

(From The New York Times)

SERENA PAGE ENGAGED TO WED

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Page of 1053 Fifth Avenue and The Oaks, Westbury, L. I., have announced the engagement of their oldest daughter, Miss Serena, to Godfrey Scroggins Ross, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham Ross of this city and Southampton, L. I.

Miss Page was graduated from the Chapwell School, is a member of the Junior League and a débutante of last season.

Mr. Ross was graduated from Harvard and the Columbia School of Architecture. He is a member of the Harvard, Knickerbocker, and Racquet & Tennis clubs.

MISS GEORGIANA TOTTEN
478 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

May 16, 1931.

Mr. W. M. Willy, Maître d'Hôtel,
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City.

Dear Mr. Willy:

Miss Totten has asked me to confirm the reservation of the Main Ballroom for a coming out supper-dance, to be given by Mrs. William K. Page, for her daughter, Patricia, on Thanksgiving Eve, November 26.

Very truly yours,
Agnes Adams,
Secretary to Miss Totten.

(From Walter Winchell's Column)

. . . the dirt in Dixie Dugan's new society picture opening Monday night is the real McCoy . . . the third gel from the left in Earl Carroll's Fannyties is Teddy Page's new heart . . .

SMASHING HIT! DIXIE DUGAN IN SOCIETY GIRL

A Sensational Exposé of the *Haut Monde* at Play

ASTOR THEATER CRITERION THEATER

Ex-society girl scores stunning triumph in double gala opening last night. . . . A Colossal Picture. . . . a Sol Nebbick Production. . . .

A new Dixie Dugan . . . the little show girl grows older . . . mature, wise, touching. . . . *(Rose Pelswick—Journal).*

Dixie Dugan rightfully takes her place among the great actresses of the screen. *(Mordaunt Hall—Times).*

Dixie Dugan has lived since her last performance on the screen. Only suffering could ripen a young fresh talent to produce the genius that glowed on the screen last night. . . . *(Irene Thirer—News).*

(From The New York Tab)

SUCCESS!

Dixie Dugan, surrounded by flowers and admirers, on the French Line pier last night. "I have no plans," said the young star. "I am going to travel and rest." Meanwhile, her picture, Society Girl, is crowding two houses on Broadway. . . . Also sailing last night was James Doyle, playwright and happy author of Dixie's successful vehicle. . . .

RADIOGRAMME

NITA DUGAN SS PARIS
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN N Y

WHEEEEEEE

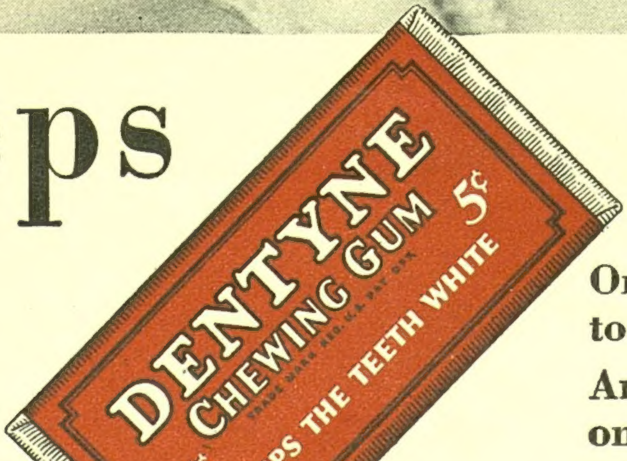
DIXIE AND JIMMY

THE END

Chew DENTYNE

..and smile!

keeps teeth white


DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

On the stage or screen, many a favorite's rise to stardom started with a charming smile.

And the winning charm of any smile depends on teeth—flashing white teeth.

So chew delicious Dentyne every day. It not only keeps teeth white—but also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. And Dentyne is the finest chewing gum sold today.

Of course CAMELS are milder

THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.

Smoke a fresh cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL 20'S
CHOICE QUALITY
Smoke a fresh cigarette
HUMIDOR PACK

● *It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

CAMELS

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